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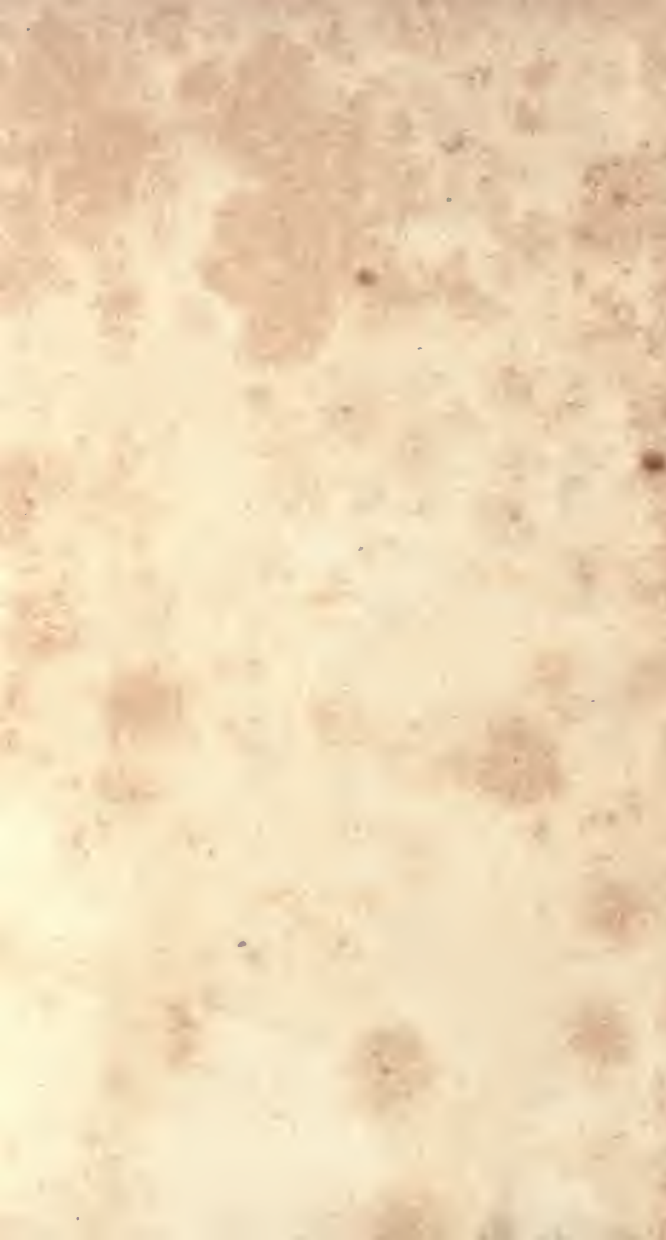
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"Upon the dismal prospect opens round?  
The Wreck, the ruin, the dying, and the dead."  
Edwin

(THE WRECK)  
of the  
ROTHSAY CASTLE

(IN STEAM PACKET  
BRANMARIS BAY)

*On the Night of the 17<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1834.*

ILLUSTRATED

*by Engravings, copious notes &c.*

BY JOSEPH ADSHEAD.



*Page 97*

L O N D O N.

*Hamilton, Adams & Co.*

1834.

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A  
CIRCUMSTANTIAL NARRATIVE  
OF  
THE WRECK  
OF THE  
**ROTHSAY CASTLE**  
STEAM PACKET,

On her Passage from Liverpool to Beaumaris, August 17, 1831;

COMPRISING  
INTERESTING AND, FOR THE MOST PART, ORIGINAL PERSONAL  
DETAILS OF THE SURVIVORS;  
AND OTHER PARTICULARS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED;

THE WHOLE CORRECTED AND RENDERED  
AS INDISPUTABLY AUTHENTIC AS POSSIBLE,  
Under the inspection of some of the Individuals who were unhappily involved in the calamity.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS, COPIOUS NOTES, ETC.

BY JOSEPH ADSHEAD.

THIRD THOUSAND.

---

The wind hath broken thee: and all thy company fell into the midst of the seas in the day of thy ruin.  
Ezekiel xxvii. 26, 27.  
Lo, these are parts of His ways; but the thunder of His power who can understand? Job xxi. 14.

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LONDON;  
HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.  
D. MARPLES AND CO. LIVERPOOL.  
1834.

**D. MARPLES AND CO., PRINTERS, LIVERPOOL.**

TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE DUCHESS OF KENT,  
IN

COMMEMORATION OF THE LATE VISIT OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
AND HER ILLUSTRIOUS DAUGHTER,

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA,

TO THE SCENE OF THE

*Wreck of the Rothsay Castle,*

THE FOLLOWING NARRATIVE IS, WITH ESPECIAL PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

OBEDIENT, HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.





## INTRODUCTION.

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It may, perhaps, be necessary that I should give some reason for the appearance of such a publication as the present, at a period so far removed from the melancholy event of which it professes to afford a "Circumstantial Narrative." In the first place, then, I am of opinion that it will at once be obvious to those who feel sufficiently interested in the subject to peruse the following pages, that their contents are of a description which could not be obtained until the lapse of time and the occurrence of opportunity had conspired to furnish matter. In the next place, the continued accession of materials, while it swelled the magnitude of the work far beyond my original intention, involved also frequent modification in the arrangement. Many, however, will think that I have been more elaborate than the subject warranted; but, at the same time, the great number of those who suffered — the consequently extensive ramifications of the misery which such

fatal havoc occasioned—the “links of love,” the ties of kindred and of friendship, which were

“*That morn,*

By *Death's* rude hand asunder torn ! ” —

together with the deep commiseration which was so universally felt by those to whom the sufferers were strangers; taking all this into consideration, I cannot reject the conviction that many also agree with me in the belief that a full relation of a catastrophe which produced such effects is desirable; and as my own information on the subject enables me to know that most of the accounts hitherto published combine much of error with inadequacy of detail, I am induced to submit the following humble attempt to supply a more authentic as well as a more “Circumstantial Narrative;” though I am very far from assuming either exemption from error, or that I have not, in too many instances, become tedious in my anxiety to be “circumstantial.”

To those gentlemen who have kindly assisted me by contributing information, or by permitting me to profit by their publications, I beg to return my best thanks. With reference to the latter, however, I may add, that I am not conscious of having made use of a *single line* without due acknowledgment.

*March 1, 1833.*

## ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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THE arrangement of the present edition is somewhat different from the first. Those parts not exactly connected with the details of the wreck, &c., and which may have appeared to break in upon the attention of the reader, are placed at the end of the work.

The account of the "Public Meetings on the loss of the *Rothsay Castle*," and the "Biographical Notices of some of those who perished," are omitted; the former comprising information chiefly of a local nature, the latter being more particularly matter of interest to the relatives and friends of the deceased. Several new incidents have been introduced, and every effort has been made to render this edition acceptable to the general reader.

*Manchester,*

*January 1, 1834.*



# CONTENTS.

---

	Page.
DEDICATION . . . . .	iii.
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	v.
ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION . . . . .	vii.

## CHAPTER I.

STATE OF THE VESSEL, PREPARATION FOR THE VOYAGE, DEPARTURE, AND PROGRESS. . . . .	1
--	---

## CHAPTER II.

THE WRECK . . . . .	30
---------------------	----

## CHAPTER III.

THE MORNING AFTER THE WRECK . . . . .	85
---------------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER IV.

BEAUMARIS—ARRIVAL OF THE SURVIVORS—LANDING OF THE DEAD—THE SHIRE HALL . . . . .	110
--	-----

## CHAPTER V.

BEAUMARIS CHURCH YARD—INTERMENT OF THE BODIES. . . . .	129
--	-----

## CHAPTER VI.

OBSERVATIONS AND ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS . . . . .	141
Beaumaris Bay . . . . .	142
Penmon Church — Mrs. Charles Faulkner — Mrs. Frances Payne . . . . .	143
Passage to Liverpool . . . . .	144
Retrospect of Events . . . . .	146

	Page
Sunday at Bangor . . . . .	147
Beaumaris . . . . .	148
Remarkable agreement of improbabilities . . .	149
Singular circumstance . . . . .	150
Visit to the Wreck . . . . .	152
Influence of the detention of the Vessel . . .	155
Public Meetings on the occasion of the Wreck of the Rothsay Castle—Amount subscribed . . . .	157
The Regatta dispensed with in consequence of the Wreck	159
Dr. Howard's Sermon at Beaumaris . . . . .	159
Llanfaes Church-yard—The Rev. Owen Owen—The Misses Owen—and Mr. John Lloyd . . . .	160
Mr. John Batley—The Dead—When and where found.	164
Boats' crews entitled to reward for saving life . .	171
Sales by Auction of the Remains of the Wreck . .	172
General impression as to the condition of the Rothsay Castle, previous to her loss . . . . .	173
First Anniversary Sermon to some of the survivors .	174
Visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria to the scene of the Wreck .	175
Prize Poems on "The Wreck of the Rothsay Castle," at the Eisteddfod . . . . .	176

## CHAPTER VII.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES OF THE SURVIVORS . . .	177
Mr. William Broadhurst . . . . .	178
Mr. John Coxhead . . . . .	189
Mr. John Duckworth . . . . .	203
Mr. Lawrence Duckworth . . . . .	206
Mr. George Hammond . . . . .	218
Mr. Henry Hammond . . . . .	227
Mr. Edward Jones . . . . .	228
Mr. S. J. Marsden . . . . .	231
Mr. James Martin . . . . .	238
Mr. John Nuttall . . . . .	245
Mrs. Frances Payne . . . . .	252



# CONTENTS.

xi.

Page

Mr. Elliot Rudland . . . . .	258
Mr. John A. Tinne . . . . .	260
Miss Mary Whittaker . . . . .	260
Mr. Robert Whittaker . . . . .	264
Mr. Henry Wilson . . . . .	271

## CHAPTER VIII.

PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS RELATIVE TO THE LOSS OF THE ROTHSAY CASTLE . . . . .	
Examination of John Coxhead, Esq. . . . .	
Depositions at the Coroners' Inquests . . . . .	292
GENERAL LIST of those who are known to have been on board the Rothsay Castle at the period of her wreck, forming a complete Index . . . . .	299
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES . . . . .	307

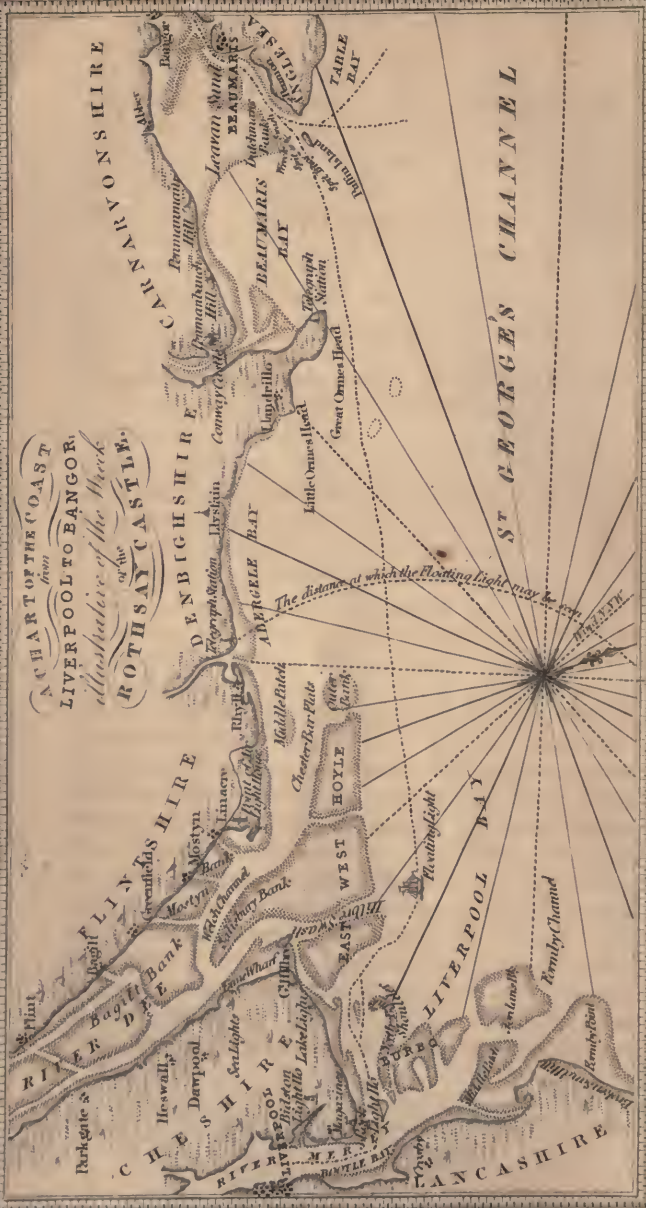
## ENGRAVINGS.

FRONTISPIECE.—The Wreck.	
VIGNETTE.—The Raft, with the situation of nine indi- viduals to whom it proved the means of preservation.	
A Chart, shewing the proper course from Liverpool to Beaumaris, place of wreck, &c., faces . . . . .	1
The Rev. Owen Owen and his sisters as they were last seen . . . . .	65
Appalling situation of Mrs. F. Payne . . . . .	83
BEAUMARIS CHURCH YARD, shewing the graves of those who suffered in the wreck of the Rothsay Castle . . . . .	134





A CHART OF THE COAST  
 from  
 LIVERPOOL TO BANGOR,  
 illustrative of the Work  
 of the  
 (ROTHSAY CASTLE).



# NARRATIVE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### STATE OF THE VESSEL—PREPARATIONS FOR THE VOYAGE— DEPARTURE AND PROGRESS.

---

“What a powerful illustration does the case before us present of the oft-repeated and solemn truth—‘In the midst of life we are in death!’ Full of life and cheerfulness did the numerous passengers embark on their little-dreaded excursion; the animating sounds of music cheered their departure, which, wafted on the wings of the breeze, returned in lively tones to the ears of numerous spectators assembled on the quays—many of whom, perhaps, in short-sighted ignorance, envied their imagined privilege, and would gladly have joined in their risks, for the barter of their contemplated enjoyments! But how brief and uncertain are the moments of pleasure!”—*Sorrow on the Sea, a Sermon, by the Rev. W. Scoresby.*

---

IN order that the melancholy event described in the following sheets may be the better understood, it is necessary briefly to refer to the equipments and general condition of the vessel, as they have by universal agreement been numbered at least *amongst* the causes which led to her calamitous destruction. In doing this, however, I shall adhere strictly to *alleged* facts, without applying censure to any one *indirectly* concerned; for I am decidedly of opinion that, assuming the allegations in question, respecting the state and management of the vessel, to be established beyond doubt, many contributory circumstances press for consideration in a more extended view of the case, all constituting links in the great and mysterious chain, with-

out one of which, perhaps, a different result must have been produced.

The *Rothsay Castle* steam-packet was built on the banks of the Clyde as far back as the year 1816, with the intention, it is understood, of employing her exclusively in the navigation of that river: the comparative slightness of her construction, therefore, which might be considered even preferable for such a limited scale of operations, might surely render her fitness for the encounter of boisterous weather, upon a shelterless waste of sea, somewhat questionable. She was, however, it appears, purchased by one Mr. Watson, of Liverpool, and placed under the command of a Lieutenant Atkinson, for the conveyance of passengers between Liverpool, Beaumaris, and Bangor. Much has been said of the eminence of the builder of this vessel, the excellence of her finish, and the additional strength given to her by recent patchings, which latter made her, we are assured by the parties concerned, "stronger than she was when new!" But it is not my business to enter into such matters: I repeat what in effect I have just now observed, that I shall neither become the apologist nor the accuser of any one who was not actually on board the vessel at the time of the wreck, feeling as I do that *motives* may be misjudged, but that *actions* speak for themselves.

*First*, then, it is averred that the *Rothsay Castle* was not built for sea-worthiness.—*Secondly*, she was upwards of fourteen years old, during which long period her fragile structure was exposed to the racking wear and tear of a steam-engine of fifty horses' power.—*Thirdly*, in the account of the *Rothsay Castle* given by Lieutenant Morrison, of the Royal Navy, we are told that "her upper timbers measured only four inches, which, for a vessel of about two hundred tons, is altogether below that which would entitle her to be entrusted in a difficult navigation. It is known that many vessels in his Majesty's navy,

although built of the very best materials, and constructed with first rate skill, are considered unfit to go to sea after ten or twelve years; it is not too much to assume; then, that the Rothsay Castle was in a state to be condemned, and that she was sold because she was, in plain English, worn out."—*Fourthly*, it is admitted, in the certificate published by the owner, in *justification*, that "all the timbers which were *broken*" had been taken out and "replaced with new," which certainly seems to imply defectiveness of condition. Indeed, I have a portion of one of her principal timbers now by me, which might with ease be crumbled to pieces with the fingers, such is its state of rottenness!—*Fifthly*, she was, it is asserted, inadequately manned, and entrusted to a Commander who was too inveterately obstinate, as well as grossly deficient in professional skill, to adopt the commonest means of preservation; or else that he was reduced to such a state of miserable helplessness by intoxication, which would amount to the same thing.—*Sixthly*, all accounts agree in the statement that she was unprovided with any resource in the event of peril from wreck, or any of the countless accidents to which steam-packets in particular are liable. No signal of distress could be made: not a gun, not a rocket, not a blue-light, not even a signal-lantern was on board!—And *seventhly*, at a public meeting held at Beaumaris, subsequent to the terrible catastrophe under review, the chairman, Sir Richard Bulkeley, declared that "the Rothsay Castle was known and acknowledged by the inhabitants of Beaumaris and Liverpool to have been an unsound vessel." To this may be added the opinion of Jones, the late steward, who had frequently said, long before his last fatal voyage, that the Rothsay Castle would "prove the grave of her passengers and crew before the season was over;" and it is not a little remarkable that, on the late Commission of Lunacy held in Manchester, in the case of Mr. Joseph Fletcher,



one amongst the proofs which induced a verdict in favour of the soundness of that gentleman's intellect was, that, when a passenger in the *Rothsay Castle* a few days before her loss, he "observed upon the craziness of that vessel, and expressed reasonable fears in consequence."

The above summary, I once more emphatically declare, is submitted as mere matter of history, without inferring in the slightest degree a wilful recklessness on the part of any one to the hazard of human life, with which that consequently precious argosy, the *Rothsay Castle*, was destined to be freighted.

The weather, in the early part of the morning of the disastrously memorable 17th of August, was boisterous in the extreme. So much apprehension was justified, indeed, by the heavy sea and scowling aspect of the storm, on a coast presenting so many difficulties to navigation, that the commander of an American ship, which had been towed out into the offing by a steam-boat at five o'clock in the morning, with the intention of putting to sea, considered it prudent to return to the shelter afforded by her former anchorage in the Mersey. The violence of the wind, however, subsided as the day advanced; and at the time fixed for the departure of the *Rothsay Castle* (which was, according to custom, ten o'clock), though the waters still retained a portion of the roughness into which they had been lashed by the recent gale, there was nothing in their appearance to alarm even female timidity. The passengers accordingly crowded on board; and the continued accession of numbers, involving of course the prospect of increased profit by the voyage, induced the captain to linger for some time beyond the hour specified. When delay had in this manner been protracted to a very censurable extent, an application was made for the conveyance of a lady and gentleman, their carriage, and servant, to Beaumaris; and this, unhappily, added about three

quarters of an hour to the period of detention. I say *unhappily*, for there can be no doubt of the fatal influence which these delays exercised over succeeding circumstances. There was nothing at the moment observable in all this, calculated to excite more than pettish impatience on the part of the many who were, as they imagined, withheld from anticipated enjoyments for the convenience of the few; but in the mean time the tide, which “waits for no man,” had approached so much the nearer to its flow, which, running in the same direction with a directly contrary wind, would inevitably retard the progress of the vessel, and she would thus, at the next turn of tide, be in a situation pregnant with imminent peril, from the succeeding low-water shallowness on the sand-banks which skirted her track,\* even if the utmost skill and vigilance had been employed: as, however, it will appear that the vessel was considerably to leeward† of her proper course soon after she left the river, this danger was proportionately increased.

In the several accounts that have been published, the causes of this detention, which I shall be enabled to shew was instrumentally productive of such calamitous conse-

\* This will be seen by reference to a Chart of the Coast prefixed to this narrative.

† As it is almost impossible to describe nautical subjects without the use of nautical terms, it may be as well to accompany them when they occur with a brief explanation. *To leeward* means that the wind blows *from* the quarter in which the specified object is situated *to* that which is occupied by the thing referred to, being the opposite of *to windward*. For instance, if the wind obliquely cross the vessel’s “proper course” from the N.N.W. (see the chart), any thing to the southward of that line would be said to be *to leeward* of it, though S.S.E., the opposite point of the compass, would be the direct *lee* bearing.

quences, have been variously ascribed. The gentleman just referred to—W. M. Forster, Esq. of Regent's Park, London, who, together with his lady and servant, and carriage, was taken on board at nearly eleven o'clock, is said by some to have been the innocent cause of the delay in question; but I have now no doubt, if other passengers had not previously arrived, the vessel would have been far on her way before Mr. Forster could have reached the pier; so that the intervention of other circumstances was necessary, to which the unfortunate embarkation of that gentleman was subservient. The Rev. J. H. Stewart, however, in his truly excellent "Letters, to which is affixed a Sermon on the Loss of the *Rothsay Castle*," denies that Mr. Forster had any share in detaining the vessel; but the passage in which this declaration is made contains so many interesting particulars, having singularly strong tendency to establish the belief that an overruling Power was manifested in the impending fate of the amiable individuals referred to, that I take the liberty of transcribing it; not only, however, because it serves my purpose, but because, also, I feel great pleasure in affording so affecting a proof of the merits of the work from which it is extracted, and of the pure friendship and christian feeling which it so abundantly exhibits:—

"As soon as I arose and saw the state of the weather, I said to my dearest wife—'It is impossible that our friends can go to-day.' She felt this so sensibly, that she went to our beloved sister, and requested her not to think of leaving us. She then came to me, desiring me to intreat Mr. Forster to remain. He did not give a decisive answer. However, when we assembled for breakfast, and found that their plans were so arranged that they could not conveniently stay over another day, we insisted upon their not thinking of going by the steam-packet. The kind friend who had been with them on the preceding Saturday had

mentioned that Wednesday was the most unfavourable tide that they could have. We reminded him of this, and our brother said, 'Now it is decided; we shall go by land:' for not having engaged their passage, they were perfectly free to choose. Accordingly, *the horse which was to have drawn down the empty carriage to the shore was sent back, and the coach in which they intended to go to the pier was also counter-ordered, and a pair of horses were directed to be sent;* our dear brother saying, that as they were only to cross over to Birkenhead, or Parkgate, and then proceed by land, they might take their own time, and go down to the water-side in their own carriage. *So fixed was their determination not to go by sea.* They remained, therefore, and breakfasted with us, without the haste that would otherwise have been required. When this repast was taken, we had our family worship; and then, for the last time on earth, we united together in praising God. \* \* \* \* After this I read the 121st Psalm, to which the name of the traveller's psalm has frequently been given, as being so appropriate to one setting out on a journey. We had ourselves very frequently before read this psalm in different parts of England and Scotland, and on the Continent, when the state of my health obliged us to travel, and had found it like the 'pillar of the cloud,'—a token of the Lord's presence. For we had passed, though strangers, thousands of miles, and not met with one casualty. But the Lord has different ways of dealing with his people. He 'preserves their souls,' as this psalm promises, by taking them to himself, whilst He separates them from their present tabernacle, in fulfilment of his own designs; still making good the closing verse of the psalm—'The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore.' After a few observations upon this portion of scripture, *we then intreated God's blessing and gracious protection of our beloved friends.*

Whilst the arrangements were making for their departure, their faithful man servant, having by his exemplary behaviour merited our esteem, I wrote his name in one of our hymn-books, marking it as a 'memorial\* of his master's visit to Liverpool.' This he received with many thanks; and, as if that memorial of his good conduct was not to be lost, it was afterwards washed on shore, and now remains as a small consolation to his friends. Every thing was now ready; but so determined were our beloved friends not to go by the steam-packet, that *they did not drive off from our door till after the hour that was appointed for its departure.* But, my dear friend, as I mentioned in my first letter, when the Lord intends any particular event to come to pass, the intervening links, though apparently very unlikely to unite, fall into their places. *The number of passengers who had and were embarking on board the Rothsay Castle steamer caused her to delay her departure till much after her appointed time; and our beloved friends were, alas! there too soon.* For seeing so many on board, and also seeing that the waters of the Mersey were smooth, they were induced to embark. *Notwithstanding, it has been erroneously reported, that receiving their carriage was the cause of the detention of the vessel.* So far was this from being the fact, that, when they arrived at the pier, the Rothsay Castle was still at anchor; *and so quickly did they embark,*

\* The memorial in question came under my notice in the Shire Hall of Beaumaris, amongst other remains of the property saved from the wreck. Upon the fly-leaf preceding the title was the following inscription;—"Robert Mullett; presented by J. H. Stewart, in remembrance of his master's visit to Liverpool, August 17, 1831." The task of deciphering a portion of this was attended with some difficulty, the action of the water to which it had been exposed having produced the usual effect upon recent writing. Thus the date of the gift was destined to be coupled with "remembrances" which must prove afflictingly durable.



*that the person who accompanied them positively declares that twenty minutes did not elapse between their arrival on the pier and every thing being on board. They, alas! occasioned no delay. He 'who numbers our months, and has appointed our bounds that we cannot pass,' had fixed the time. \* \* \* \* \**

The above version, it will be seen, is somewhat at variance with the Personal Narratives of the survivors, but both parties were no doubt partially misled by circumstances; the qualification, therefore, which I have before hazarded, appears to approach nearest to the real state of the case, namely, that previous delay must be taken into the fatal account.

There was, it seems, one hundred individuals booked at the packet-office; and the total number on board, which would have been considerably augmented if the weather had been more inviting, was greater by far than on any other occasion during the season. Amongst the many who purposed going on this morning to Beaumaris, but were diverted from their intention either by accident or the falling out of some providential occurrence, I may place myself. I do this, however, with much diffidence, and am *solely* induced to name "myself" by the desire of establishing my claim to some knowledge of the incidents I shall attempt to describe.

On the Monday preceding the 17th of August, two friends from Nottingham visited me in Manchester, and requested me to accompany them on an excursion to Liverpool and Beaumaris, as they were entirely unacquainted with the route; and it was soon arranged that we should proceed to Liverpool on the Tuesday morning, spend the remainder of the day in viewing that town, which my friends had not seen, and depart on Wednesday morning by the Rothsay Castle for Beaumaris. We accordingly left Manchester by the Railway carriages on the Tuesday morning, but reached Liverpool so early by that extraordi-

narly rapid conveyance, that we found we had sufficient time for breakfast, and also to secure our passage by the Llewellyn packet, which started at ten o'clock. After a short debate, therefore, we determined on proceeding at once to our destination, my friends purposing to devote a day to Liverpool on their return. This we put into execution, and I was consequently at Beaumaris when the living and the dead, so recently constituting portions of a numerous and cheerful company on board the *Rothsay Castle*, were landed; and I had been walking tranquilly out in the night, as will be seen hereafter, at the very hour in which they were engaged in mortal struggle with the wind and waves—when I must have distinctly seen or heard a signal of distress, if any calculated for that purpose had been made—and when such ample means of affording the most prompt and efficient assistance were so near! But

“The ways of heaven are dark and intricate;  
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with error,  
Our understanding traces them in vain.”

The following is another instance of the kind. The mother and sister of Mr. Charles Faulkner, of Manchester,—whose lady, two children, and female servant, all perished,—accompanied Mrs. Charles Faulkner to the pier at Liverpool, with the full intention of going also on board the vessel; but the roughness of the water induced the elder lady to decline the voyage. Mrs. Charles Faulkner, in the cheerful buoyancy of the moment, strongly persuaded her to go, and enforced her arguments against so sudden and unexpected a change of mind by observing that there was nothing to apprehend but a little sea-sickness. Mrs. Faulkner was, however, inexorable, and intimated that, if even that were all, it was sufficient to deter her from going, as at her time of life the consequences of such indisposition would be too seriously distressing to be voluntarily incurred;



she would, therefore, she said, prefer going at once to Southport, there to await the arrival of Mr. Faulkner, who was to proceed to that place with his family, after joining them at Beaumaris, which he had purposed doing on the ensuing Saturday. But, alas, they were doomed never to meet each other alive again! Miss Faulkner, of course, staid with her mother, and thus two individuals were preserved, and their connexions spared the additional agony of more extended loss.

A great number of cases, of which the foregoing may suffice as specimens, occurred on this memorable occasion; and the indescribable horror which a suspense so dreadful was calculated to excite prevailed in many families, until sufficient time elapsed for the truth to transpire. Amongst those whose relatives and friends were placed in this melancholy situation were—Mr. Goldsmid and family, of London; Mr. Alderman Wright, of Liverpool and Beaumaris; Captain Colquitt; Mr. Fisher, broker, of Liverpool; Mr. Shaw, watch-spring maker, of Crosshall-street, Liverpool; Mrs. Thornley, formerly of the Royal Oak public-house, Oak-street, Manchester; the Rev. E. Jones, master of the Bangor Free Grammar School; Mr. Rogers, of the White Lion Inn, Wrexham; Mr. Richard Fisher, jeweller, of St. Anne's-street, Manchester; and Sir John Hilton, R.N., of Chester. A friend of the latter gentleman, named Walmsley, landed on Puffin Island the morning of the wreck, and gave the first information on the subject to Lieutenant Watson, superintendent of the telegraph; anxiously requesting, in return, that enquiry might be immediately made at the King's Arms Hotel, in Liverpool, as to whether Sir John had embarked in the Rothsay Castle or not. This was rapidly communicated by signal, and a reply as soon obtained from Liverpool by similar means, conveying the gratifying intelligence that Sir John was safe. He also had been prevented, by some providential circum-

stance, from prosecuting his intention of going by that vessel. In contemplating all this, surely the conviction cannot be repressed that

“There ’s a DIVINITY that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.”

The time at which the Rothsay Castle commenced her voyage is variously stated. My informants differ on the subject to the extent of about three-quarters of an hour; and Mr. Tinne affirms in his account that it was nearly twelve o’clock: but, there can be no doubt, it was past *eleven*, instead of *ten*; and, according to another of the passengers (Mr. William Broadhurst), the delay would have been still farther prolonged if it had not been for the interference of Mr. James Leigh, of Liverpool (eventually one of the victims), who threatened to report the captain if he did not instantly proceed. The vessel was at this time lying to for a boat containing a gentleman desirous of getting on board; and that gentleman consequently, humanly speaking, owes his life to the sharp remonstrance of Mr. Leigh. The captain sullenly yielded; the Rothsay Castle was put into motion, the band joyously playing “Cheer up, cheer up;” and the crowds of friends, who lingered upon George’s Pier, were soon unable to distinguish the fluttering handkerchief or waving hand, conveying the *last* farewell of those whom they were destined never to greet again!

“Oh slippery state of things! What sudden turns,  
What strange vicissitudes in  
Man’s sad history! To-day most happy;  
And ere to-morrow’s sun has set most abjeet.  
How scant the space between these vast extremes!”

They proceeded steadily on their course for some time, and all on board exhibited the highest spirits. Mr. Forster and his lady were particularly noticed for the cheerfulness

and affability with which they conversed with those about them. As the vessel, however, approached the mouth of the river, the wind freshened from the N. N. W., and the waters assumed a more turbulent aspect. On rounding the Black Rock, only five miles from Liverpool, the tide began to flow, which, as it ran nearly in the same direction with a head-wind, that was fast settling into a strong gale, presented a most formidable obstacle. She now laboured heavily; and the frequent shock of opposing waves, which her structure seemed quite unequal to sustain, created serious alarm in the minds of many of the passengers, even at this early period of the voyage. The enlivening tones of music were no longer heard. The dash of waves, and the heavy throbbing of the engine, which had been heretofore unheeded, became painfully audible; and a gloom, like that which was gathering around, weighed upon the dejected spirits of most present. The less timid amongst them, however, rallied their companions; and apprehension was attributed rather to the want of knowing what really constitutes danger on the sea, than to any cause potent enough to render it justifiable. But the usual attendant upon adventures of the kind, *sickness*, soon produced its subduing effects upon the greater number, who passively crowded the cabins while the vessel reeled and struggled on with tardy pace, until she arrived off the Floating Light, situated about fifteen miles from Liverpool. Here the expansive wildness of the troubled deep, the violent straining of the vessel, and that apparent separation from all human aid which can scarcely fail to oppress those who are unused "to go down to the sea in ships," began to exert their usual influence on the mind, either inducing feelings allied to the sublime, or fear in all its variety of modification. Like contagious diseases, such moods "infect unseen," but their characteristics are speedily developed: anxiety was expressed by the frequent enquiry—

loss of confidence was observable in the desponding reply. The engrossing subject now was, "When shall we reach Beaumaris?" and, of course, those who had the greatest stakes at hazard,—those who looked upon the pallid countenance of a wife or child, a parent, a brother or sister, and deemed all *self*-consideration as *nothing* when compared with the frantic thought of losing an object so pricelessly estimable,—those so circumstanced betrayed most solicitude; and of that number was Mr. Tarrey, of Bury, whose wife, five children, and female servant, were on board.

The afternoon at this juncture was far advanced; and the captain still lingered over his dinner, which had been served up in the cabin at three o'clock. He had devoted so much time, however, to this protracted meal, that Mr. Tarrey justly concluded that he might be unacquainted with the state of the weather at that period; and he was consequently induced to call to him from the deck—"Captain, there seems to be a great deal of danger: I wish you would turn back." The coarse reply was—"There's a—deal of *fear*, but no *danger*." He then jocosely observed to those about him upon the folly of turning back, as they "would have the same ground to go over again;" and several present, in the thoughtlessness of the moment, joined in his laugh of derision at the supposed causeless terror of the *landsmen* on deck. Indeed, this unfortunate man appears to have manifested all that want of courtesy for which naval officers were *once* so broadly distinguished from those of the military. Rudeness of manners was, even in the times of "Nelson, Howe, and Jervis," thought to be almost a necessary qualification for nautical men, especially those who proudly aspired to be "The King's Own;" but such strangely erroneous notions have since yielded to more enlightened views; the conduct of the *gentleman* is not only considered to be perfectly compatible with the character of an officer attached to the highly

honourable branch of service to which I allude, but is an essential no longer to be dispensed with; and the literature of the day is not a little indebted for its excellence to officers of the navy. In speaking of Lieutenant Atkinson, however, I am very desirous of exercising as little severity as possible. The man has gone to his great account, and I am in no way anxious to judge him; but truth imperatively requires the relation of facts, which necessarily involve some allusion to his behaviour. Previous to his sitting down to dinner, he seems to have abstained at any rate from positive insult; but he spent upwards of two hours in the cabin over that repast, and the accompanying beverage had the effect of rendering him less scrupulous. He became insolent to the passengers, and abusive to his men; and Mr. Tinne observes, in his narrative, that on one occasion, when peril was extreme, and the wish to know its extent was correspondingly acute, he "was not inclined to speak to him [the captain], as he had heard him a few minutes before answering some passengers rudely:" and the Rev. J. H. Stewart, speaking of Mr. and Mrs. Forster, in the work before quoted, says—"Another survivor saw them both together in the cabin. The master of the vessel having used some profane expressions, Mr. Forster turned to his beloved wife, and observed how exceedingly distressing such language was. It was probably these profane oaths which caused that solemnity of countenance which was noticed when he [Mr. Forster] came on deck. His remark, however, was particularly gratifying to another survivor who overheard it: it led him at once to discern that our beloved friends were persons of real religion. This sentiment was confirmed by the conversation they held together, which he could not avoid hearing; and which struck him, as he said, 'as particularly endearing.' So much had the spirit of our friends interested him, that, when the danger was at



its height, his mind reverted with great satisfaction to this, as he termed them, 'happy pair.'" I have extended the extract beyond the passage immediately relating to the conduct of the captain, in order to show, in the character and feelings of the excellent individuals referred to, how "distressing" indeed it must have proved to the many similarly disposed persons who were on board. Several ladies, it seems, remained in the gentleman's cabin after dinner; but their presence appears to have imposed no restraint upon the captain: the Misses Owen, for instance, of whom Mr. Tinne, without knowing them, speaks as follows;—"The captain talked a great deal after the meal. He was complimenting two young ladies upon their good seamanship, and I was so struck with the sweet tones of their voices, and their pure diction, as well as the sensible nature of their remarks, that I made an effort to see them, notwithstanding the augmentation of sickness by the slightest movement. They were both interesting looking persons, had on black silk dresses, and I think straw bonnets." Of course, these young ladies, whose "sweet tones," alas! were so soon to become mute in death,—these accomplished young ladies, in common with Mrs. Forster, and others of the same high order of christian piety and intellectual refinement, were subjected to the same gross annoyances of which Mr. Forster had so justly complained; but the captain was then, it may be supposed, only in the first stage of excess.

The mate also, William Vavasour, appears by the statements of the survivors to have been even more incapacitated by intoxication than his superior; so that, as two of the crew out of four (her usual complement) had been left at Bangor on the preceding voyage, there must have been a miserable lack of efficiency in working the vessel. The passengers were not, probably, aware of this at the time, to its full extent; but still, those who were upon deck, felt

increasing uneasiness at the inattention of the captain, and Mr. Tarrey was at length deputed to go down to him, for the purpose of endeavouring to impress upon him the propriety of no longer persevering in what appeared to them so hazardous an attempt, but to return to Liverpool while the power remained so to do. He at once refused, however, to accede to such a proposition; and surlily remarked, "If we were to turn back with passengers it would never do; we should have no profit." They accordingly proceeded, but the vessel still made little way, in consequence of the utter inadequacy of the propelling power afforded by her single engine to breast so heavy a sea.

While off the Floating Light, the western bank of the Hoyle Sands being at the time close under his lee, the Prince Llewellyn steamer (Captain Wright) passed to windward, on her voyage from Beaumaris to Liverpool; and so far was the Rothsay Castle then to leeward of her course, that it occasioned much surprise on board the Llewellyn, several of her passengers and crew expressing an opinion that "something was the matter;" for, with an adverse wind and tide, a heavy sea, and a lee shore, it was the duty of the captain to keep much farther from the land, even than the Llewellyn, in order to attain a more commanding situation for weathering\* the Great Ormshead. He would then have been enabled to steer about W. S. W. for the Menai Strait (*see the chart*), which would have

\* To *weather* an object is to pass to windward of it; and, under the above circumstances, it was desirable to give the formidable promontory in question as "wide a berth," as a sailor would term it, as possible: that is to say, it should have been kept at as great a distance as the intended destination of the vessel would allow, especially as in the present case great advantage, in addition to immediate safety, would have resulted from such a proceeding.

brought the wind fairly upon his beam,\* and then the sails would have come into effective operation, in aid of the flagging steam, and in counteraction to the tide, which set upon his weather bow† from about W. N. W., checking and turning the vessel's head from her course. But the captain was *at dinner*, and whatever was "the matter," unfortunately, as no intimation of it was given, the vessels severally held on their way, without communicating with each other—the one to land her passengers in safety, and ride in the quiet of a sheltered port; the other to bear her victims to the sacrifice, and furnish at once the altar of immolation and a grave.

When the Captain revisited the deck, at a little after five o'clock, a number of the passengers renewed their importunities, and entreated him to put back, declaring that all on board would most willingly relinquish their claim to the fare, some even offering the inducement of further pecuniary reward; but he evinced much irritation in consequence, and some of his observations were certainly characterised by the grossest brutality. To one gentleman he tauntingly said, "What, I suppose you have committed murder, that you are so frightened!" and he generally boasted that "he was

\* That is, it would have blown full upon the vessel's side, directly *crossing* her course.

† The meaning both of windward and leeward has already been explained; but it may be necessary to add, that *weather* is applied to any thing to windward, and *lee* to that which is to leeward. Thus the *weather bow* is that side of the head of a vessel directly or obliquely opposed to the wind. For instance, if a vessel's head be to the westward, and the wind northerly, such wind would be said to be on the starboard (or right) side, which then would also be termed the *weather* side; and the larboard (or left) side, under such circumstances, would be called the *lee* side. By the same rule, the land off the lee side would be designated a *lee shore*.



not one that turned back," and that "if they *knew* him they would not make such a request," &c. This insulting disregard to the wishes of the passengers (for with *courage* it had nothing to do) was maintained with sottish stubbornness, under circumstances which rendered it truly amazing that no spirit of resistance was excited in the company present. The water had, during most of the day, been forcing its way through the axles of the paddles; and the shattered vessel had everywhere

"Sucked through loosened planks the rushing sea,"

until the cabin floors were inundated, and the fires belonging to the engine were partially extinguished; which latter misfortune increased, until it produced the final catastrophe. In addition to all this, a lee shore was hugged\* with maniacal indifference, no timely effort having been made to escape from it, no due sense of its danger having been evinced; and, in short, such was the state of extraordinary quiescence which prevailed, that investigation is baffled at every turn in pursuit of a *natural* cause: for, that so many intelligent persons should suffer themselves, either in these or subsequent instances, to be overawed by the vulgar blustering of such a man, cannot be accounted for by any thing short of fatality itself. What was he, virtually, but the servant of those on board? Nearly one hundred and fifty persons had conjointly, as it were, hired both vessel and crew; and if, in the prosecution of their intended voyage, a very large majority of so great a number,—more than nine tenths, I may confidently state,—were of opinion that their *lives* were endangered, and that it was advisable to adopt immediate means for preservation; if this were the case, even admitting that the *seamanship* (save the mark!) of Captain Atkinson would have excited his scorn and con-

\* A vessel is said to *hug* the shore when she is kept close to it.

tempt for such pusillanimous conduct, it was his *duty* to have conceded so much to the strenuous wishes,—or *fears*, if he liked the term better,—of his passengers. They might then have been saved, though that safety might have incurred the captain's ridicule; but that would have rested far, far lighter upon the *living*, than the earth or the waters now lie upon the lamented *dead*! He should have been placed under restraint, together with his mate, if necessary: a promise of remuneration would easily have procured compliance on the part of the rest of the scanty crew. Had such measures been adopted, at the period of which I now speak, there would have been, so far as human foresight extends, no probability of the “Wreck of the Rothsay Castle.”

Between six and seven o'clock the ebb tide made, and hopes were entertained that this circumstance would contribute greatly to assist their progress: but, as Mr. Scoresby judiciously observes, in the work before quoted, “whilst it helped them on the one hand by its north-westerly influence, it rendered their progress more critical on the other, by the disturbance excited through its windward action on the previously turbulent sea.” The effect of this was soon observable. The vessel laboured on with increasing difficulty, at a rate averaging little more than two miles an hour, the engine becoming more powerless in proportion to the waning of the fires, consequent upon the additional quantity of water admitted by the opening seams and the continued breaking of heavy seas upon the deck. The captain was, for the most part, below; and his replies to the many anxious inquiries as to the progress they were making, and the probable time at which they might expect to arrive at Beaumaris, were either triflingly evasive or contradictory in the extreme. On one occasion, while on deck, he acknowledged that “it was the heaviest sea he had ever witnessed in those parts;” but, with the uncer-

tainty which characterizes insanity, or that confusion of intellect which arises from intoxication, he the next moment spoke slightly on the subject, declaring that it was only the "tail of a storm" which had passed away, and that there was "no danger;" and then again, after a very short interval of time, he would betray great anxiety, and exclaim, "I wish to —— I could get somewhere to ride out the storm." Those who wish to put a favourable construction upon all this would contend that it was to allay the fears of his passengers that he was induced to deny the existence of danger, while his solicitude for their safety wrung from him occasionally an unconscious admission of the fact; but on dispassionately reviewing his entire conduct, from the first scene to the last of this eventful tragedy, such infirmity of purpose, want of feeling, and general unfitness for his situation will become apparent, that the most charitable will scarcely withhold expressions of measureless reprehension.

The land from the western extremity of the Hoyle sands, which stretch out in that direction, nearly collaterally with the Welsh coast, from the mouth of the Dee, winds with "deep intent" until it reaches the Great Ormshead; and it appears that the Rothsay Castle was suffered to be embayed by that perilous lee shore for many hours. It may be urged here, that I am blaming the captain for that which was attributable to stress of weather, and other circumstances over which he had no control; but it must be recollected, that though he could not command the winds and waves, he might have turned back when he found his vessel unable to combat their hostility; and that if his drifting into this bay were inevitable, it was high time to make signals of distress. There can be no doubt that she "dragged her slow length along" the entire indentation referred to, close to the land; for otherwise the making of the Little Ormshead

could never have produced the effect which is apparent in all the narratives given by the survivors. They universally agree in stating, that "they were long in getting from the Little to the Great Ormshead;" some say "between three and four hours;" and such an impression could only have been made by the vessel's creeping round in the way just mentioned, so as eventually to bring the *front* of the Little Ormshead directly on a line parallel with her, which would reduce the helmsman to the necessity of steering exactly against the wind, in order to clear the Great Ormshead; that constituting one point of the segment of the circle which she so laboriously performed. This, however, can only be properly elucidated by reference to a plan of that part of the coast which my sketchy chart does not embrace; but as the statements which have been published are for the most part singularly wanting in that regularity of detail which would enable the reader clearly to understand the "progress of the vessel," which was so importantly connected with her ultimate fate, I shall endeavour, by the following simple outline, to establish my view of the case, which will sufficiently account for the great length of time occupied by the passage from the one Ormshead to the other.



The letter A, in the above, represents the western extremity of the Hoyle Sands; letter B, Little Ormshead; letter C, Great Ormshead; the portion of a circle describes the bay, deprived, of course, of the inequalities which it

really exhibits; the figure within denotes the conjectured situation of the Rothsay Castle, with her head towards C; and the line at the bottom, running nearly east and west, marks the relative positions of the Hoyle Sands and the Great Ormshead. Now, if the vessel stood across this bay, far outside the line, as she ought to have done, would those who were on board talk of the time in which they were "going *from* the Little *to* the Great Ormshead?" Certainly not. The former could only have been *passed* obliquely—could only have formed the back ground of the view, and the distance between the two rocks in question, were it four miles or a thousand, would have no possible reference to the passage of the Rothsay Castle, if she had maintained her proper course. Taking it for granted, therefore, that the vessel was situated as I have assumed,—which is unquestionably the only way to reconcile the various statements of the surviving passengers with hydrographical and geographical matters of fact,—I return to the more immediate thread of my narrative.

After toiling round the bay in the manner I have described, it was not until past eight o'clock that they arrived off the Little Ormshead; and the passage from that point to the Great Ormshead (which occupied nearly two hours, though the extreme distance is only four miles) so tried the vessel, that the leakage increased with alarming rapidity. During this portion of the voyage, another opportunity for extrication from peril presented itself, which, alas! with the same unaccountable infatuation which had uniformly lured them to destruction, was neglected! At the period of which I speak, when the horrors of *night* under such circumstances were about to be added to those which already encompassed them, and the progress they were making must have convinced the most inexperienced in nautical affairs that many hours must wear away before they could hope to reach their place of



destination; at a period when all this was palpable, and the vessel was absolutely in a sinking state, *a sloop passed within a short distance*; and such was the singular delusion which prevailed, that no one on board the *Rothsay Castle* attempted to enforce the wish which must, it is reasonable to imagine, have been so general, to make her condition known. If they had communicated with that vessel, and induced her commander to accompany them to a place of safety, all mischief would have been prevented. He would most likely, however, have advised them to repair to anchorage-ground directly to leeward of them\* which they

\* I am indebted to a nautical friend for this and some other hints of the kind, in aid of my own observation on the spot; and I also have pleasure in again acknowledging obligation to the "Narrative" published by Lieutenant Morrison, of the Royal Navy, who says—"Between the two Ormsheads, and directly to leeward of him [the captain of the *Rothsay Castle*], there was, at about two miles off, anchorage-ground in about three or four fathoms, not a mile from the shore. Here he should have anchored, kept the steam up, if he found her drifting on shore, and sent the women and children on shore by a dozen at a time, in his boat; have got other boats, if necessary, from the shore; and, if there were no boats, and as a last resource, they had empty casks, ladders, planks, and spars on board, of which they should have made a raft, and saved as many lives as possible, in the event of the vessel going on shore in spite of his endeavours." It may be observed here, however, that although Captain Atkinson had a *boat*, he was totally unprovided with *oars*! and it is due to Lieutenant Morrison to state, that the public have been much benefited by his remarks on the imperfect equipments of steam-packets; for a gentleman informs me that in a recent passage by the *Llewellyn*, he found two signal-guns planted upon the poop, rockets secured in the cabin, and two excellent boats, completely furnished for service, were ready for lowering into the water at a moment's notice. But this praiseworthy caution was not observable until Lieutenant Morrison so warmly contended for its necessity.

could have reached with ease; and if he thought his own vessel would have been eventually endangered by going along with them, he might have supplied a boat to facilitate their landing. Something would undoubtedly have been done, very contrary to that which unhappily *was* done; for, rather than proceed in such a condition, it would have been better to have crowded all sail and run her at once on shore in that place, as it was more favourable for such a dreadful alternative than any other he was then likely to reach: but, as I have observed, the opportunity was neglected; the strange vessel, as in the case of the Llewellyn, was suffered to pass on; and the Rothsay Castle was soon left in her helplessness to the desolation of a tempestuous sea on one hand, and a lee shore on the other—the former driving her towards the latter with a fearful celerity. Darkness, too, was now closing around them; for, though the moon was up, the sky was wild and cloudy, which paled her light into sickly feebleness, and sometimes hid it altogether.

The entire passage from Liverpool to Beaumaris extends over about fifty miles, which generally occupies a steam-packet from six to seven hours; but in the present instance it was ten o'clock when they arrived off the Great Orms-head, thus performing a distance of thirty-six miles in about eleven hours! The captain still maintained his extravagant inconsistency; but the state of the vessel was now too alarmingly obvious to need either question or reply. The water in the hold had so much increased, that it overflowed into the cabins, to which all but three or four passengers had for some time retired, to avoid the drenching effect of the seas which were constantly shipped; \* besides which, the frequent heavy lurches to which

\* A *sea* is the general name given by sailors to a single wave or billow; hence, when a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have *shipped a sea*.

the vessel was subjected, rendered it not a little hazardous for a landsman to remain on deck ; but those who reclined in the lassitude of sickness, as well as those who had thus sought shelter and safety below, were now called upon to make an effort for *life*. It was no longer matter of opinion, left to the mockery of such an arbiter as Captain Atkinson ;

“The lab’ring vessel, through unnumber’d chinks,  
Above, below, th’ invading water drinks ; ”

and the pumps were necessarily set going, the passengers relieving each other at short intervals. This, at such an hour, and in such a scene, was dreary work—and the more so from its utter hopelessness ; for the leaks gained upon them, and many who had hitherto elung to the cheering conviction that “The Lord maketh a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters,” for those whom his wisdom selects for preservation, now shrunk aghast at the prospect of the doom which opened to them, and gave themselves up for lost. But their situation was at this critical period more desperate than was generally known ; for so much water had found its way into the engine-room, the floor of which, at the commencement of the voyage, was overflowed,\* that the coal was rendered useless, and the fires could not be fed without water rushing in with the wet fuel ; so that the steam could not be kept up, and consequently the vessel made for the most part less way than ever. The captain, however, even under these distressing circumstances, made no effort to surmount the difficulties opposed to him. He might, in all human probability, by making sail, have reached anchorage-ground off Penmon (see the chart), under the shelter afforded by the Anglesea

\* This fact, which is highly important in estimating the “state of the vessel,” I give on the respectable authority of Mr. Henry Wilson, of Manchester.



coast within the Menai Strait, where the water would have been smooth, and where the pilot-establishment provided by the late Lord Bulkeley, expressly for such exigencies, would have promptly supplied every facility to ensure the safety of the passengers and crew. He had passed the Great Ormshead, having previously *made* the wind fair, by running close to a lee shore, and then having almost miraculously escaped by *making* the wind directly foul, for which there would otherwise have been no occasion; he had weathered the Great Ormshead, however, and from that point he should have taken a fresh departure, and regulated his conduct accordingly. The chart will show that the direct course of the vessel from the Great Ormshead<sup>1</sup> (considering that, under such circumstances, she passed so dangerously close to that stupendous rock) was about due west; though Mr. Broadhurst says, in the excellent narrative with which he has favoured me, that her head was for some time as close to the wind as W. N. W., notwithstanding which she “continued to drift;”<sup>\*</sup> but such necessity would not have existed if she had acquired a greater degree of speed. Taking her course, therefore, to

\* To *drift*, in this sense, is to make *lee way*—*i. e.*, the movement of a vessel to leeward when driven by the wind. But a vessel may *drift* by the influence of currents when the wind is fair, in which case the term *lee way* does not apply. Allowance is made in navigation for these disadvantages, which deduct largely from the nominal progress of the vessel, when a current sets unfavourably, or the wind directly or obliquely crosses her course. So Falconer, in his well-known “Shipwreck;”—

“The different traverses, since twilight made,  
He on the hydrographic circle laid;  
Then the broad angle of *lee way* explored,  
As swept across the graduated chord.  
Her place discovered by the rules of art,  
Unusual terrors shook the master’s heart,  
When Falconera’s rugged isle he found  
Within her *drift*, with shelves and breakers bound.”

have been due west, she would have the wind, which was still blowing from the N. N. W., only two points before the beam, which would have enabled her, with the use of sails, in addition to the little steam-power which remained, to make tolerable way through the water, especially as the tide then exercised a favourable influence. And all this, too, might have been accomplished long before the final declension of the moon, whose friendly light, obscure and partial though it was, from the black masses which rolled in stormy succession before it, would have proved a most welcome auxiliary. No expedient of the kind, however, was resorted to; and this, and similar instances of serious neglect become the more astonishing when the fact is mentioned that a Liverpool Branch Pilot,—of course, a practised seaman and well acquainted with the coast,—was amongst the passengers! That this man should, if he were in his senses, look tamely on, without making one observation calculated to apprise those who surrounded him of such fatal error, seems perfectly incredible. But so it was; and the passengers did not know, until after the vessel had struck, that such a person was on board.

It will also be seen by the chart, that, after passing the Great Ormshead, the approach to Conway River opens on the left, directly to leeward of the vessel's course; and the growing imminence of the danger induced several of the passengers to intreat the captain, as all possibility of returning to Liverpool was then cut off by distance and the ebb tide, to put into Conway; but his answer was, "God keep me from attempting it; it would be certain destruction." And, for once, he was right, as the plan of the coast will demonstrate. With the tide running out, a lee shore, and so difficult a navigation, nothing, indeed, but "destruction" could have been expected.

Eleven o'clock came: the pumps were still going—the leaks increasing—and the apprehension of the passengers

augmented to dreadful intensity. The females, generally speaking, were with difficulty soothed into anything like composure, those who attempted the task but too plainly betraying an anxiety which was at variance with the comfort they administered. Mr. Robert Whittaker, about this time, asked the captain to hoist a lighted lantern, or fire a gun as a signal of distress; but he simply replied, that he had neither the one nor the other! He had, indeed, no customary means of making a night-signal; but any other person, in the same situation, would very quickly have devised a substitute. If the end of a tarred rope had been set on fire, and the blaze exposed from the poop, twenty boats would have come to their assistance in less than twenty minutes!

At about a quarter to twelve o'clock, land duskily appeared on the starboard bow, the sinking moon just sufficing to show that it was Puffin Island,<sup>2</sup> at the entrance of the Menai Strait; and, to adopt the words of Mr. Scoresby, "a cry of joy from the anxious passengers on deck proclaimed throughout the vessel the cheering tidings!" But, alas! the revival of gladdened feelings for a few short minutes only served to render the horrors which succeeded more terrible.

## CHAPTER II.

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### THE WRECK.

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"Fathers beheld the hastening doom, with stern, delirious eye;  
Wildly they looked around for help—no help, alas, was nigh!  
Mothers stood trembling with their babes, uttering complaints in vain;  
No arm but the Almighty arm might stem the dreadful main!  
Jesu, it was a fearful hour—the elemental strife  
Howling above the shrieks of death, the struggling groans for life!"\*

SWAIN.

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I now come to a portion of my narrative in which, as it defies all power of description, I must necessarily leave much for the reader to supply. I shall endeavour to relate the incidents with scrupulous fidelity; but who could hope to pourtray the husband and the wife, the parent and the child, plunged in anguish which must ever remain "un-

\* The above lines were chosen, not only for their singular applicability to the melancholy incidents which they are intended to illustrate, but also on account of a circumstance which properly associates them with this work. They are extracted from a little poem entitled "The Village of Scheveningen," by Charles Swain, a young author whose productions have deservedly obtained considerable popularity; and a manuscript copy of that poem—which eloquently describes the horrors of a scene when

"Storm was upon the lonely sea, storm on the midnight sky!"

was found in the pocket-book of one of the Misses Broadhurst, in a trunk belonging to those young ladies, which was recovered from the wreck. See the affecting Narrative of the bereaved father.

tered and unutterable!" Indeed, the affecting expedient of the painter of antiquity, who drew a mantle over the face of the father who sacrificed his child, despairing to give it suitable expression, might with me be deemed advisable with respect to the greater part of the coming scene, as I have so much more reason to distrust my ability to afford even the faintest sketch of a calamity so extensively fatal—of sufferings so protracted and severe.

It was verging upon midnight, but the near approach of the vessel to the Menai Strait, even under the circumstances I have described, really seemed to justify expectations of safety: *time*, however, every moment of which was so incalculably precious, was, as heretofore, wretchedly trifled with, and consequently the short-lived hopes of the devoted voyagers quickly yielded to despair proportionably aggravated. It was verging upon midnight, and the two fires on the lee side of the engine-room were quite extinguished, and those on the opposite side nearly so; besides which, the pumps were choked with ashes washed from the furnaces, and therefore all hope of remedy in that respect was cut off. One of the passengers, indeed (Mr. John Duckworth), asked for buckets to bale out the water; and, with the aid of so many persons, some effect might have been produced in that way; but there was nothing of the kind on board! The only bucket with which the vessel had been provided had just before fallen over the side, through the carelessness or drunkenness of one of the crew; so that if they had been threatened by the opposite element—fire, there was a sorry chance of their being enabled to check its progress. Mr. Duckworth next endeavoured to persuade the gentlemen to bale with their hats; and such a recommendation speaks with awful eloquence of the greatness of the danger that suggested it: but it was either considered inadequate to the extremity of the moment, or was unattended to in the distraction which so generally



prevailed. But, in the midst of all this, is it not most astonishing that the captain should have remained inactive? The tide had just turned—flood was succeeding to ebb; but he was now arriving at the most critical part of his voyage, with shallows on every side, which it was madness to attempt to pass at low water, and in the night, without keeping his lead going,\* that he might know exactly, by the depth of water, where he was. It is no less surprising that, in the next place, he continued to depend upon *steam* for the completion of his passage, when, as I have shown, provided his proper course had been adhered to, his sails could have been successfully employed; and, further, if he were *again* to leeward of his course (which I have no doubt was the case, notwithstanding the statements of the seamen to the contrary), it is equally strange that he did not come to an anchor and make signals of distress. Of the captain, however, at this eventful period, we hear nothing. He had again retired to the cabin, as if some spell of power had chained down his faculties, and withheld him from all exertion, until the time at which it might have been available was irrecoverably passed!

A frequent reference to the chart will be essentially necessary in the course of the details under immediate notice, especially with those who are strangers to the coast alluded to. It will be found that the noble bay of Beaumaris presents its ample mouth to the north, its entrance being marked by the Great Ormshead on the east, and by the eastern shore of Anglesea<sup>3</sup> on the west, the distance between these two points amounting to about ten miles. It then stretches out into a sort of minor bay, of which the commencement is defined by

“The rude rocks

Of Penmaenmawr,<sup>4</sup> heaped hideous to the sky,”

\* That is, he should have continued to use the sounding-line, to which a lead is attached, for the purpose of ascertaining the depth of water.

which, nevertheless, form a magnificent back ground; and the other horn may be said to terminate at Bangor Ferry. At flood-tide, the wide expanse of waters here gives splendid effect to the scene; but even at half-ebb, the Lavan Sands deform the beauty of the picture, and reveal the really narrow limits of the Menai Strait,<sup>5</sup> which leads successively to Beaumaris, Bangor, the celebrated Menai Bridge, Carnarvon, and eventually to the Irish Sea. At Bangor Ferry however, a more elevated portion of the Carnarvonshire coast winds towards Anglesea, as I have before inferred; and about two miles higher up, the Strait is crossed by that most astonishing monument of human skill and industry, the suspension bridge.<sup>6</sup> It will also be seen by the chart that the north-east point of the sands before mentioned is distinguished by the name of the Dutchman's Bank, between which and another bank, called the "Spit," there is a channel of deep water, but only a few yards in width, designated the "Swash," from which the Spit extends in a north-easterly direction to within about half a mile of Puffin Island; the eastern entrance to the Strait is marked by a dotted line; and the Spit-buoy, to the left of the line in question, shows that a nearer approach to the sands off which it is moored would be dangerous. Having thus put the reader in possession of the localities connected with the events that follow, I may proceed without the embarrassment which frequent interruption to explain would inevitably occasion.

There is much difficulty in arriving at a correct knowledge of the fatal spot upon which the vessel first struck. The statements of the seamen, and the accounts given by some of the passengers, differ very materially. Indeed, the overwhelming horror of the moment seems, in the cases of most on board, to have produced a complete paralysis of the mind, while it threw the powers of the body into more vigorous action. Mr. Tinne, who was labouring under severe indisposition from sea-sickness, says, (in the narra-

tive before quoted, published with Mr. Scoresby's "Sorrow on the Sea,") "On waking from a temporary doze, I felt a shock as if the vessel had grounded: I immediately sprung up, and with the other passengers hurried on deck. All seemed a scene of confusion, and *there was no obtaining any information about what had happened to us.*" And Mr. Coxhead observes, in the able narrative with which he has obligingly furnished me, "It [the striking of the vessel] seemed to have an electrifying effect upon many of those unhappy sufferers from sea-sickness who, under any other circumstances, it would have been impossible to rouse from their nearly lifeless condition."

Such were the natural consequences of so frightful a transition from the repose of fancied security to danger of the most appalling kind. But many quickly recovered self-possession; and some of the survivors have evinced really remarkable precision and acuteness of observation, in their description of the terrible scenes which ensued. For instance, the following passage from the narrative of Mr. Tinne has rarely been surpassed in graphic power, and that simplicity of expression which constitutes the poetry of feeling. The reader is particularly referred to the lines distinguished by italics. Having described the "shock" occasioned by grounding, Mr. Tinne proceeds to say—

"The vessel, with her head towards Puffin Island, continued to beat; but, as appeared to me, only forward. Shortly, however, she began to strike both fore and aft, and at last we were completely aground, and almost incapable of advancing. The concussions continued, as if warnings of our impending fate, and our alarm kept pace with these dismal forebodings. I was going into the cabin, but found the way stopped by ladies sitting on the steps. I therefore returned to one of the benches on the poop, two or three ladies being beside me much agitated. The gentlemen were then ordered forward, with a view to lighten the



vessel astern, while the engine was kept working; *each stroke of the wheels, however, seemed like the expiring ticking of a watch, and we made no way.* I succeeded a person in ringing the bell. This station I occupied for twenty minutes or more. The individual who succeeded me, however, lost the tongue, and they were then obliged to take a piece of wood instead of it: *the feelings of despair which I thought actuated this, sunk deeply into my soul; and, low as each rap was, it sounded like the death-knell of us all.* They were labouring hard at the pumps, and calling to relieve them. I went several times forward, and once in the hurry fell down the trap-door of the engine-room, but saved myself from going through. The anxiety of the moment did not allow me to think of pain. The captain was mostly, I believe, in the bow of the vessel. I heard him grumbling about the man at the helm, who, he said, never knew how to steer. The last time I noticed him, he was standing, perfectly motionless, with one hand on the windlass, and he appeared looking out a-head: he had an oil-skin cap on, and his coat was tight buttoned. \* \* \* The water was now washing strongly over us, and I had some difficulty in regaining a place in the larboard corner of the poop. *One individual, on a bench near me, was engaged loudly in prayer; but all the others were silent.* There was a rush at this time towards the boat; but those who had got into her came out again, (except a poor woman with a child in her arms, who sat firmly fixed in the bow,) for they were told she could not live in such a sea, that she had a hole in her bottom, and that there were no oars. After a while, the stern fastening gave way, and the boat hung suspended at the bow by the painter. *I assisted in dragging out the woman, reflecting at the moment on the idea that the first being which had perished was the innocent at her breast; but I was in error, a strong tie held it there, and they were both got on board.* I was then engaged trying to loose the painter, but

to no purpose. Soon, however, the boat was carried away, with the davit to which it was attached, and it immediately swamped. I now threw off more of my clothes, leaving on me only my waistcoat, shirt, stockings, and drawers; and of these latter, also, I soon afterwards divested myself. Shivering, however, with cold, I took shelter under a friend's cloak, which, wet as it was, still afforded me some warmth. My friend asked me the time. I looked at my watch, and found it within a quarter of two. 'It is possible,' he said, 'we may hold together till morning, and then we may be seen from the land.' We were also conjecturing how far Puffin Island,—the land lying a-head of us,—might be distant, and were calculating upon the possibility of reaching it by swimming. I expressed my surprise that the moon was not visible; but Mr. Leigh remarked that it had gone down long since. *It was dark; thick black clouds were flying about the sky—and only one bright star could be seen, reflected on the troubled sea.* Whilst these remarks and observations were passing, the danger was thickening around us. But the conduct of Mr. Leigh was firm and composed throughout the whole of our awful trial; so remarkably so, indeed, that the impression it has left on my mind will never be effaced. To his example do I ascribe, in no inconsiderable degree, *my own presence of mind; which, through the blessing and help of my Almighty Preserver, never once failed me.*"

In the preceding extract, the correct and striking comparison of the wheels of the engine to the "expiring ticking of a watch,"—the sensitive participation in the "feelings of despair" which induced the impotent attempt to supply the loss of the tongue of the bell,—the "individual engaged loudly in prayer," amidst the awful dash and howl of wave and storm, while all his fellow-sufferers "were silent,"—the "strong tie" which bound, as it were, the infant to its mother's bosom, though terror and death assailed her

in their most ghastly forms,—the wildness of the scene, with “only one bright star reflected on the troubled sea,” together with the writer’s pious dependence upon his “Almighty Preserver,”—all these are really unlaboured specimens of no common order; and I cannot forego the satisfaction of acknowledging how much I admire them. The passage, however, is not only valuable on account of the life-like picture which it affords of events that possess great and lasting interest; it also supplies the *materiel*, in connexion with other matter, for arriving at a tolerably certain conclusion as to the situation of the vessel at the moment of striking; and I trust I shall not prematurely incur the charge of *trifling*, if, in the endeavour to establish a point so importantly involved with a train of calamitous consequences, I cite facts which may probably, at the first glance, seem to bear too lightly on the case.

It would appear from Mr. Tinne’s statement that, when the vessel struck, her head was “towards Puffin Island;” while Mr. Whittaker, in his account, affirms that her head was “pointing betwixt Puffin Island and Beaumaris;” and either of these may be correct, if the vessel were to leeward of the buoy off the north-east point of the Spit, for then, in the effort to recover her course, she would have been steered from N.N.W. to N.W., which would have brought her head either in the direction described by Mr. Tinne or that by Mr. Whittaker; and the supposition that she was thereabouts is strengthened by those of the survivors who contend that she first grounded aft—that is, that the stern, or hinder part of the vessel, first touched the sand. The reader will readily understand this by referring to the chart. It will there be found that, as the tide was running up the Strait, and the wind N.N.W., the former would carry her to the westward, while the latter would drive her southerly; and thus she would obliquely retrograde until she reached the fatal bank,

nearly stern foremost. The evidence of Evans, the sailor, at the coroner's inquest, tends to establish this view of the case. He says that the vessel first struck on the "weather edge of the bank"—about the N. N.W. point of the Spit; and I have no doubt such was the fact, though I do not think it possible that she could ever have been to windward of the buoy, as Hughes, another of the crew, has asserted; he must have been mistaken; if she had been so situated, her head could not have been "towards Puffin Island;" and she would, besides, have been in so advantageous a position, that even such a commander as Lieutenant Atkinson could not have failed to profit by it. But it is the opinion of some nautical men that she was much farther to leeward than I have alleged, and that she subsequently dragged along the eastern edge of the Dutchman's Bank, in the endeavour to recover her course, until the flood tide (which sets strongly there in three several directions in consequence of the powerful diversions by which it is influenced) forced her on the Spit. The conclusion I have come to, however, seems most worthy of reception; namely, that the vessel was some distance to leeward of the Spit buoy, when the fires became so low, in consequence of the increased leakage, that the engine performed its office too languidly to have any effect, and she was accordingly driven by the N. N.W. wind to the northward of the Spit: she was there exposed to the full action of the currents I have described; and a combination of those hostile agents, wind and tide, eventually cast her upon the fatal bank. Mr. Broadhurst says, in alluding to this awful period, "The helmsman touched me on the shoulder, and pointed out the breakers on our *larboard*, to all appearance not more than about one hundred yards from us. \* \* \* I do not suppose more than five or ten minutes elapsed before she *grounded astern*." This seems at first to imply that the vessel was

not in the situation I have described; but *larboard* is a very indefinite term, and embraces a wide range, the various points of which can only be accurately marked by a seaman. The vessel, however, might have struck on the larboard quarter, which would justify Mr. Broadhurst's remark, as he might no doubt then see breakers on the "larboard." It will presently be seen that the singular conduct of the captain, under these circumstances, was in perfect keeping with what has already been related of him; and in order to show the apparent influence of that conduct upon the fate of the vessel, as a cautionary lesson to future voyagers and others whom it may concern, I have been compelled to be more circumstantial at the outset than would otherwise be necessary.

It was a little past midnight when the vessel first struck, and but few of the passengers were on deck at the time. The shock was not violent, but quite sufficient to excite painful apprehension. The faltering question as to "what could be the matter," and the evasion of that which all knew, but dared not acknowledge, filled up the dreadful period of suspense, which, though comprised but of a few minutes, seemed lengthened misery. She struck a second time, and the force of the concussion was accompanied by a heavy crash, which threatened to break up the vessel, and make at once

"A fearful gap  
Into the wasteful deep."

The effect was terrible; so much so, indeed, that language fails in the endeavour to describe it. A shriek from the women,—a long and piercing shriek,—a simultaneous rush to the door, and a struggle, as for life, to reach the deck, were the first indications of frightful extremity. Indeed, Mr. Wilson, the gentleman to whom I have before referred, informs me that at this dreadful moment he observed the



*nails* with which the vessel was held together, instead of the bolts and pins usually employed for such purpose, were partially drawn from the timbers by the shock; and he concluded accordingly that she must shortly either go to pieces or founder. Doubtless many, who did not survive to tell the melancholy story, saw also the imminence of the danger, for the utmost degree of excitement generally prevailed; but in this respect Mr. Tarrey was again an object of particular notice. The stake he had on board, as I before remarked, was great indeed, and his solicitude was thereby heightened to almost delirious intensity. He sprang from amidst his family and pressed wildly forward, entirely regardless of who it might be that impeded his progress, until he got upon deck, where he distractedly inquired as to the state and situation of the vessel; but little could be gathered, from the confusion that reigned, until Jones, the Liverpool Branch pilot before alluded to, who had been asleep in some hole forward, came amongst them, exclaiming, "We are all lost."\* This declaration,

\* I have before expressed an opinion as to the singular apathy of this man during the voyage; but he had been taking "some refreshment" with the steward early in the afternoon, which probably had the effect of producing drowsy indifference or temporary insensibility. In a "Narrative of the Wreck," by the Rev. J. H. Bransby, of Carnarvon, we are informed, on the authority of the pilot himself, that "in the course of conversation, a very strong opinion was given by the steward that Lieutenant Atkinson never *intended* to reach Beaumaris, and that the voyage he was then making would be his last. By 'intended' was meant, according to the steward's interpretation, 'expected;' and the result proved his opinion to be too fatally correct. Fatigued by the labour he had undergone *before entering the packet*, the pilot had *lain down in the fore-castle to sleep*. He was roused by a sensation beyond all others dreadful to mariners—he felt the vessel strike, and his *experience* told him that *all was*

by a man in the garb of a seaman, attracted the notice of all present; and when it was ascertained that he was a pilot, and consequently fully competent to form an opinion on such a subject, the panic was increased, with the unhappy females especially, to absolute frenzy. Some of the passengers and crew, however, said it was only the paddle-wheel which had broke, and that all would soon be well; others affirmed, with the pilot, that the vessel was on shore, and that they should all be inevitably lost; while the captain was heard giving as confused and contradictory orders. He first directed the helm to be put "hard a-starboard," or to the extreme right hand, which would give the vessel's head an inclination to the left, or south-west; and that would, of course, drive her further upon the Spit, supposing that she first struck upon its N.N.W. point, as will be plainly seen by consulting the chart. The seaman at the helm, however, who appears to have

*over.*"—So much for the "experience" of William Jones, a Liverpool Branch pilot! But let us now consult the opinion of a sailor as to the conduct of Jones. Lieutenant Morrison says, in *his* narrative, "This was sadly imprudent, and little like what I should have expected from such a man. He ought to have set an example of preparing something in the nature of a raft to save what lives could be saved; and as he must have known that it was low water, and that the whole of the Dutchman's Bank was dry within a few yards of them, and the tide just setting on to it, there can be no reason to doubt that he might have been by this means instrumental in saving many of the unhappy victims, as well as himself. A pilot ought to be a man possessed of coolness, courage, and determination in the hour of peril. I have been accustomed to see British seamen in the moment of danger; and I shall ever believe that it is by presence of mind to conceive, combined with skill to accomplish, means of safety in such cases, that they can lay claim to respect as useful members of society."

been quite aware of the consequence of obeying such an order, thought proper to *port* the helm; that is, to put it to the extreme *left*, and thereby swing the vessel's head round to the right, or *off shore*; but the captain, who was forward at the time, repeated with much asperity the direction he had given, and sent the mate aft to enforce its fulfilment. The seaman persisted in keeping the helm as it was, alleging that the contrary mode would drive the vessel among the shoals; but the mate took the wheel out of his hand and put it a-starboard, in accordance with the captain's wish. The gentlemen-passengers were next ordered to go forward, and then aft, in the endeavour to float the vessel: the paddles were ordered to be reversed; and when it became apparent that no assistance was derived from the engine, the captain vociferously demanded of the fireman how it was that the steam was so low; when he was for the first time informed that the leakage of the vessel, which had been on the increase during the whole of the voyage, had at length so far extinguished the fires that it was impossible to keep the steam up, and the pumps had been choked with ashes for some time! The captain appeared to be as much astonished and infuriated by this piece of intelligence, as if the progress of the vessel, during the last few hours especially, had not been sufficient to apprise him of so important a matter! He had, indeed, been told in the course of the afternoon that "the fires had not been *kept up*," on which he became very angry, and went towards the engine-room, uttering imprecations and threats against the fireman; but what passed between them at that time is not known: it now appeared that he had been totally unconscious of the real state of the vessel, which admission struck to the souls of those who heard it. They had previously sustained themselves with the hope that they were mistaken, notwithstanding what the pilot had said; that the captain must know best; and that their



situation was not so bad as their fears imagined; but when this amazing instance of neglect stood forth, as it were, in appalling relief before their senses—when its awful consequences seemed to encompass them as with a shroud—they felt the desolation of utter abandonment, and that they should “behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world.” The vessel, in the mean time, laboured excessively; the sea broke furiously over her; and she was rapidly filling with water. Some of the passengers entreated the captain to let go the anchor, which would have kept the vessel from driving; and, as the tide was flowing, deep water would soon have covered that part of the sands, where she might have rode until assistance could be procured; but his answer was, “Hold your bother, there is no danger;” and to one who, in the agony of despair, exclaimed, “We shall all go to the bottom!” he deridingly said, “The bottom be ——, we’re at the bottom already!” At length, however, she once more floated, but had scarcely cleared the sand before she struck again; and thus she dragged along the bank, (the greatest length of which is from north-east to south-west) rolling and pitching in a terrific manner, with frequent concussions which threatened immediate destruction, until within two hundred yards of the Swash, a distance of about a mile from the place at which she first grounded. This was the limit of her fearful career: she struck again, with tremendous force, and her fragile shell-work, which had previously given way through the insufficiency of its fastenings, was torn asunder by this mightier shock, leaving ample space for the fierce gush of waters in every direction; and she soon lay a helpless wreck, clogged by the fatal indraught, “staked by the weight of her engine and apparatus to the sand,” and surrendering human victims to almost every wave that shattered her.

A number of ladies had either been prevailed upon to

remain in the cabins up to this dreadful juncture, or had retired to them during the period of sickening anxiety, which extended from the first striking of the vessel to the time under review; but now their shrieks were renewed with frantic violence, and they rushed from below with all the horror and distraction of which the most agonizing extreme of feminine terror is capable. Some few there were, indeed, who yielded to fear only in the first moments of the awful conviction that the hand of death lay heavily upon them; and these might be seen hurriedly changing their places in search of safety, in common with their wretched companions: but *religion*, at that moment of trial, came to their aid; God, with whom they had held frequent communion, and with whom their hearts were confidently familiar as with a friend, was *with them*; they felt and gratefully acknowledged the presence of his sustaining spirit, and were blessed with the boundless blessing which enabled them to utter, not in the language of the lips only, but of the heart and soul — “Thy will be done.” The greater number, however, lost all self-possession, until exhaustion reduced them to a state of quiescence, and a happy susceptibility to the prayers and the sympathizing christian advice of those whom the DIVINE BEING appears, in his infinite mercy, to have sent in this time of solemn extremity to shake them from their dreamy rest, and lead them to a due consideration of the vast account they were so soon to render. Before these feelings were excited, their cries to heaven were those of anguish and despair, not of supplication, and of humble reliance upon the saving power to which they appealed; and wild delirium gave an awful character to their lamentable condition. Some of the females rushed into each other’s arms, and remained for a time locked in an embrace of painful vehemence; some madly tore their garments, and threw away their caps and bonnets; and some dashed themselves upon the deck, reck-

less of injury. Others hugged their children, with passionate exclamations of endearment and of anticipated separation; while husbands and wives, with affecting earnestness, were taking leave of each other, and mutually avowing their determination to die together: and those who were latest in swelling the number so situated,—those who were called up from the cabins by the anxious solicitude of a husband, brother, or friend, and by an awful summons to *prepare for the worst*,—were compelled, in their agony for self-preservation, to trample upon the prostrate bodies of the many that encumbered the deck, either in the helplessness of insensibility or the more fearful apathy of despair. Sisters clung to brothers, daughters to parents; and the loud sob, and groan, and wail of heart-rending sorrow, which were audible amidst the raving of the storm and the clamour of many anxious voices, seemed to afford all the completion to which a scene of accumulated misery could attain: but it was not yet complete. Horror had yet to achieve its “great masterpiece” of the night, and the work of death was to be done.

Endeavours were again made, by trimming the vessel, to get her afloat; that is, the passengers were requested to change their situation, heavy materials were removed from one place to another, and the jib\* was hoisted with the view, it is conjectured, of wearing the vessel’s head round to the southward, to get her through the Swash into the Menai Strait; but this seems scarcely feasible. If, however, such were the intention of the captain, it was of a piece with the rest of his conduct; for, if he had succeeded, he would have been so much the nearer to a lee shore, from which escape would then have been next to impossible. If any chance of the kind existed at this period, it was in crossing to the northwest side of the

\* A triangular sail, extending from the foremast over the bowsprit.

Spit; but that could not be effected without steam, which, as I have already shown from Mr. Tinne's statement, could not be obtained; and besides, she was in no condition ever to move from the place she occupied, except it were in fragments, when her destruction was accomplished.

The captain upheld his confident tone to the last. He still maintained that there was "no danger;" that it was "*only* sand" upon which the vessel had struck, and consequently that she would soon "float again." To one of the passengers he insultingly said, "If you're afraid, why don't you go to prayers?" And when every effort to float the vessel had failed, he declared she was "all right," and that they were "on their way to Beaumaris," though it was evident to all that she was immoveably fixed upon the bank. Thus did this unhappy man fatally persist in a course which some have been charitable enough to impute to his wish to preserve the passengers, by concealing from them the extent of their danger; but, it must be recollected, his denial of the existence of danger involved the equally strange refusal to make signals of distress, which completely and at once cut off all aid, though it was so near, and so efficient, and so easy to be obtained!

Here I take up a portion of the narrative which has in part been anticipated by an extract from the interesting relation of Mr. Tinne; but though

" 'T is mine th' unravel'd prospect to display,  
And chain th' events in regular array,"

I shall endeavour to be guilty of no repetition that is not absolutely necessary for that purpose, with reference both to extracts and to the "personal narratives."

It was now conjectured by many of the passengers, that the weight of Mr. Forster's carriage might have considerable effect upon the vessel, and the steward was desired to ask that gentleman's permission for it to be thrown overboard,

which he immediately granted; and begged, if the remotest expectation of relief was grounded upon the request, that it might be promptly complied with. While, however, some property of value was about to be taken out of the carriage, preparatory to its sacrifice, the captain interfered, and ordered it to be retained, as its removal, he said, would be attended with no benefit; and in this opinion he was no doubt correct. The vessel was a wreck, and additional weight would rather tend to withstand the fury of the sea than occasion further injury; but, under such a conviction, what must be thought of his conduct!

Amongst other suggestions, the captain was urgently requested to order the bell to be rung, but even this he objected to. At length, however, he said, "if they wanted it rung they might ring it themselves;" and the bell was rung accordingly with great violence, for a considerable time, until the tongue was lost, as Mr. Tinne describes. It has been asserted that the sound was heard at Beaumaris, and on board Mr. Williamson's yacht, the *Campeadora*, lying off the Green; but this has never been authenticated, nor is it at all likely; for admitting that the fatal omission of any display of light, to mark the situation of the vessel, prevented those who heard this midnight alarm from coming to their assistance, still it would have induced anxious solicitude, and at break of day, if not before, every scrutiny would have been exercised to discover whence it came, especially as it was so generally known that the Rothsay Castle had not arrived. Nothing of the kind, however, was manifested, and therefore the dismal vibrations of the bell, like the unavailing shouts of despair which succeeded, were no doubt lost in the uproar of the storm and the melancholy waste of sands and water by which they were surrounded.

But, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary events of this eventful night remains to be told; and I accordingly



insert it here, in the order of its occurrence, though it will be found in the extended personal narrative of Mr. Coxhead, in another page. That gentleman says,—“The bell had been rung until it was broken—no light was hoisted—and just then a singular circumstance attracted my observation. One of the seamen came to the binnacle,\* deliberately took out the lamp which afforded light to the helmsman, and threw it with much force upon the deck, breaking it into many pieces, and of course extinguishing the light. I cannot bring my mind to any other conclusion than that this was purposely done, although he immediately lamented that the only chance of making a signal was now destroyed: for what purpose it was done I cannot say; he instantly disappeared, and I saw no more of him.” To comment upon this would be in vain; conjecture itself would be lost in the endeavour to account rationally for such an act; while the respectability of the source whence my information is derived forbids any doubt on the subject. In the first place, however, the binnacle lamp would be unfit for hoisting as a signal; but then it might have been placed in a lantern, and it is said there was *one* on board, which the man carried who gathered the checks from the passengers; or, at any rate, the light would have answered every purpose, as by its means combustibles of any description might have been set on fire to alarm the coast. The conclusion then is, that the captain *ordered* it to be extinguished, as I have the authority of Mr. Hammond, of Leeds, for stating, that he (the captain) had previously declared that he “would never consent to hoist a signal of the kind.” But Mr. Coxhead also says, in his evidence before the “Select Committee on Steam Navigation,”†

\* A fixture which contains the compass.

† See Examination of John Coxhead, Esq. before the Parliamentary Committee.



that "there was a light *on* the binnacle," before the "light *at* the binnacle" was extinguished by the sailor; and, he adds, with reference to the former,—“I thought the ship had been set fire to; in fact, “*I am confident it was; the light set fire to the wood, and was put out again by the great violence of the sea.*” I cannot, I confess, comprehend what is meant by this. That, in such a night, a light should be *on* the binnacle long enough to set it on fire, and that the “violence of the sea” should have no effect upon such light, while burning in feeble singleness, but that it was at once extinguished after it had communicated to the wood and thereby gained accession of strength,—these constitute an anomaly which I am unable to explain. It may, indeed, mean that the light “*on* the binnacle” was a *reflection* only from the part of the vessel which was on fire; but, I repeat, I cannot arrive with any degree of certainty at what is intended, as none of the other survivors appear to know any thing of the matter; and I should imagine, judging from the general perspicuity of Mr. Cox-head’s narrative, that this portion of his evidence has not been correctly reported.

Most of the women and children formed at this period one miserable group upon deck. They were passively huddled together, lying as if they were inanimate bodies, which lightning, or some other sudden and tremendous visitation, had deprived of life. A few had again retired to the cabins, but the encroaching water was fast expelling them from that retreat, and the stairs were crowded with wretched, weeping females. Every moment, however, was too heavily charged with direful events, to permit of long repose from new and increasingly terrible calamity.

The captain, as I have shown, was actively engaged, from the time of the vessel’s striking, in employing various expedients to save her, though he unhappily omitted all the rational means that offered themselves for the preser-

vation of human life ; and he was now seen trying the depth of water alongside with a pole. Mr. Lawrence Duckworth, it seems, observed this with some anxiety, and the captain informed him that there were above seven feet of water.\* The vessel was now dashed from side to side with frightful precipitancy,

“ While o’er the quiv’ring deck, from van to rear,  
Broad surges roll’d in terrible career ;”

and it was momentarily expected that she would go to pieces. The effect was soon apparent. The stays of the

\* This appears to establish the fact, that the flood tide was more advanced at this period than Lieutenant Morrison supposes, in the extract I have given from his work in page 41. There can be no doubt, however, that the water must have been very shallow at no great distance from the vessel ; indeed, a large portion of the Dutchman’s Bank and the Lavan Sands must have been actually dry. Mr. Broadhurst saw breakers close to the vessel just before she struck, which plainly demonstrated the shallowness of the water in that direction ; and Mr. Wilson informs me that he saw dry sands after the vessel had settled down in the place of her destruction. This impressed him with the practicability of escaping : —“ I attempted to descend,” he observes in his narrative, “ with my wife in my arms, thinking that I could find the bottom ;” but the great depth of water quickly convinced him of his danger. Still, if those who had charge of the vessel had at all profited by their knowledge of the coast, the fears of the passengers would have been allayed by the prospect of safety which might have been opened to them, and many valuable lives might have been saved. But, after all, this is mere speculation : all *might* have been saved, if any *one* of the untoward circumstances which I have related had not occurred, or any *one* of the numerous expedients I have mentioned had been adopted. Is not, then, the admission forced upon us, that Providence had decreed otherwise ? “ Lo, these are parts of His ways ; but the thunder of His power who can understand !”

ponderous chimney gave way ; and though they were again secured by the exertions of the passengers and crew, they soon again yielded to the straining violence of the labouring vessel. The loosened chimney then swung to and fro, threatening destruction to the numbers of helpless beings around ; and at length down it came, tearing away the mainmast in its sweeping descent. They fell in an oblique direction across the poop and starboard quarter, with a hideous crash, which struck terror into the firmest hearts, and which Mr. Marsden, in his narrative, emphatically compares to the "breaking up of a mighty sheet of ice." The bulwarks, and such portion of the deck as was immediately exposed to the fall of these heavy materials, were shattered into fragments, and cast, as the first offering of wreck and disaster, upon the foaming sea. The *starboard* was the *weather* side of the vessel at the time, and, consequently, the highest out of the water ; but the force and weight of the stroke thus given dragged her over, and plunged her so deeply amidst the waves which then rolled in upon her defenceless decks, that it was matter of wonder that she ever righted again, and that she did not then shake off her living freightage, and yield up her structure to premature destruction : but such was not the case ; the wind and the assailing waters forced her back, and she again rocked upon her fatal bed, with an inclination to leeward, however, which afforded a comparative shelter from the seas which broke upon her weather side. It is not known whether any one suffered by this accident or not, but it is quite possible that many might have been mortally hurt, and hurried into the remorseless deep at that moment, without being perceived ; indeed, many might have witnessed the tragical scene who did not live to describe it. The captain and mate were not seen upon deck after the fall of the mast, by any of the survivors ; and it has been confidently asserted that they perished at that

early period, the first victims of a calamity which they had been so largely instrumental in producing; but a circumstance referred to in the deeply interesting narrative of Mrs. Payne, implies that the captain must have been washed overboard amongst those who latest suffered; and Jones, the fireman, has assured me that the body of the mate was eventually found in the cabin. "Decay's effacing fingers," had rendered the identification of feature utterly out of the question; but a list of the crew was, my informant added, found in his pocket, a document with which no one but the mate would be provided, as he paid the men.

All had now given themselves up for lost, and several devout individuals engaged earnestly in prayer, and encouraged those about them to use the short time that might be spared to them in humbly commending their souls to Almighty God, and imploring His gracious pardon and acceptance. And I have here great pleasure in again referring incidentally to Mr. and Mrs. Forster; for the former, in particular, was favoured by having the opportunity afforded to him, "even in the eleventh hour," of promoting the great cause to which he had mainly devoted his valuable life. The Rev. J. H. Stewart states that they (Mr. and Mrs. Forster) were seen "withdrawing themselves from the other passengers, and remaining together in fervent prayer for almost a quarter of an hour. When they had thus obtained fresh confidence and strength from the Lord, they joined the other passengers. At this moment some of the persons who were at the bow of the vessel were dreadfully alarmed, and crying out in the bitterness of despair. Our beloved brother was seen, by the same person who had observed them thus together in prayer, going, as we might well say, like an angel of mercy amongst them, and telling them 'not to be in such terrible dismay; that it was not yet too late to apply to the Lord Jesus; that He was still able and willing to save;' and therefore desiring them, 'whilst

there was one moment left, to cast themselves upon Him.' The Lord seemed to have blessed this message, for *there was an immediate stillness, and some were heard devoutly calling upon His name.* Oh, how consoling it is to think that the Lord was thus honouring our beloved brother in his dying hour! At the very time that he was about to sink into the deep waters, using him as an instrument to pluck from the burning some whose spirits seemed just descending into a far deeper gulph! \* \* \* \* Their names are not known to us now, but *we shall, I trust, hereafter know, from their songs of praise, why our beloved friends went on board.*" The feeling thus happily created had the effect, no doubt, of calming the minds of many, and of disposing them to that fitness for devotion which is so admirably calculated to produce faith in its efficacy and ultimate triumph in its success.

The Rev. Thomas Selkirk, of Bury, in his truly valuable little work, entitled "A Local Record of the loss of the Rothsay Castle," (having reference more particularly to "the twenty-six persons\* on board" from his own town

\* It has been erroneously asserted that Mr. Nuttall and Miss Whittaker were instrumental in persuading this formidable number of persons to set out upon an excursion which proved so fatal to twenty-one of them, only five being saved! The fact is, however, that they left Bury in six different parties, and at six different periods of time; and Mr. Selkirk observes, in the work above quoted, that "with one single exception, they were wholly ignorant of each other's intention with respect to the voyage to Wales, until they met on board the packet. Their several parties are distinguished by Mr. Selkirk, and I subjoin a list so classed, as constituting matter of peculiar interest to their numerous connexions:—1st. Mr. William Tarrey, of Bury; Mrs. Tarrey; Betsy Tarrey and Thomas Tarrey, Mr. Tarrey's surviving children by a former wife; John Tarrey, Mr. Tarrey's only child by the wife who perished with him; Thomas Appleton



and neighbourhood, doubtless adverts to a period of this night of horrors corresponding with, or subsequent to, that which I have just described, when he says—"Loud and fervent were the petitions of the lips, as occasion permitted the use of words; and many were the devout breathings of the soul, when the raging of the waves would not permit the lips to express what the heart felt. The hand of the Lord was recognized in the affliction, and his help and protection were sought. Those who were most vigorous and anxious in their efforts to save themselves confessed, by their prayers, 'Our help standeth in the name of the Lord.'" The comparative calmness of this frame of mind would of course enable those who enjoyed it to devote a portion of their thoughts to the best means of preservation. The most collected amongst the passengers, therefore, narrowly watched the conduct of the crew, as it was natural to conclude that their experience would dictate the best modes of ensuring safety under such circumstances; but, alas! it was soon found that they were as much at a loss as the veriest landsman. Various plans

and Mary Appleton, Mrs. Tarrey's only children by a former husband; Rachel Howarth, Mr. Tarrey's servant.—2d. Mr. W. Walmsley, of Seedfield; Mrs. Walmsley; Henry Walmsley, their child; Miss Margaret Walmsley, daughter of Mr. W. Walmsley, of Boor Edge; Mr. James Fitton, of Seedfield; Miss Selina Lamb, of Bury.—3d. Mr. Robert Whittaker, of Bury; James Whittaker, his only child; Miss Mary Whittaker, sister to Mr. R. Whittaker; Thomas Whittaker, her son; Mr. John Wilkinson, of Bury.—4th. Mr. John Nuttall, of Bury.—5th. Mr. Thomas Charles, of Bury.—6th. Mr. John Duckworth, of Shuttleworth; Mrs. Duckworth, his wife; Mr. Lawrence Duckworth, of Edenfield; Mrs. Duckworth, his wife; Mr. Thomas Entwistle, of Edenfield.—A more particular description, distinguishing those who perished, will be found in the complete list given in another part of this work; by which it appears that not one of the first and second parties, making together fourteen individuals, was saved!



were projected. Three of the crew climbed the foremast, and firmly lashed themselves to the top of that spar; some stripped and prepared for swimming; some selected one thing, and some another, of which to form a raft; some determined to keep to the vessel as long as possible; and two individuals, one of whom was Mr. Dyson, made choice of a drum,\* in the hope that it would keep them buoyant: others, whose expectations were less sanguine,—husbands and wives, subdued by affectionate concern for each other,—tied themselves together, in the despairing anticipation of perishing in each other's arms! A most affecting instance of this is forcibly told by Mr. Coxhead, with reference to the steward and his wife; but it will be sufficient to refer the reader to the passage; I will not detract from its

\* This instrument, which eventually proved fatal to the two unfortunate persons who depended upon it for preservation, *might*, nevertheless, have been made the happy means, under providence, of saving the whole of the passengers and crew. Mr. Robert Whittaker says, in his narrative, "A young man came to me with a large drum, and said it would save both of us if I held on one side and he on the other. *Some females came and clung round us*, but the young man told them to get hold of the first piece of timber they could," &c. Now, here we have a number of hapless beings struggling for the possession of this drum, and yet not one of them thought of *beating* it, in the endeavour to alarm the nearest part of the coast. The bell was struck, after the clapper was lost, even with bits of wood, and coal; but this drum was neglected, though it would, I have little doubt, have emitted a more effective sound than the tinkling of such a bell as that of the Rothsay Castle, with all the advantage of its iron tongue. Mr. Whittaker subsequently declined to adventure with the "young man," who, I believe, was poor West, the musician, fearing that their inequality of size might destroy the balance, and Mr. Dyson took his place. Mr. Whittaker saw them both perish; and Mr. Nuttall afterwards observed the drum, burst and abandoned to the waves.

effect by giving an inferior version. Such were the preparations of some, while other portions of the devoted company were moving with restless excitement from place to place, in all the impotence of irresolution and terror. The conduct of poor Cooke, of Bangor, was in this respect distressingly conspicuous.\* He was the person alluded to by Mr. Tinne, when he speaks (in the extract I have given from his Narrative) of the "feelings of despair" which actuated the attempt to ring the bell "with a piece of wood," or, as some say, coal. It was this unfortunate man who gave those unavailing strokes, which "sounded like the death knell" of all on board.

Mr. Tarrey, whose painfully excited feelings on behalf of his family have been before adverted to, was as remarkable for resignation and fortitude, when all was pronounced hope-

\* The case of this poor man affords a sad example to those who unthinkingly tempt Providence to abandon them, by wishing for death. Too often do men call for death, on occasions utterly inadequate to justify so awful an invocation: but, when he comes indeed,—when his terrors are developed and his chilling approach is felt,—how few there are who do not recoil from his embrace!—Cooke, a few days before the loss of the *Rothsay Castle*, observed, in a conversation with his wife, "I should be glad, if it were the will of the Lord, to rest from my labours." His wife replied, "Would you like to leave your family?" He then said, "I have no doubt God will provide for them." He left home on the Monday morning, with £22 in cash, for the purchase of fruit at Liverpool; and his lifeless body was found near the Great Ormshead on the subsequent Wednesday week. On a recent visit to Bangor, I called upon the widow of Cooke, and she related to me the above particulars of her unfortunate husband; and added, "I have found God faithful to his promise: he has indeed been the friend of the widow and the father of the fatherless!" In the midst of the horrors of the above scene, the last words Cooke was heard to utter were—"May the Lord look to my wife and five children."

less, as he was previously for agitation and terror. He is said to have given utterance to the most affecting expressions of tenderness with respect to his wife and children :—“ I brought out my family,” he once exclaimed, “ and how shall I return without them? Oh, it would be more intolerable than death; I will die with them!” He was mostly with Mr. W. Walmsley, also of Bury; and the Rev. T. Selkirk, in his “ Local Record,” speaks of the two friends and their families in the following terms :—“ There is some little difficulty in ascertaining when Mr. Tarrey and Mr. W. Walmsley were last seen; but it is most probable that they met their untimely fate at the same moment with their wives and children. Mrs. Tarrey and Mrs. Walmsley had suffered severely from sickness during the voyage, and were in the after cabin with their children when the packet struck. Some time after this, Mr. Tarrey and Mr. Walmsley are recollected to have been on deck, when they affectionately shook hands with their friends. They were much distressed, and expressed their conviction that all hands must perish. What agony they must have experienced, let a husband and a father judge. The one had on board his wife and all his children; the other his wife and one child, and had left two helpless babes at home, unconscious of their parents’ perilous situation. Both kind and tender-hearted men; both devotedly attached to their wives and children! Independent, then, of any anxiety about themselves, what must they have felt for the safety of those on whose preservation the happiness and comfort of their future life so materially rested! Thus circumstanced, could it be matter of surprise if they were unmanned and overwhelmed by the awful situation in which they were placed? After conversing with their friends on deck, they proceeded to join their respective families below, to console by their presence and their prayers those dear ones whom they could not otherwise succour.” They soon returned to

the deck, however, together with their unhappy wives and children, in the anxiety to profit by any favourable circumstance, or driven forth by the fear of inundation below.

I have said that the cabins were at this period rapidly filling with water; but several of the passengers, ladies in particular, remained below until it was no longer possible, choosing rather to encounter in such comparative retirement the danger to which they were exposed, than await it on deck, amidst the boisterous conflict of elements, and the more palpable terrors of disastrous shipwreck and approaching death. An interesting group was that of which I speak,—interesting both on account of the high claims to respect of the individuals who composed it, and of the awful character of the business which occupied the few minutes they had yet to be together in this world, for one only—only *one* of their sad number survives!—Mrs. Charles Faulkner, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. George Hammond, the Misses Owen, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Dyson, and two or three others, were there; and one of this little company (Mrs. Payne) exclaimed, with solemn emphasis, “O, who can pray?” Immediately the affecting cry spontaneously arose from all present, “Lord, have mercy upon us!” and they addressed themselves to fervent prayer. Mrs. Payne knelt down in the water, the depth of which had then increased to several inches; and Mrs. Faulkner left her seat and knelt also, holding at the same time an unconscious infant to her bosom. The elder daughter and the maid-servant of Mrs. Faulkner were on the sofa behind her; and the rest of the company were sitting around, having their feet upon the couch to protect them from the water with which the cabin was inundated; and thus did they continue in devotion, until Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Wilson, and Mrs. Hammond were called upon deck by their alarmed husbands, and the rising water compelled the rest to retreat, as already described.

The horror of the scene, like a descending torrent, now gathered force and accumulation with every moment; and the tremendous fiat, involving the eternal “weal or woe” of upwards of a hundred immortal souls, was upon the verge of awful fulfilment. Youth and beauty, and mature strength, and the healthful action of all the various functions tributary to life — long and vigorous life, were there; but these were of no avail: the fearful wrench which sundered them from their possessor would only be the more acute in proportion to their tenacity; while the shrunken energies of age would derive advantage from feebleness, and escape from torture in the inability to contend.

The storm was evidently increasing; the moon had sunk beneath the now undefined horizon; and the firmament seemed in the “thick night,” like the arch of a mighty sepulchre, with a single lamp hung in its obscure depth — a solitary star, which, with the phosphoric gleam emitted from a turbulent sea,<sup>6</sup> constituted “*not* light, but rather darkness visible,” and

“Serv’d only to discover sights of woe.”

In the midst of this dismal scene, the wretched passengers were scattered some on one part of the deck and some on another; and were, with very few exceptions, earnestly engaged in prayer. Mr. and Mrs. Forster had taken their station close to the weather paddle-box, the starboard side of the vessel; and the Rev. J. H. Stewart says—“After this, the waves beating over the vessel with still greater violence, their faithful servant descended to the cabin for their cloaks, and gave them to his master. Our dear friend then taking one of them, and drawing his beloved wife to his bosom, wrapped it round them both, covering her head so as to shelter her from the waves, and to keep her from seeing the dreadful scenes then surrounding them. Thus embracing each other, they remained in humble confidence and silent prayer. The swell still increasing, and the



waves beating with still more fury, as the vessel rolled from side to side, a kind fellow-sufferer asked him if he would not change his station; but, having chosen that which appeared the place of the greatest safety, he said, 'No, we will remain together where we are.' He was subsequently heard to utter expressions of the tenderest concern for Mrs. Forster. "My dear, dear wife!" he frequently exclaimed, with an emphasis painfully indicative of the feelings by which he was agitated. The Rev. J. M. M'Carthy was kneeling near the paddle-box, on the opposite side, together with his friend, Mr. Fox; and Mr. Dyson was heard to address the former gentleman in the anguish of the moment—"Oh, sir, cannot you save us?" The worthy priest\* answered him in terms suitable to the occasion. He said that *he* could not save him, and advised him to have recourse to prayer. Mr. Alexander Raphael was also observed in fervent supplication, near Mr. M'Carthy and Mr. Fox. Mr. Raphael had been reduced to a state of extreme exhaustion by sickness; and Jones, the fireman, had kindly supplied him with such restoratives as his helpless condition required, by which he was now enabled to employ his energies in that devotion befitting his awful situation. Mr. and Mrs. Payne had placed themselves on the top of the paddle-box, at the foot of which Mr. M'Carthy was kneeling. They were lashed together, and the rope which encircled them was fastened to an iron pin which projected from one of the planks. Mr. Shaw subsequently climbed up, and took his station near Mr. and Mrs. Payne, but had not the advantage of so firm a holdfast as that which they had been fortunate enough to secure, and he was consequently exposed to

\* The biographical sketch of Mr. M'Carthy, which appears under its proper head, will show the very high estimation in which he was held, by Protestants as well as those of his own communion, in the immediate sphere of his labours.



more imminent hazard from every lurch of the vessel and every wave that rolled over her. A great number of other persons crowded about and upon the paddle-boxes, and along the plank which extended from one paddle-box to the other. Mr. Martin and Mr. Metcalf were for some time at the bow of the vessel, where, together with a number of females, they joined in prayer with Mr. George Hammond, who is the "gentleman from Leeds" referred to by Mr. Martin, in his narrative. Mr. Martin and his friend, Mr. Metcalf, afterwards sought for a place of greater security, and the former at length succeeded in getting upon the plank which crossed the vessel, in the way just mentioned; but Mr. Metcalf had not sufficient strength to reach it, and he could only grasp what his friend describes as "the *iron*\* under the plank," to which, he informs us, "a great number of persons" also clung, in the endeavour to preserve themselves from the violence of the waves, and from being thrown overboard by the motion of the vessel. Amongst these, Elliot Rudland, one of the musicians, remained for some time, until the ravage of the waters, as will hereafter be seen, compelled him to change his situation. Mr. Tarrey and family, the Walmsleys, the Whittakers, the Duckworths, Messrs. Nuttall, Entwistle, Wilkinson, Fitton, and Charles, were, for the most part, about the quarter deck, or the paddle-boxes, though some of them, a short time afterwards, moved farther forward. The Rev. O. Owen, the Misses Owen, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, Miss Lucas, and the Misses Broadhurst and their father, were also on the quarter-deck. The windlass and belfry,† the foremast, every thing that promised support against the impetuous rush of overwhelming waters, was seized with

\* This was a stout rod, which steadied the uprights attached on either side to the paddle-boxes.

† The belfry of the Rothsay Castle was directly over the windlass.

avidity. Evans and Hughes, seamen, and Jones, the fireman, were the individuals who climbed the foremast, at an earlier period of these calamitous proceedings; and some two or three of the more adventurous passengers sought refuge on the bowsprit; but, with reference to Hughes, I cannot help adverting to a circumstance which does not reflect great credit upon his feeling, whatever it may upon his prudence. The hand of his child (a fine boy about twelve years of age) was in his grasp, just as he was going to ascend the mast. To take him up was impossible, and therefore what was he to do? A moment's hesitation sufficed; he let go the boy, who strove in vain to cling to him; he let go the boy, whose cries of "Father! oh, father, save me!" were not powerful enough to weigh against the desire of self-preservation; and if he could have looked down through the murk of night, from his place of temporary safety, he might have seen that wretched child sobbing in his heart-broken abandonment, or shrieking for aid in the agony of terror, while driven from place to place by the remorseless waves! On the poop, a great many of the passengers had congregated; and Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, of Bath, attracted particular notice. The reader will recollect that Mr. Tinne mentions "an individual" who was "engaged loudly in prayer," amidst the silent attention of those who surrounded him; and Mr. Coxhead refers to an "elderly gentleman," who sat on a bench upon the poop in a peculiar attitude, with a view to prevent sea-sickness: in both these instances, Mr. Selwyn is the gentleman in question. "His wife," Mr. Coxhead observes, "knelt at his feet, and he was, perhaps, the most fervent of any of the passengers in his prayers:" and again, speaking of Mrs. Selwyn, Mr. Coxhead further says, "she was much taller than himself, and of very lady-like appearance." Mr. Wheeler, of Birmingham, and his friend, Mr. Bottomly, of Rochdale, were also upon the poop at this period; together with Mr. and

Mrs. Thompson, of Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. George Hammond, and Messrs. Tinne, Leigh, Souza, Coxhead, Marsden, and Day. The steward, Jones, and his wife, and the carpenter's wife and child, were also there. Thus, as nearly as I can ascertain, I have given the disposition of the various persons who are best known, at a period closely verging upon the dreadful moment when so large a portion of them was swallowed by the heaving grave which yawned around, and which so few on board were ever to pass with life. I have taken considerable pains to render the picture correct, in order that what follows may be the more readily understood; and I am of opinion that it may generally be relied upon.

The incidents described in the extract already given from Mr. Tinne's statement were, of course, spread over the period to which I have been alluding, since I mentioned the taking up of that portion of the narrative; and, to render the chain of events continuous, I have now shortly to revert to the attempt of the carpenter's wife (Jane Griffiths) to secure a place in the vessel's boat, into which she went with Mr. Henry Hammond (of Liverpool), who had kindly afforded her occasional aid, her husband being for the most part engaged elsewhere. This poor woman was remarkable for the painful extreme of maternal affection which she evinced towards her infant. It has been seen that she hugged it to her breast, and held it there in safety, when the boat had broken away at one end, and was suspended only by the other, and consequently when every effort she could make would scarcely suffice to keep her from falling into the awful abyss beneath; and now, when the shouts of the passengers were raised in the hope of being heard on shore, Mr. Tinne observes, that the cry of "the poor woman, in whose temporary rescue he had assisted, was above all others." She returned the farewell embraces of her husband with the agony which so melan-

choly an occasion might be expected to produce; but it was her infant that seemed to absorb her tenderest regard: and when amidst descending seas, with the prospect of immediate destruction before her, she anxiously intreated Mr. Henry Hammond to "wrap her shawl more closely around her neck, that it might *prevent the water from touching the child*," it will be seen that this ruling passion was indeed "strong in death."

Mr. Selwyn was at this time engaged in audible prayer, and numbers knelt about him, and joined in the devotion to which he had strenuously invited them, when a circumstance occurred which is strikingly illustrative of human love of life, even in moments of seeming abstraction from every thing earthly. Some one exclaimed, that there was "a light on Puffin Island," and the worshippers sprang up from their solemn communion: all, at once, sprang up, and eagerly strained their eyes in the direction described by them; and many were of opinion that they could discern the friendly beacon. They then, as if by previous consent, joined in a shout which seemed like one voice, so simultaneously did they lift up their melancholy cries; but the despair of being heard, and exhaustion, and the apparent unreality of the ray of hope which had seemed to glance upon them, soon oppressed them with additional languor of mind and body; and some wept, with heart-broken bitterness—some again addressed themselves to prayer—and some agonized each other with mutual accusations, having reference to the individual who might have advised the ill-fated voyage, and thereby exposed them to such peril. Of the latter, a most afflicting instance is recorded by Mr. Coxhead, in the case of the Lucas family. The Misses Broadhurst hid their faces in the bosom of their unhappy father, to avoid the sight of so many distracting objects; and the Misses Owen and their brother formed another melancholy group, of which Mr. Coxhead



THE REV O. OWEN AND HIS SISTERS  
AS THEY WERE LAST SEEN



Religion's force divine is best displayed  
In deep desertion of all human aid:  
To succour in extremities is her delight,  
And cheer the heart when terror strikes the night.



gives also a truly affecting description. Mr. Owen was seated upon one of the benches on the starboard side of the deck, and his two sisters knelt before him, and covered their faces with their hands, which rested upon his knees. The younger lady (Miss Mary) seemed perfectly resigned, and absorbed in prayer; the elder (Miss Margaret) appeared to cling with fonder tenacity to life, and was consequently less composed. She frequently raised herself from her brother's knee, and with uplifted hands implored the aid of Heaven, exclaiming from time to time, "Must we all perish? Oh, it cannot be!" &c. Mr. Owen maintained considerable firmness. His look was that of solemn acquiescence in the will of Providence, and would have accorded well with the utterance of the beautiful prayer given by Falconer to "the master," in his "Shipwreck:"—

"O, Source of Life! our refuge and our stay,  
Whose voice the warring elements obey,  
On thy supreme assistance we rely;  
Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die;  
Perhaps this storm is sent, with healing breath,  
From neighb'ring shores to scourge disease and death!  
'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust:  
With thee, great LORD! 'whatever is, is just.'"

Mr. Coxhead's moving anecdote of "a poor little black boy" belonging to the vessel, is not the least interesting of his narrative. The wretched child felt he had no one there that "cared" for *him*; and when Mr. Coxhead kindly spoke words of comfort to him, he became half delirious with joy, and seized his fondly anticipated protector round the neck, in a manner that would no doubt have soon after been fatal to both, had he not been prevailed upon to relinquish his hold, by representations which the extremity of the danger suggested. This was just before the ravages of death began; and about the

same time Mrs. Payne, from her station on the paddle-box, observed the Rev. Mr. M'Carthy, in an apparently exhausted state, crawling across the deck, in the endeavour to join some persons who were praying at a little distance from him; but the waves which broke in furious succession over the devoted vessel, together with her violent rolling, baffled and retarded the unfortunate gentleman, and she lost sight of him in the wilder confusion which shortly ensued, the leading horrors of which are powerfully developed by the following extract from Mr. Tinne's description of the scene:—

“I observed the vessel parting — the bow, with its quivering mast, leaning one way — the stern, the other. I pointed out our situation to Mr. Leigh, who seemed surprised it should take place so soon. There was a bench on the starboard side, which I was strongly tempted to seize hold of, but it was secured by another passenger,\* who hung it over the side ready to avail himself of it on the first occasion. The two parts of the wreck were separating more and more, and seemed only to be held together by the loose tackle. Our portion of it had now heeled over to leeward, or towards the larboard side of the vessel. This induced Mr. Leigh, Mr. Souza, and myself to move over to windward, which was the highest part of the deck. Here they held on by the stanchions and the railing, whilst I grasped the spokes of the wheel on one side, and the end of the maintop-mast on the other—the latter having fallen obliquely across the poop. We were hardly fixed, when a wave, larger than any that had preceded it, came rolling over us, and passing onward to leeward, swept away a whole line of victims together, along with the railing, stanchions, and benches: among those were most of the

\* This was Mr. Marsden, of Wakefield, who, with his friend, Mr. Day, determined upon trying such mode of preservation.

ladies and their friends. Even in this tremendous event, *I only heard one person shriek, who I believed to be the poor woman with the child;\* whilst the others passed away without cry or groan, except what my imagination now fancies to itself, as a deep drawn sigh from the whole mass at once.* Their minds, previously, seemed absorbed in deep devotion, and probably they were well nigh dead to suffering and pain. The scene now before me was desolate indeed; a bare deck, a number of dark objects, struggling and writhing in the water, as at their last gasp; but it was needless, and indeed impossible, for me to extend a helping hand, when it could only have afforded them a temporary respite, with aggravated suffering; and when my own approaching doom, unless [averted] by some striking exhibition of providence, was impressively pictured before me, in their vain struggles. One individual, however, was assisted up again on the wreck: and a solitary body was seen lying across the deck, which seemed to me to be lifeless; but it has since occurred to me that it was that of the pilot, who, with several others, was saved on a large raft. Every wave now told against the shattered hull, and the water which filled it heaved up the deck, whilst the planks were rapidly giving way under

\* Jane Griffiths, the carpenter's wife, to whom I have before referred. Her cry was loudest, her efforts superhuman,—and all as it appears, on account of her child! The Rev. W. H. Bransby, in his "Narrative," gives the following pathetic notice of the last moments of this devotedly affectionate creature:—"When she could no longer struggle against the waves, it was easy, and it was wonderful, to perceive the workings of nature in her bosom. With a last effort, she raised her hands above the water, and held up her infant, as if to supplicate in its behalf the pitying eye of Heaven!

‘O, there is no fount

Of deep, strong, deathless love, like that within

A mother's heart!’ ”

us. The side plank next the railing first split and yawned asunder, and then we sunk with the deck to a level with the sea. Another wave sent the loose pieces asunder, and immediately I found myself afloat. I first caught hold of the extremity of the mast, my feet resting on what I supposed to be an iron stanchion, accidentally attached to it. Pressing close against me were Jones, the steward, and his wife, and I think I heard the cries of a child. On looking about, I saw Mr. Souza and Mr. Leigh close to me. I spoke to them, and was answered by the latter that they were on some loose pieces of timber. They were sitting on them, leaning on one hand. At this moment I perceived the steward's wife struggling to keep her hold, and nearly exhausted; whilst her husband was encouraging her to keep up her spirits. Fearing lest they might catch hold of me, and finding that I had not enough of the mast to rest upon, I relinquished it altogether, and after swimming a few strokes, scrambled up some pieces of timber. There were two persons on the same fragments of the wreck, whom I supposed to be Mr. Leigh and Mr. Souza, but I did not speak to them. I could perceive eight or nine persons on a large raft a little before us, but there was no time to look about, as I had continually to prepare myself for the waves, which were frequently dashing over me, and to ward off loose pieces of the wreck. A blow on the head, from one of these masses, had already stunned me for a moment, which warned me of this additional danger. Afraid of a repetition, I crawled to the end of my raft, and clung to a spar. My sight became dim with the spray; but I could perceive a large wave rolling towards me, bearing on its top what I thought an overwhelming piece of wreck. I expected momentarily to be struck by it; but the water passed harmless over my head. I then looked behind me, and found I was alone. The same piece, perhaps, which passed over me without harm, had swept

my companions from their places. So long as I retained my recollection and consciousness distinctly, I was in like manner buffeting the waves."

Mr. Tinne dived, or rather suffered himself to sink, in order to escape the mass of ruin which approached him in the way above described, having previously called to the individuals whom he supposed to be Mr. Leigh and Mr. Souza, briefly advising them to use similar precaution; but if they did, it was unhappily of no avail: when Mr. Tinne arose, he was, as he emphatically observes, "*alone!*" A condensed retrospect of these fearful calamities, as given by the Rev. W. Scoresby, in the sermon (*Sorrow on the Sea*) which he preached on the occasion in the Mariners' Church, Liverpool, is so beautifully illustrative of the subject, that I make no apology for its transcription:—

"Whilst most of us," he observes, "unconsciously slept, or were calmly courting the refreshment of the pillow, more than a hundred of our countrymen and neighbours were wrestling with death, with all its horrors, 'mid bewildering night and a rising storm—with the terrific light, indeed, of shining breakers, serving only to mark with more fearful distinctness and certainty the path now opening to a watery grave! The shriek of despair was carried far and wide on the midnight blast, till the piercing sound, mingling with the rushing and increasing gale, was lost; whilst no other heart beat with sympathy, nor other eye kindled with the tear of compassion, but those who sustained in common the mighty peril! It was not the struggle of men accustomed to adventures; but men of domestic habits, and females not knowing perils, called together to engage in the masculine and tremendous exercise of wrestling with shipwreck and premature death! Fearful and heart-rending was the unequal conflict. The young man was cut off in his strength; the maiden, in the flower of her age; the matron perished with the child, and



the veteran with the youth; the rich fell under the stroke which cut down the poor; the priestly character suffered with the men of the world—all, all were swept away in indiscriminate union, and found, in one mingled mass, a common grave! And whilst fathers were taken away from weeping orphans, and mothers from sorrowing children,—whilst wives perished from the embrace of their husbands, and sisters from the grasp of their wrestling brothers,—whole families together, at one fearful sweep, were cut off from the face of the earth!”

The reverend gentleman then proceeds more particularly to describe the fatal moment when

“A giant wave down rushes from on high,  
And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie;”

and though a portion of the same scene is represented which has just been so ably depicted by Mr. Tinne, it will be found to exhibit new features, and bring out into bold relief incidents and feelings which could scarcely be so distinctly marked in a general picture:—

“Whilst the work of destruction was yet in progress, and whilst each portion of the writhing, diminishing wreck became alternately the area of desolation and death, the quarter-deck, in its turn, became the scene of such a tremendous measure of simultaneous woe, as requires but brief description at once to arrest our earnest attention and awaken our tenderest sensibilities. The ladies, with some of their male friends, where in a considerable mass collected there. *They had long been bearing the repeated surges washing fiercely over them with an affecting silence and composure.* of exquisite fear; but the timid exclamation had ceased, Perceptible among them, indeed, was the nervous agitation and the cry of dismay was no longer heard. At length an unexpected surge, more tremendous than any preceding it, struck the shivering vessel, and, hurling its mighty waters



with irresistible force across the deck, swept away benches, bulwark, and every individual of the devoted group, at one fell swoop, into the abyss beyond! Yet even at that dreadful moment, no cry escaped these tender females, but only a kind of spasmodic gasp, as of the last unmixed breath of air they were appointed to draw—the next was an indraught of the deadly flood, which quickly expelled the feeble flickerings of life, and hurried the many spirits of the many interesting sufferers at once into the mysterious regions beyond the grave.”

Mr. Coxhead, speaking of this dreadful period, is appallingly true to circumstance. His description must not be omitted here. “A tremendous sea,” he observes, “struck the vessel, and she seemed to split from one end to the other. The sensation was dreadful. I naturally thought that the next wave would seal the doom of all that now remained, and it truly did so. *A death-like silence prevailed*, for all could not but be conscious that now they must prepare to meet their Maker. It came! The vessel lurched so much, that she was upon her side in almost a perpendicular position. We clung to one another, or to the side of the vessel, and this was indeed an awful moment! The sea did not immediately wash us over; it had spent its fury, and we remained, for a very brief space, with our heads inclining with the inclination of the vessel, so as nearly to touch the water, when our collective weight carried away the bulwark, and we were all at once precipitated into the foaming element! When I arose, *a dreadful cry* reached my ear—it was the cry of death; but *all was soon hushed!*”—This is singularly correspondent with the preceding accounts, excepting only, perhaps, the last sentence; but as Mr. Coxhead was involved in the sweeping calamity, the single cry of the poor woman of whom Mr. Tinne speaks would seem, in the hiss and whirl of a tumultuous sea, “dreadful” indeed.

But here it is perhaps necessary that the reader should understand, that my object is not only to afford all the information which I can possibly obtain, with reference to my subject, but to give it in the most forcible and acceptable manner; and, therefore, when I have met with any thing in the publications of others (notwithstanding I might have a thorough previous knowledge of the fact), which was so ably described that I could entertain no hope of *improving*, I have at once availed myself of the advantage, having, with one exception, the fullest license from the several authors; and this, I trust, will be a sufficient plea for the copious extracts I have made. Proceeding, then, in the same course, I give the following from the Rev. T. Selkirk's "Local Record," as it relates to several persons who were allotted parts of melancholy distinction in this awful tragedy:—

"It cannot be stated at what precise period of the calamity particular persons perished. Every one was too closely encompassed with danger to be capable of making observation with respect to others. As friends and acquaintances clung together, it is probable that they met their fate in parties. Selina Lamb, Margaret Walmsley, James Fitton, the little boys (Thomas and James Whittaker), and several other persons, were precipitated into the sea at the same with Mr. John Nuttall and Mary Whittaker. They had been previously sitting and kneeling together in prayer for mercy, and met their fate in a happy spirit of resignation. They were observed to be particularly devout and fervent in their supplications; indeed it appears, from the account of the survivors, that in most of the cases the prayers offered up were more for salvation than preservation, and regarded the soul more than the body; so fully was every one impressed with the idea that death and eternity were at hand. Thomas Charles had been very sick during the passage, and, being previously in delicate

health, he was much exhausted, and it is believed was among the first that was washed overboard. John Wilkinson had been very active during the voyage, and had made himself very useful to his sick and helpless friends, and endeavoured to cheer them with the hopes of final safety. When the vessel began to go to pieces, he and Mr. Robert Whittaker were clinging to one place, exposed to the fury of the waves. His friend was soon dashed from his hold into the sea, and it was impossible that he himself could long retain his place. When his voice was last heard, he was uttering earnest cries for mercy through the merits of the Redeemer. He was less fortunate than his companion, and perished. \* \* \* \* Mr. Lawrence Duckworth and his wife were repeatedly thrown off their feet by the waves that broke over the deck. Mrs. Duckworth, like most of the females on board, had already lost her bonnet and cap; and such was the violence of the sea, that her husband could afford her no effectual succour. In his attempts to elevate her to a place of safety, with Mr. Entwistle's assistance, a ruthless wave swept her away, and he saw her no more. She had been married to Mr. Duckworth several years, but had no family. Mr. John Duckworth and his wife were parted in much the same way. They had suffered, in common with others, from the fury of the waves, and had retired together for prayer; after which he looked round for some place to which they might cling, and having fixed upon the spot on which he was eventually saved, he looked for Mrs. Duckworth, but, lo! she was missing; she had stepped, as he conjectures, a few paces, to speak to some other friends, and before she could return to him, the whole of them were swept into the sea. It appears that while she was struggling in the water, she recognized Lawrence Duckworth, and called to him by name for help, but ere he could stretch out his hand for her relief, a mighty wave overwhelmed her, and

she perished. Mrs. Duckworth has left no children. There is no doubt that Mr. Entwistle was swept off at the same moment as the two Mrs. Duckworths, as he was standing near them when last seen, and was about to assist Mrs. L. Duckworth in getting upon the cook's room. Mr. Entwistle was unmarried."

I content myself here with giving Mr. Selkirk's account, which, so far as it goes, is correct; but the peculiarly dreadful situation of Mr. Lawrence Duckworth, whose wife, there is reason to believe, was a corpse in his arms before the waves hurled her from the deck, is more fully described in his "Personal Narrative," which appears exclusively in this work.

Several circumstances, possessing deep and painful interest, occurred consequentially upon the bulwarks giving way, and plunging a whole line of victims into the waste of waters. Mr. Tarrey and his family, it is supposed, were swept away at that fearful moment, with the exception of one of his daughters, who had then no protector, and of whose fate Lieutenant Morrison gives the following heart-rending account, on the authority of Mr. Lawrence Duckworth:—"One of his little girls was seen afterwards in a state of pitiable helplessness. Mr. Lawrence Duckworth says that, while sustaining his wife, he saw her on the quarter-deck: she was about ten years old. Each wave that broke down on one side of the vessel hurled her along with impetuous force, and dashed her against the gunwale on the other side; and then it would recede, and draw her back again, a ready victim for a similar shock. The poor innocent, bruised and half choked with the waves, sent forth the most piteous cries for her father and mother, between each rush of the waters. Her shrieks were piercing beyond conception, and she screamed, 'Oh, won't you come to me, father? Oh, mamma!' &c. Mr. Duckworth adds, that his heart yearned to save her; and, as he could not

quit his wife, he called to Mr. Entwistle to make the attempt; but she was washed away soon after, while Mr. Entwistle was helping Mr. Duckworth to get his wife upon the caboose." The weather paddle-box, against which Mr. and Mrs. Forster had sought shelter from the waves, was shattered about this time, and those amiable individuals were seen no more alive. Mr. Coxhead reasonably conjectures that, when the casing of the wheel was driven in, Mr. Forster fell into the vacuum, and so was swept beneath the vessel, where his body was found. Mrs. Forster, on the contrary, was no doubt carried far away by the shock; and, it is to be presumed, the struggle she could oppose to such a sea must have been mercifully brief in consequence, while that of her beloved husband must have been of still shorter duration. Their "faithful servant," as the Rev. J. H. Stewart observes, "who was standing by them when this tremendous wave came over the vessel, was, like them, swept into the deep;" but his hour had not yet arrived; *his* sufferings were more protracted. Mr. Nuttall was amongst the struggling mass of human life which had been cast into the sea. Exhausted by previous suffering, and oppressed with that consequent sickness of the heart which takes away even the desire to live, he says that he "reclined his head upon the water, in the hope that he should immediately sink;" but the calm resolve to which he thus surrendered himself gave room for other feelings, and he thought of those whom he had left at home, and of the agony which his loss would inflict upon them, and aroused himself to fresh exertion. The side of the packet which had been torn away in the manner before described was floating near him, and he at length succeeded in getting upon it. He rested from the effort, upon his knees; but before he could recover himself, the poor boy of whom I have spoken, the son of Hughes, the seaman, who deserted him, and sought his own safety by



ascending the foremast,—this poor child, who had miraculously escaped the ruin which involved so many, suddenly caught hold of Mr. Nuttall, and mounted upon his back. He (Mr. Nuttall) remonstrated, for he had no power to disengage himself by force, if he felt inclined so to do; but the boy threw his arms round the neck of his constrained preserver, without attempting to speak, and clung with a determination which no persuasion could shake. Mr. Nuttall was heavily clothed; he had on a great coat, in addition to his customary habiliments; and these, with the weight of the boy, and his total ignorance of the art of swimming, induced the belief that he must inevitably be lost. He, however, renewed his efforts; and, with the providential aid of a rope which was thrown in his way by the dashing of the sea, he contrived to reach the poop, and place the boy in a position enabling him to grasp the wheel which regulates the rudder, and thereby to resist the force of the waves. And here Mr. Nuttall was again fortunate in becoming the instrument of saving life. He heard a piteous cry, and, on looking over the side of the wreck, he saw a female clinging to it, in the attempt to climb up, but who appeared just about to drop again into the sea. He caught her by the hair, which was loose to the wind, her bonnet having been forced off, though it was still hanging by the strings to the back of her neck; and he soon got a firmer hold, and at length succeeded, with much difficulty, in placing her also on the poop, when he was gratified by discovering that it was his neighbour, Miss Whittaker; but he was by this time so much exhausted, that he feared the next wave would again consign him to the deep; he, therefore, was compelled to leave her, and crawl towards the wheel for safety. This would, in all human probability, have proved fatal to Miss Whittaker; but, most providentially, Mr. Wilson, who had reached the poop a short time previously, was near her; and, on her ex



claiming, "Will you help me, sir?" he promptly raised her, and broke the strings that confined her bonnet, which relieved her greatly; for the quantity of water it contained, and the hold it took of the wind, had nearly occasioned strangulation. Mr. Wilson then assisted her to the wheel, by holding which she maintained the advantage which had been thus bestowed upon her, and was soon after, in her turn, the means of rendering timely assistance to a fellow-sufferer. Mr. Coxhead, when plunged into the sea, had a rope round his arm, by the help of which, after a long and exhausting struggle, he threw himself amongst some ropes and netting hanging from the stern. He remained there upwards of a quarter of an hour, dashed against the vessel with every sea, and totally unable to raise himself to a level with the poop; but at length he made a last effort, and called for assistance, which, he observes, "he had very small hopes of obtaining, from the very critical situation of those to whom he appealed." Miss Whittaker and Mr. Wilson, however, heard the cry; and Mr. Coxhead says, in continuation, "Two persons very kindly came forward, and each gave me a hand, supporting themselves with the other by the wheel. I then let go the ropes, with the chance of gaining a footing or sinking for ever, and I happily succeeded, but was immediately compelled from exhaustion to throw myself upon the deck. I caught hold, however, of the rudder-wheel, and remained there during the whole of the night, but was for some time in a state which rendered me incapable of knowing to whom I was indebted for such generous aid: Miss Whittaker I afterwards knew to be one." I am happy in being enabled to furnish the name of the other; and it is due to Mr. Wilson and Miss Whittaker to add, that subsequently they kindly supported the head of Mr. Coxhead when it must otherwise have fallen into the water, with which the raft was covered, sometimes knee-deep. They both thought, indeed, that he was dying.

His eyes were glazed and motionless, and Mr. Nuttall informs me that every symptom of lock-jaw was apparent. At this period, though the vessel had parted in the centre, as before described, there were many persons yet upon the poop. Amongst these was the steward, who had lashed himself and his wife to the mainmast, which was still attached to this part of the vessel. Jones, the pilot, had kept his position from the first, by clinging to the wheel; and Mr. Henry Hammond, of Liverpool, who had been washed off, had contrived to reach again this place of comparative safety; but every wave now did fatal execution, and the poop also was soon left nearly bare, though some were fortunate enough to regain it; and, as the wreck laboured and broke up, the platform upon which they were relying for deliverance sunk from the gaping sides until it reached the water, and it was soon only bound to the remains of the vessel by the cordage which crossed it from the fallen mast and chimney. This was quickly sundered by the Liverpool pilot, who was one of those who had secured a place upon this welcome raft, the extent of which, however, was barely three square yards; and it soon after floated clear of the fatal wreck, with seven individuals; namely, Mr. Coxhead, Mr. Wilson, Mr. John Nuttall, Mr. Henry Hammond, Miss Whittaker, William Jones (pilot), and the boy Hughes.

While all this was passing at the stern, other parts of the vessel presented scenes of no less interest. Mr. Forster's carriage withstood for a long period the tremendous shocks to which it was subjected, and remained firmly lashed to the deck; and Mr. Jones, of Bangor, and Rudland, the musician, were seated on the dickey, where they were eventually joined by Mr. George Hammond, who had been washed off the poop with his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and many others, but had not yet regained it, as his friend Mr. Wilson had done. Mr. Hammond says, "They (Mr.

Jones and Rudland) at first opposed my getting up; however, I took my seat, but had not been there one minute before the coach was carried into the sea, with great violence, throwing myself and companions into the merciless waves." He, however, after numerous escapes from floating pieces of the wreck, which menaced him every moment with destruction, got hold of a plank, by resting on which he recovered sufficient strength to get astride upon it; but scarcely had he effected this, when a poor struggling creature was flung by the waves close to his little float, which was of course seized with the proverbial eagerness of a drowning man. Mr. Hammond was thrown off by the action, and the efforts both made to emerge from the waters and obtain the relief which a seat upon the plank would afford, were distressingly protracted, as the one was unfortunately the means of baffling the other. At length they both succeeded; but the labour of accomplishing their object, and the continued exertion required in keeping their seats, had wasting effect upon their strength: they sustained together this conflict with the elements, however, for about half an hour, *neither of them speaking a word.*

This silent midnight struggle, in which each must have regarded the other with feelings which may not be defined, has more of the terrible in its character than any thing which individual suffering can produce. Let the reader refer to the darker pages of the history of human nature, and then reflect with compassion upon the horrid thoughts to which situations like that which I am endeavouring to describe *have* given rise. The gloomy shadowings of such thoughts may indeed be frequently traced in the course of this narrative, though they are too fearful either for open acknowledgment or unequivocal comment.

But, to return; the stranger at length fainted, and fell off the plank; and Mr. Hammond says, "he saw him no

more." He (Mr. H.) was plunged into the water by the fall of the unhappy man, but he regained his seat with much less difficulty than when the plank was encumbered by another; and he continued to float upon it at random until day-light. Rudland, the musician, who was also thrown into the sea from the carriage, was fortunate enough soon after to get upon the raft formed by the poop-deck, which increased the number upon it to eight. Mr. John Duckworth was at this time standing on the windlass, and holding by the frame to which the bell was suspended, the place he had selected before his wife was snatched from him; and Mr. Lawrence Duckworth, who had been washed overboard with the top of the caboose, or cook's room, on which he was about to place his wife, had managed to get on his knees upon the float in question, which was about the length of a common door, but not quite so wide. Being a young man, and possessing extraordinary muscular power, he was very successful for some time in so directing this fragile means of support as to avoid the breakings of the surge, when Mr. Jones, of Bangor, who was washed over with the carriage, struggled to him, having been compelled to abandon a keg with which he had previously kept himself up. He asked Mr. Duckworth's permission to share his float, which he at once granted, and instructed him how to act, in accordance with his own experience, in order to render it most serviceable. Mr. Jones got upon the little raft, and contrived to maintain his place in a sitting posture, but he was too much exhausted to make the required efforts in conjunction with Mr. Duckworth, to whom it was soon apparent that destruction to both must ensue if they kept together. He felt, however, that *he had the greatest right to the float, and the disposition to enforce that claim pressed horribly upon his mind*. But he contemplated the helplessness of his companion — humanity prevailed — and he looked anxiously for

daylight, by which some other mode of preservation might be discovered.—Mr. Marsden and his friend Mr Day were amongst those who were swept off with the bulwarks, and they underwent a series of horrors which are fully described in the personal narrative of the former gentleman, who survived. Mr. Marsden being an excellent swimmer, Mr. Day (who had been deterred from learning the art by a superstitious dread of water, induced by the prediction of a fortuneteller,) clung to his friend, but had the rare generosity to seek other means of safety, on Mr. Marsden telling him that it would but drown both. The friends were thus separated, never to meet again in human association. They spoke with each other, however, about an hour afterwards; but a dreadful barrier was between them. Before they were washed from the wreck, they had attached a cord to a form, in the hope that it would prove sufficient to keep them afloat; but alas, the violence of the waves set all such arrangements at nought! The form was torn from their hold, but Mr. Marsden met with it again after Mr. Day had left him; and having fastened to it a small ladder with which he fortunately came in contact, a tolerable raft was thereby constructed. He was now alone, floating at the mercy of the wind and waves, when he heard the voice of Mr. Day at some distance, alternately calling for help and addressing his Maker in prayer. He next called to ask if Mr. Marsden was safe, who assured him he was, and endeavoured to cheer him and persuade him to keep his mouth closed: but he continued to call out and pray aloud, until articulation yielded to the “bubbling cry” sent up by expiring humanity, which soon ceased altogether. Mr. Marsden was struck with horror by the dreadful conviction that his friend had sunk. He called wildly upon his name, and listened with agonized intensity for any sound betokening life; nothing was to be heard, however, but the rush of waters, and the melancholy wail of the wind by which



they were agitated ; and he thought, in the darkness which surrounded him, that he was “the only living remnant of the wreck.”

Mr. Broadhurst was torn from his beloved daughters by a heavy sea, which broke over the deck a little subsequent to that which hurried so many victims into eternity ; but this gentleman has favoured me with so copious a personal narrative, that little more will here be necessary than to point out his situation. He was dashed from the wreck of the mainmast into the sea, amidst a struggling heap which had just before been swept from beside him ; and he felt the dying hands which were powerlessly extended for aid ; and the thrust of convulsed limbs, and the fearful contact of sinking bodies ; and when he arose from beneath the floating timbers which held him down in that horrible gulph, he endeavoured in vain to reach the vessel, but his anxious eyes were strained to look through mist and foam for his dear children, and he “beheld them,” he says, “still holding by the mast.” He could afford them no assistance, however ; he had the anguish of hearing them shriek, “Oh, my father ! my father ! he is gone !” and then the waves broke upon him, and he was hurried away ; and he closes the relation of this period of his sufferings with the truly affecting observation—“These were the last words I ever heard them utter !” The parent will best understand the bitterness of grief in which this sentence was written. Mr. Broadhurst, on rising to the surface of the water, had secured a little raft, consisting of “three boards nailed to four small spars,” the whole about three feet square ; and after he was swept from the wreck, by a Providence who tempered this dispensation with mercy, and would not let him *see* his children perish,—after he had been thus carried to some distance from the wreck, he found that the spars projected from beneath the boards at one end, which afforded a resting-place ; and though he was subjected to





APPALLING SITUATION OF MRS PAYNE



*Out of the depths. I cried unto the Lord.  
He heard and delivered me Psalm CXXX. 1; XXX. 4*

many accidents, he was enabled to keep possession of his float throughout that dreadful night. Mr. Robert Whittaker was also placed in the afflicting situation of hearing the cry of his child for *help* which it was not in human power to afford. He had clung to the iron rod which crossed the vessel as before described, together with his friend Mr. Wilkinson ; and while there, he lost sight of his sister and the two little boys, his own and his sister's child. "Father, father, save me!" rung upon his ear with agonizing distinctness, amidst the crashing of timbers and the howling of the storm ; but he himself was helpless as his child ! He was soon afterwards "driven through the casing of the paddle-box and the shattered wheel itself into the sea." His personal narrative is full of interest with regard to himself, and of valuable information as respects a general view of the subject ; and a full description will there be found of the mode in which he managed to construct the raft which was eventually the instrument of his preservation, and upon which he floated during the night, as he observes, "praying for daylight and deliverance." Mr. and Mrs. Payne were washed from the paddle-box after the vessel parted, together with the plank to which Mr. Payne had fastened the rope with which they were attached to each other. They still retained their hold of the iron pin which projected from this plank, as before described ; and each had one arm round the waist of the other. Mr. Payne had been much enfeebled by sea-sickness during the day, in addition to which he had laboured for a considerable time at the pumps ; he was now, therefore, incapable of any effort : but the plank sufficed to keep them afloat ; and, though gradually yielding to exhaustion, he continued to cheer Mrs. Payne amidst the darkness of night, and the terrors of the storm, with hopes of speedy rescue, and to pray earnestly to that Being by whom alone those hopes could be realized. Mr. James Martin, and his friend

Mr. Metcalf, occupied, at this period of my narrative, the same places on the wreck as when I last referred to them; namely, Mr. Martin was upon the plank which crossed the vessel, and Mr. Metcalf had hold of the iron rod under it: and the same may be said of the three men who had ascended the foremast; they were still there. Another seaman was on board, a passenger, named Owen Morris; but, although he was ultimately saved, I have been unable to procure any account respecting either where he was situated or the means by which his preservation was effected.

The rest of the particulars under this head are so minutely related by the survivors, in connexion with their individual sufferings, that I should but deduct from the great interest which is contained in the "Personal Narratives," if I entered into further description.—I may now apply to the wretched vessel, one of the general mottoes prefixed to this work;—

*"The wind hath broken thee; and all thy company fell into the midst of the sea in the day of thy ruin."*

Nor will a repetition of the other, the sublime language of Job, be out of place;—

*"Lo, these are parts of his ways; but the thunder of His power who can understand?"*

### CHAPTER III.

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#### THE MORNING AFTER THE WRECK.

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“ ——— At last, from tenfold darkness born,  
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.  
\*\*\*\*\* The dismal prospect opens round,—  
The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drown'd.”

FALCONER.

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THE morning broke tempestuously, but still with cheering aspect to the few who had any hope of eventual preservation. Some, however, to whom the mercy of Providence was in the end wonderfully extended, were feebly struggling in blindness with the rushing seas, deeming that it was yet night, but with an awful consciousness super-added, that the darkness by which they were encompassed was deeper than that which morning could ever dissipate, and that it must be the shadow of death that was upon them.

The wreck now presented a sight truly dismal. Mr. John Duckworth, who had maintained the situation he occupied when his unhappy wife was forced overboard, was yet standing upon the windlass, which enabled him to take firm hold of a semi-circular frame constituting the belfry; and by this he supported himself amidst the almost incessant bursts of heavy seas during many hours. The station thus described was situated a little before the foremast, which was still standing; and Mr. Duckworth, in

looking towards the stern, could see nothing beyond the paddle-boxes, part of the frame-work of which yet remained. The vessel had separated thereabout, and the after-part had completely gone to pieces. Mr. Duckworth,\* speaking of this period in his narrative, says—"At daylight, about fifty people remained on board. On the plank which crossed the vessel from the paddle-boxes, and the tops of those boxes, there were about twenty persons; about ten were clinging to the shrouds; six or seven were at the bottom of the mast; and three were at the mast head, lashed fast to it." Mr. Forster's servant (Robert Mullett) had obtained footing upon the same place as Mr. Duckworth, together with an elderly man, whose name I could not learn; but the stature of Mr. Duckworth, which is above six feet, with a frame of no ordinary dimensions, gave him an advantage over these persons which would account in a great degree for his preservation and their destruction. The sea, when it overwhelmed them, would but slowly recede; and so little time was there to get breath, that the superior height of Mr. Duckworth frequently enabled him to respire for a moment, while his wretched companions were yet under water; and perhaps another and another wave would roll in speedy succession over them, neither of which would subside in time for them to breathe before the next came. But Mr. Duckworth suffered much from their struggles. Each of them had a firm grasp of his clothes with one hand, while holding by

\* It cannot be too clearly understood, that it is of Mr. *John* Duckworth I speak throughout this paragraph, and not of Mr. Lawrence Duckworth. The confusion of those names and persons has occasioned much obscurity in many of the accounts that have been published. Almost every degree of relationship has also been bestowed upon them; but no such ties existed at the time, though now they are remotely connected by marriage.



the belfry with the other, which of course called for more exertion on the part of Mr. Duckworth, and tended to hasten the approach of exhaustion. Poor Mullett appeared in an agony of despair. He groaned aloud, at the intervals which left him power to breathe; and Mr. Duckworth occasionally told him to keep his mouth shut, and that nothing could be hoped for if he did not assume more firmness; but he was either unable to follow the advice thus given, or was absorbed by weightier considerations. There was also a man immediately above the belfry, clinging to a rope which extended from the foremast to the bowsprit; and every time he was carried to leeward by the waves as far as the sweep of rope would admit, he swung back, his legs striking Mr. Duckworth (who was most exposed by being most elevated) with more or less force in proportion to the magnitude of the wave from which the rebound proceeded. But one by one died and dropped away. "The old man," Mr. Duckworth says, "was bald-headed and of low stature, lower than Mr. Forster's servant; but he strove hard for life, and was firmly collected to the last." Mr. Duckworth had all the horror of witnessing their final struggles; and his ear grew so familiar with the awful indications of death under such circumstances, that he knew when the fatal moment was approaching. "There was," he observes, "a hissing sound made by their lengthened gasps, which became more and more laborious, and ended in a short convulsion. The body quickly became rigid, and the clutch of the hands was more unyielding than in life." The old man died first, and the waves took him off his feet, but his hold of the belfry and of Mr. Duckworth was as tenacious as ever. This threatened to involve Mr. Duckworth in the fate of the dead man, for the additional distress which such a burthen occasioned was very severe; and it was not without great difficulty that he at length shook him off; or rather, tore him away; for the

portion of Mr. Duckworth's clothes by which he held when living, was retained in his lifeless grasp. Mr. Forster's servant was the next victim, and Mr. Duckworth was reduced to the painful necessity of using similar means to disencumber himself of the body. The man above him, too, after a struggle of amazing duration, considering the ceaseless exertion which his trying situation required, died in the same horrible manner as the unhappy beings just described; and, as with them, his hands retained the grapple which had been strongly put forth in the pangs of death, and it was some time before the waves tore him from the rope, and freed Mr. Duckworth from the horror and danger of frequent and violent contact with the body. He has no doubt, however, but that he must have perished long before this period, from the rising of the tide, if Providence had not so ordered it that the fore-part of the vessel was forced correspondingly higher up the bank, while the stern was proportionally depressed. To this also he attributes the parting of the vessel in the centre; but, by the same means, the poop-deck was freed from its connexion with the wreck, where it must shortly have been dashed to pieces, and converted into a raft by which nine lives were preserved. He felt the heaving of the vessel upon the sands, and was from time to time relieved by the temporary elevation which it gave him above the water. He next remarks that "the people kept decreasing, until all were gone except myself and the three men at the top of the mast;" and, fearing that the rising tide would shortly overwhelm him, he called to them to throw him a rope, by which he might raise himself; but they refused, and in a few minutes an immense sea broke over the wreck, with a force which threatened at once to shatter it to atoms. On partially recovering from this terrible shock, Mr. Duckworth saw that the mast was gone; it had been swept away

to some distance from the wreck, to which, however, it was attached by some ropes, and the three men were still fastened to the places they occupied when the spar was erect. The frightful desolation to which Mr. Duckworth now seemed utterly abandoned was certainly enough to destroy all hope in connexion with this world; but he assures me that such was not the case. His mind misgave him only on two or three occasions; and, as far as his own safety was concerned, the depression was of very brief continuance. When his wife was torn from him, he yielded to despair; "I then prepared to die," he says in his narrative, "in the place I was at;" in this and another instance or two of extremity, he gave up all expectation of deliverance; but the prevailing impression upon his mind during so many hours of trial was, that he should eventually be saved; and this impression, it seems, which no doubt instrumentally contributed to save him, had been made by a dream. The night before he embarked in the Rothsay Castle, he dreamt, he says, that he was walking over some fields with his wife and a great many people, and that suddenly the ground became unfirm, and rocked and undulated beneath them in a fearful manner; and he saw his wife and the rest that were about him sink into the crumbling earth, which yielded to the tread, and threatened every moment to receive him in its unsolid depths. At length, the whole mass around him appeared to descend, until a gulph was formed from which it appeared impossible to escape; but he struggled onward, and awoke in an agony of terror and exhaustion, just as he seemed to have achieved his safety. "This dream," says Mr. Duckworth, in the additional narrative of his sufferings with which he has recently favoured me,—"This dream, which I thought nothing of when I arose from the slumber in which it was presented, occurred to me from time to time while I was

upon the wreck : it forced itself upon my recollection, when my companions were dropping on every side of me into the sea :

‘ Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it ;  
The winds did sing it to me : ’

It was with me when I was alone—when I seemed, indeed, shut out from the living, and ingulphed by surrounding waters : I thought still of my dream, and gave it literal interpretation, believing it sent by Providence to afford me a sustaining assurance of protection and ultimate deliverance from peril.” Nearly half an hour had now elapsed since the falling of the foremast, when Mr. Duckworth observed a boat under sail, near Penmon Point (see the chart); but his sight was dim, and it was some time before he could distinctly tell which course she was steering. He thought at first that she was standing for the sound, a direction immediately opposed to that in which the wreck was situated; but at length he rejoiced in the conviction that she was certainly advancing towards him. “ At last I saw the boat,” says Mr. Duckworth, “ with three shoulder-of-mutton sails,\* coming directly down upon me, and then I felt that all would soon be right; and I shouted to the men upon the mast to keep up their spirits, for that deliverance was at hand.” The boat, indeed, approached rapidly, for those by whom it was conducted were by this time fully aware that shipwreck, with all its dreadful consequences, had befallen a vessel of no inconsiderable dimensions, and they had crowded all sail accordingly. It afterwards appeared that, a little before five o’clock in the morning, one of the pilots stationed at Penmon Point saw what he at first thought to be (to use the words imputed to him) “ a

\* I give here the very words used by Mr. Duckworth; but it may not be generally known that “ shoulder-of-mutton sails ” are common enough, and are so called from their peculiar shape.

vessel *trolling* over the Dutchman's Bank towards Conway Bay." There was something, nevertheless, in the appearance which induced more particular inspection, and he viewed it again with a glass, when he at once became acquainted with the calamitous truth, that it was the remains of a vessel, with men clinging to the mast head.— It will be noticed here, with reference especially to the saving of Mr. Duckworth, how providentially well-timed this discovery was. The mast was carried away a few minutes *after* the pilot saw it, with its miserable burthen; and had that event occurred a few minutes earlier,—had the pilot delayed his "look out" only for a few minutes, the wreck could scarcely have been seen, as little of it was for any length of time visible above the breakers. At the juncture of which I am speaking, two other pilots belonging to the establishment fortunately joined the man who had made the discovery, and they immediately launched their boat and bore down for the wreck, which was hardly two miles distant. They were quickly on the spot, and found Mr. Duckworth at his perilous station; and when they saw, by the condition of the wreck, that he must have been exposed for a considerable time to the dreadful struggle in which he was then engaged, it was matter of perfect astonishment to them that he yet survived. One of the men, on finding him not only alive, but capable of answering, and even of making the exertion required of him in getting into the boat, exclaimed—"I never before saw a man who could live so long under water:" for, indeed, his head was by that time so little above the surface, and the sea broke so continually over him, that he seemed to have made it his proper element. His deliverers, however, were exposed to great danger in approaching him, from the probability of the boat swamping through the inequalities of depth over the sunken wreck; and they had also much difficulty in getting him into the boat, on account of his



great weight: he was instructed, however, to catch a firm hold of her side, when the swell threw her into a favourable position; and when she was cleared from the wreck, which clearance the crew were in the meantime employed in effecting, they managed to cast ropes about his legs, and by degrees, and exercising due caution, at length got him safely on board.\*

Evans, Hughes, and Jones the fireman, were still lashed to the head of the foremast; and Mr. Duckworth now directed the attention of his preservers to the wretched condition of those poor men. They were found together in a knot, as it were, their arms encircling each other in such a way as to impart mutual warmth, as well as to resist more effectually the action of the sea. They were speedily secured, and the pilots then inquired whether any chance existed of their being enabled to save any more; but it was then the opinion of Mr. Duckworth and his fellow-sufferers that all besides themselves had perished, and consequently the sails were hoisted, and the course of the boat shaped for Beaumaris.

When Mr. Tinne was last noticed, he was "buffeting the waves" in solitary darkness. He clung through the night to a small fragment of the wreck, but was unable to meet with anything substantial enough to afford sufficient rest for the recovery of his strength; and daylight brought no relief from suffering. "Once or twice," he says, "I raised myself to look for the land; but it seemed far from me, and my sight was fast leaving me, until I fell into a sort of stupor." While in this alarming state, the boat

\* Scarcely anything contained in the foregoing circumstantial account of Mr. John Duckworth's extraordinary escape from death has ever before been published; and it will be found to interfere in a very trifling degree with the "personal narrative" which appears in another part of this work.



which had picked up Mr. John Duckworth and the remnant of the crew most providentially passed near him, and rescued him from impending death. He was to all appearance insensible, though holding tightly by the spar which supported him; but when he was lifted into the boat he caught an oar, which was with some difficulty released from his grasp, and he was laid at the bottom of the boat, the men kindly wrapping him in some of their dry clothes. The effort of Mr. Tinne, however, seemed quite mechanical; that is, it seemed produced by the unconscious workings of that universally inherent principle which extends its operations beyond the temporary eclipse of mind, and which is thus exemplified by the pious bard who so awfully describes the approach of man to the "house appointed for all living;"—

"Eager he catches hold  
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,  
*Just like a creature drowning.*"

The raft formed of the poop-deck had by the break of day drifted to some distance from the wreck, and, as the morning advanced, that distance was considerably increased. The raft in question, as before stated, was much crowded for its size, and the water sometimes flowed over it so deeply, that apprehensions were entertained of its sinking under the weight that was upon it; but, all comfortless as it then seemed to the eight individuals who had committed themselves to it for safety, it afforded accommodation of a much superior description to that which any of their fellow-sufferers had been enabled to obtain. But few words were spoken by that melancholy company: each had serious matter for contemplation, either in the loss of kindred or of friends, or the uncertainty of their own fate, or the dismal scene by which they were surrounded. Mr. Coxhead, having struggled into consciousness, had sad

leisure in his helpless state for observation; and he says—“Many who had caught hold of pieces of the wreck were not able to keep them, and I saw them sink apparently from exhaustion. Eight or nine were clinging to the main-mast; and, with one exception, I saw them all drop off, one after another. In fact, my eyes grew dim with horror at the scene that was passing before me.” Mr. Wilson had the painful recollection of the last struggles of an affectionate wife to feed the anguish of his mind; and he thought, too, of the friends (Mr. and Mrs. George Hammond) with whom he came out on that disastrous journey, which had already been attended with such fatal consequences, and the end of which could not be foreseen. Himself and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, were sitting on the very deck upon which he was now afloat, “only a few short hours ago!” and a particular wish expressed by Mr. Hammond, just before they were all washed away together, now presented itself amongst the many things which

“Busy, meddling mem’ry  
In barbarous succession musters up,”

when we think of those to whom we *may* go, but who cannot *come to us*! Mr. Hammond was talking to his wife at the period in question, in the dreadful anticipation that they should all perish; and Mr. Wilson heard him say, with reference to his family at home—“Oh, if I had but a few minutes, to write to Mr. Houson (a gentleman of Leeds, since deceased), to tell him how to dispose of my affairs!” The letter, he added, might be found upon him; and he referred to several matters respecting which he was desirous of communicating with his friend. While this affecting conversation was yet in progress, the wave came which swept the whole party into the sea! All these melancholy circumstances recurred to the mind of Mr.

Wilson, and he was just mentally exclaiming—"Well, if it please God to save my life, I'll go immediately to Leeds, and fulfil the latest known wish of my friend,"—when he turned round, and what was his astonishment on seeing that very friend, of whom he had just been thinking, and whom he had numbered with the dead, standing before him! During the abstraction of mind occasioned by the reflections just noticed, Mr. Wilson had been unconscious of all around him; but in the mean time a man, astride on a piece of timber, who had been labouring for some time with hands and feet to paddle towards them, approached the raft, and begged to be received upon it, declaring that he must otherwise be lost, as he felt it would be impossible for him to sustain himself in that condition much longer. Some objection was at first made to his coming upon the raft, as it was already overburthened; but one of the party eventually helped him on. This forlorn suppliant proved to be Mr. George Hammond, and the unexpected meeting of the two friends was affectingly productive of mutual gratification. The impression upon Mr. Hammond's mind was, on finding his friend almost on the same spot which they had occupied together a few hours before, upon the deck which constituted a portion of the now demolished vessel, that he (Mr. Wilson) had never been washed off; and speaking of the poor boy Hughes, in his narrative, he says, "I found him sitting exactly in the same place where I last saw him on board, when he was *crying for his father*."

It was now about five o'clock, and no prospect of relief could be descried. The sea was covered with fragments of the wreck; and upon one of the largest of them, at some distance from the raft, was a spaniel dog,<sup>6</sup> which Mr. Forster had with him on board the vessel. The poor animal seemed to be looking anxiously about, with that "quick desolate cry" which is peculiarly expressive of the distress

of a dog for the loss of its master. The dejected occupants of the raft continued to look around with restless solicitude ; but, as far as the eye could reach, no boat, no vessel, no living thing appeared upon the waters, to cheer them with expectation of deliverance ; and their situation had become additionally critical by the recent accession of one to their number. Presently, however, a boat under sail was seen standing out from Penmon Point, and much excitement prevailed in the hopes and fears which its dubious course awakened ; but it was soon apparent that it was not coming in their direction ; it was indeed, the boat which picked up Mr. John Duckworth, three of the crew, and Mr. Tinne, as before related. Mr. Nuttall now produced a handkerchief, the only one possessed by any of the party, and it was held up as a signal ; but the boat continued her course towards the Carnarvonshire shore, and seemed to the anxious persons on the raft to disappear behind a point of land. This supposition was most likely occasioned by the lowering of her sails on arriving at the wreck ; though the foot of Penmaenmawr, which stretches out in that direction, might seem to conceal her, if the raft were deeply in the bay (see chart) to the southward, which was no doubt the case. No vestige of the wreck could at this period be seen from the raft. The handkerchief was still held up ; but they had the mortification to see the boat return, and proceed up the Menai Strait, without appearing to notice them ; and they began to despair of receiving timely aid. Mr. Henry Hammond then suggested that they should endeavour to propel the raft by using such pieces of the wreck as they might be enabled to procure as paddles, which suggestion was immediately acted upon ; and as the wind and ebb tide were drifting them towards Conway, the pilot advised every exertion to be made to reach that point ; and their progress, he added, would be materially assisted if something could be devised as a substitute for a sail.

Miss Whittaker, whose outer garments had been torn off in her struggles, had wrapped the remains of a petticoat about her head ; and the pilot observing this, said it would not only answer the required purpose, but, from its being white, would attract more notice as a signal than Mr. Nuttall's handkerchief. Mr. Wilson humanely opposed the taking of such poor means of shelter from a female, but she spiritedly insisted upon its appropriation to the use in question.\* This little sail was accordingly held up by Mr. Wilson and Mr. George Hammond (see vignette); and subsequently it was fastened to two peices of wood, to give it greater elevation, and thereby render it more conspicuous as a signal. While Mr. Wilson and Mr. G. Hammond were thus engaged, the other four effective hands of their little crew (Mr. Coxhead, Miss Whittaker, and the boy Hughes, constituting the remainder) worked at the paddles, with which floating pieces of the wreck supplied them, and they began to make some little way through the water, in the direction of Conway. Still, however, no prospect of help was discoverable. They could now see afar off the smoke arising from habitations, in which their fellow-men were peacefully preparing for their avocations of the day ; whilst they (the sufferers from shipwreck) were drenched with water, and shivering in the "eager air," which seemed to penetrate and chill the very spring of life. As the morning advanced, they could even see people walking in the fields, on the Carnarvonshire shore ; but no human eye seemed to be cast upon them ; no human interest seemed awakened by their calamity. At length, however,

\* It is, I must confess, not a little surprising to me, that a female should have been deprived in this way of any portion of her clothing, when already reduced to such pitiable destitution, unless an equivalent at least were given by those who had so much more to spare.



another boat was observed, which appeared to be rapidly approaching them from Beaumaris. They had been so grievously disappointed on the former occasion, that they feared at first to indulge the hope that it was for their rescue it was sent out; but the fact soon became evident, and in a very short space of time a life-boat, which had been manned by the praiseworthy exertions of Mr. W. L. Walker, a young collegian, was alongside the raft. The following letter, with which Mr. Walker obligingly favoured me on the subject, will supply the leading circumstances which have reference to this interesting event:—

Cichle, 1st November, 1831.

Sir:—Your letter of the 29th ultimo calls my mind back to one of the most distressing scenes of my life, and which will never be effaced from my memory. At your request I send you an account of the state of the unfortunate sufferers at the time we rescued them. Happening to walk on Beaumaris Green a little before six o'clock, on the morning of the 18th August, I observed something like a boat in a sinking state, drifting towards Penmaenmawr. I immediately, with seven men, proceeded in the life-boat towards it; and, on our arrival, it proved to be the poop of the ill-fated Rothsay Castle, with nine persons upon it, in a state of great exhaustion, having drifted several miles from the wreck. They were all standing up, except a gentleman named Coxhead, of Size-Lane, London; and a little boy, the son of one of the crew. The former was in a very weak state, leaning against the wheel by which the vessel was steered. The names of the others were—Miss Mary Whittaker and Mr. John Nuttall, of Bury, Lancashire; Mr. Wilson, of Manchester; Mr. George Hammond, of Leeds; Mr. Henry Hammond, Elliot Rudland (musician), and William Jones (pilot), of Liverpool.

I am, sir, yours very respectfully,

WM. LEWIS WALKER.

Mr. Joseph Adshcad, Manchester.

As the boat approached the raft, part of the crew threw in their oars to be in readiness to assist the distressed



beings whom they came to rescue, when those who still pulled called out, with the characteristic gallantry of the sailor, "Help the lady first;" and Miss Whittaker was accordingly placed in the boat. But their kindness was not confined to this complimentary deference to her sex; as soon as they saw her wretched condition, they at once took off their jackets and wrapped them round her to protect her from the cold. The rest were all enabled to get into the boat, except Mr. Coxhead, who had for some time been getting worse. He had been lying in the water in the way before described, his head being supported either by Miss Whittaker or Mr. Wilson, during nearly the whole of the time he had been on the raft; and cramps had now seized him in every part of his body, so that little hope was entertained of his surviving; every one considered him struck with death. Mr. Wilson assisted the sailors to lift him into the boat. One of the men observed, on ascertaining what vessel it was that had been wrecked, "I knew this would be the end of her: I left her last week on that account." Here, then, was a seaman, necessarily well acquainted with the condition of the vessel, who declared that he quitted her under the apprehension that she was unfit for the service to which she had been appointed! Jones, the Liverpool pilot, was confessedly ignorant of that part of the coast; and had his advice of proceeding in the direction of Conway Bay been followed much longer, with an ebb tide setting about E. S. E. (see chart), a strong breeze from the N. N. W., and a heavy sea, the boat which picked them up (according to the declaration of the crew) would have been unable to follow them, and all might have perished amongst the shoals which they were unwittingly using every exertion to reach!

Mr. Marsden, who had supported himself upon the float to which I have before alluded, saw the approach of daylight with great satisfaction; but hour after hour dragged

tediously away, and still no means of deliverance appeared. Whilst drifting thus, he passed four unhappy beings who, like himself, were severally clinging to fragments of the wreck; but no word was uttered; neither had any greeting to offer that could interest the other, and all were languid with exhaustion, and oppressed by the fear of perishing miserably. At length, after he had drifted to some distance from his fellow-sufferers, he was cheered by the sight of a boat, which rowed towards them and picked them up; but he remained unnoticed, though he used every effort, by shouting and holding up one hand when raised by a wave: the boat took another course, and he was again abandoned to suspense, and the awful solitude of a waste of waters. It seemed a considerable time before his hopes were renewed by the appearance of another boat; but he then had the happiness to find that his cries attracted notice; the crew pulled towards him with generous alacrity, and he was soon taken on board, together with a bottle of brandy, which, singularly enough, was floating near him. This was a most welcome cordial at such a moment, and the sailors did not fail to try its efficacy, both in ministering warmth to the chilled frame of Mr. Marsden, and renewing their own vigour at the oar.

Mr. Broadhurst suffered much throughout the night, from the frequent lacerations occasioned by the nails which projected from his raft; but to this he was glad to submit, rather than hazard the separation of the planks by attempting to remove any of the causes of his torment. At break of day he found himself surrounded by heavy masses of the wreck, which kept him in continual alarm; but, most providentially, though many of them were dashed threateningly near to him, he escaped a contact which must have been fatal, and his raft was only once subjected to slight injury. He was relieved from this state of suffering at about half-past eight o'clock, by a boat from Beaumaris,

after he had been "full six hours and a half" in the sea, struggling for life.

Mr. and Mrs. Payne were still lashed together, and the friendly plank, with its projecting iron bolt as a holdfast, still supported them; but, as before noticed, Mr. Payne's previous exertions had unfitted him for the severe trial which he had now to undergo, and exhaustion began to take awful effect upon him. The dreadful scene which ensued may be imagined, but cannot be described. The unhappy husband felt his dissolution approaching, uncheered by any prospect of his children having even a mother left to protect them; and the wretched wife was aroused from the stupor which pressed upon her, by the appalling conviction that her husband was dying. This melancholy event took place about six o'clock in the morning. Mr. Payne struggled with delirious wildness for a few minutes, during which he caught hold of his wife in a manner that threatened destruction to both, by rendering the plank useless. She extricated herself with difficulty, and by the time she had again emerged from the water, and recovered sight and breath enough to seek her husband, she found he had got to the opposite side of the plank. But the terrible moment had arrived. He threw up his hands above his head, gasping at the same time with frightful vehemency, and then sank: he seemed to expire, however, in the act of raising his hands. Fatigue, anxiety of mind, and the horror consequent upon the fatal ravage which he felt these had made upon him, with reference more particularly to considerations for a beloved wife and family,—these had overwhelmed him like another sea; and he died, and sank beneath the waters; but Mrs. Payne, in her distraction, by a sudden effort reached across the plank in time to seize a portion of his clothes, by which she held for some time, though her strength was insufficient to raise him to the surface. At length her grasp was relaxed by

increasing weakness, and he sank as far as the rope would extend, which still bound the lifeless body to the living. Mrs. Payne thinks that she passed about two hours in this dreadful state. She could feel the weight of the suspended body, which had swung under the plank; but she could not see it, in consequence either of the roughness of the sea or the dimness of her sight. She could not see it, though she frequently and anxiously endeavoured so to do; and it was well she could not, for the contemplation of the features of her husband, swollen with water and distorted by convulsion, would surely have been too horrible for the senses to bear. There was enough, as it was, to produce madness, if the greatest fortitude had not been exercised. It was now nearly nine o'clock; she had been about seven hours in the water; and she again felt a growing stupor oppress her, like that from which an excitement so terrible had awakened her. She now thought that it was *death*, and cried aloud in her despair—"Lord, have mercy on my soul! If Thou be not with me, I perish!" The next moment she heard the stroke of oars, and in a very few minutes a boat came to her assistance. It seems that the crew, in searching for sufferers from the wreck, perceived a hat at some distance; and, on pulling towards it, the head of a human being was seen a long way farther in advance, which proved to be Mrs. Payne. Had it not been for the hat, they were of opinion that they should never have discovered her, as they were about to proceed in a contrary direction. When the sailors were lifting her into the boat, they expressed surprise as to what it could be that was attached to her, when she exclaimed, "My husband, my husband!" An honest tar, in his good-natured zeal, said—"Never mind; we'll save you both:" to which she feebly rejoined, "That's impossible; he has been dead these two hours." The body was taken up and placed at the bottom of the boat; and Mrs. Payne, notwithstanding all the humane

efforts made to rouse her, sunk into insensibility, and in that state was rowed towards Beaumaris, supported by one of the crew.

Mr. Jones, of Bangor, and Mr. Lawrence Duckworth were upon a little float together when last under review; and, soon after day appeared, Mr. Duckworth told his companion that the time had arrived when they must separate, or both be lost. Mr. Jones having previously told him that he could not swim, Mr. Duckworth at once generously offered to relinquish the plank in his favour, and endeavour himself to reach the nearest shore by swimming. Mr. Jones frankly assured him that he would be drowned if he made the attempt; but Mr. Duckworth persisted in his resolution, as it was impossible for him, he said, to support any longer the sole labour of steadying the raft for both. He (Mr. Jones) might very well contrive to manage it for himself, particularly as he had then the advantage of daylight. Mr. Duckworth then divested himself of all his clothes but his shirt and stockings; and, bidding Mr. Jones a friendly farewell, as it appeared to both, never to meet again in this world, he launched boldly forth to breast the surge, unaided (humanly speaking) and alone. Mr. Jones now endeavoured to turn his acquisition to the best account. He put his feet through an aperture which he discovered in the centre of the raft, and remained in that situation until he was for the most part unconscious of every thing around him, so benumbed was every faculty of mind and body. He was at length picked up by a boat belonging to Ralph Williamson, Esq., which approached within a few yards of him before he was at all aware that deliverance was at hand. But Mr. Lawrence Duckworth was subjected to a more arduous struggle. His personal narrative, however, which has never before been published, is so interestingly circumstantial, that I need only record here that he was found about three hours after he had quitted



Mr. Jones, supporting himself by the chin to a small spar, in the last stage of exhaustion ; and, just as the boat which rescued him came up, he was about to give up the effort, his arms having been for some time utterly powerless.

Mr. Martin was one of those who, after the break of day, were clinging to the plank which crossed the vessel, and to which I have had frequent occasion to allude. This place of refuge, however, was at length torn away by the violence of the waves, and all that were upon it were plunged headlong into the sea. Mr. Martin and some others succeeded, after a struggle of some duration, in securing the plank in question, by which they supported themselves for some time ; but they dropped away, one by one, until, as Mr. Martin observes, he “ was left alone with the plank.” He was picked up at about eight o'clock ; but the full particulars of his perilous adventures, in his own sensible and energetic diction, will be found highly worthy of perusal. See “ Personal narratives.”

Mr. Robert Whittaker gives a fearful recital of the horrors of his situation. Day brought no light to him. He was stone blind, floating about upon two planks which he had placed in the form of an irregular cross ; and the time appeared so long to him, that he says—“ I seemed as if I had been in the water many days ! ” and his confused recollection of the close of his sufferings he compares to the “ traces of a horrible dream.” He heard, however, the sound of the first human voice that addressed him : he heard and replied, as it were from the grave, in which he seemed strangely to resume the consciousness of existence. His rescue also was effected by Ralph Williamson, Esq., whose yacht (the *Campeadora*) was lying at anchor before Beaumaris Green. The moment that gentleman was acquainted with the calamity, he manned his boats, and came out in aid of the sufferers. Mr. Whittaker speaks in the most grateful terms of his preservers. “ Mr. Williamson



and the boat's crew," he says, "were most kind to me: one of the sailors took off my shirt and flannel waistcoat, and gave me his own." After finding Mr. Whittaker, further search proving fruitless, Mr. Williamson took him on board the *Campeadora*, where every possible means which benevolence could suggest was promptly and successfully employed to restore him. While on their way to the vessel, Mr. Whittaker enquired when it would be daylight, and was horror-struck on being informed that it had been light many hours, and that it was about ten o'clock in the forenoon. It was then he first knew that his sight was gone.

Owen Morris, a seaman, not belonging to the vessel, was also one of the TWENTY-THREE\* that were saved; but, as before stated, I have been unable to obtain any particulars respecting him.

Having now placed upon record (with the single exception above acknowledged) the various ways in which the whole of the survivors were in the first place preserved upon the waters, and eventually rescued from a state of peril and of suffering perhaps never surpassed, and certainly but rarely equalled, in the annals of calamity, it will be apparent that the wonder is, not that so few were saved, but that any were saved at all. The Rev. W. Scoresby, in taking a similar view of the question, observes—"It was marvellous that any escaped. Buffeted, as were the surviving few, by a turbulent and, at first, a broken sea; tossed, as many of them were, now over the wreck by which agonizingly they clung, and then submerged amid the rolling waves; ex-

\* In the former edition of this work, it is stated that only twenty-two were rescued from the wreck; but Alderman Wright informs me there was *one* other also saved. It appears an Irishman, a cattle-drover, was among the survivors; and on his landing, after obtaining some refreshment and clothes, proceeded, it is supposed, to Holyhead. The man did not come under my own notice, but I give it on the above respectable authority.

posed as they were, not only to the deluge of waters, but also to mortal blows from the heaving wreck around them, it was a wondrous providence that any lived till the dawn, or escaped to tell the calamitous tale ! ”

By about nine o'clock on this sadly-memorable morning, the sands on the Carnarvonshire shore, to the southward of the wreck, were strewn with fragments of the awful ruin which had been made. Pieces of timber, trunks, hats, bonnets, torn articles of male and female apparel of every kind,—all indicating the dreadful violence to which so many had been subjected,—were scattered in every direction ; and amongst them was the body of a female, which afterwards proved to be that of Mrs. John Duckworth. Her head rested upon a plank, to which she seemed to have clung until it reached the land ; but then, unequal to the effort of escaping from the surf, she was no doubt kept down in her helplessness, and could offer but feeble opposition to the element with which she had to contend. Her features were, consequently, but little disturbed, and the warmth of life still lingered about the heart, as if the ebbing tide had very recently left her there. The Rev. Mr. Vincent, of Aber,\* was soon informed of these mournful events, and humanely hastened down to the beach. He met some poor people bearing the body, to which every respect had

\* The Strait which separates Anglesea from the Carnarvonshire coast, opposite to the town of Beaumaris, is at ebb tide scarcely half a mile in breadth ; and (to adopt a note from the “ Narrative of the Wreck ” by Mr. J. H. Bransby) “ after it is passed, the distance over the sands to Aber is four miles. In hazy weather the passage is unsafe ; and not a few persons, from time to time, in crossing, ‘ have wandered from their way, and perished miserably.’ Through the affecting humanity of the late Viscount Bulkeley, a large bell has been placed in the tower of the church at Aber, to be rung during a fog, that the traveller, being guided by it, may pursue his journey without danger.”

been paid. The clothes had been secured in decent folds by a cord, and the face was covered with a handkerchief. Mr. Vincent, on ascertaining that some faint signs of remaining life were discoverable, had the body immediately conveyed to his own house, where Mrs. Vincent promptly adopted the most vigorous means recommended in cases of suspended animation; but they were unfortunately of no avail, though hopes were at one time entertained, from a faint flush appearing in one of the cheeks. It was then removed to the church of Llanfairfechen, in which parish it was found, to await an inquisition. The body of Mr. Lucas, of Liverpool, was soon after discovered near the same spot, tied to a form with a back to it. In this case death had evidently not been so recent as in that of Mrs. Duckworth; the body was much swollen. It was deposited also in Llanfairfechen church. The remains of the two other sufferers were picked up in the bay, in the direction of Conway, and taken to a place called Dwygyfytche. It is a melancholy fact, with reference especially to Mrs. John Duckworth, that at the time her husband was picked up, which was before six o'clock in the morning, she was most probably drifting about at no great distance from the wreck, supported by the plank upon which she was reclining when dead! It has been before stated, that the pilots who took Mr. John Duckworth and three of the crew from the wreck, particularly enquired of them as to the chance which existed of saving any more; and they all unhappily agreed in pronouncing the attempt useless, being persuaded at the time that all had perished but themselves. If, however, strict search had been made at that early period, in all human probability, both Mrs. Duckworth and Mr. Lucas, as well as many others, would have been saved!

Mr. Vincent despatched persons along the sands, upon whose integrity he could rely, to secure any property that might be washed on shore, as well as to search for either

the living or the dead that might yet be drifted in that direction. Sir Richard Bulkeley, and his agent, Mr. Thomas Williams, had crossed the Strait from Beaumaris for the same benevolent purpose; and Sir Richard enjoined his tenantry in that neighbourhood, with a zeal amounting to anything which even personal interest could elicit, to restore to the rightful owners all that might fall into their hands in consequence of so terrible a calamity.

The following is an extract from a statement furnished at the time by Mr. Harris (since deceased), then Lloyd's agent at Beaumaris. It refers principally to the facts just related, of which, however, it affords an authentic corroboration:—"About seven o'clock on Thursday morning, I was informed that the *Rothsay Castle*, steamer, had been driven on shore during the night under *Penmaenmawr*, on the *Carnarvonshire* side of the bay, and that the life-boat had gone to the wreck, as some people could be distinctly seen upon it. Finding that the tide had ebbed too much to follow in another boat, I immediately, with my son, went round by *Bangor*, and was on the strand near the place to which it was supposed the vessel had drifted at about half-past eight o'clock. I immediately engaged some carts, in expectation that at low water most of the bodies would have been found, after the tide had receded sufficiently. I then discovered that what was supposed to be the hull was only the poop, off which the boat alluded to had taken nine individuals, one of whom was so exhausted, that he could not have survived much longer on the raft. Had the boat been but a few minutes later, all on it must have perished, as it was drifting fast amidst the breakers. The boat was from three to four hours from the time it left Beaumaris until it got back. A short time after I got on the sand, the *Rev. James Vincent*, who resides in the neighbourhood, came down; about an hour afterwards, *Sir Richard Bulkeley* landed from a boat in which he had

been out in the bay. Mr. Thomas Williams, Sir Richard's agent, was also on the sand on horseback. Too much cannot be said in praise of these gentlemen, whose activity was very great."

In the course of the morning, the fragment of the wreck upon which Mr. Forster's spaniel had contrived to place himself, was washed upon the beach; and the poor animal, which had received no other injury than such a long exposure to cold would necessarily involve, was carried to Mr. Vincent, who took charge of it until he could ascertain to whom it belonged, and whether the individual who owned it was one of the survivors, or numbered with those whose worldly claims were now transferred to others.

## CHAPTER IV.

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BEAUMARIS.7—ARRIVAL OF THE SURVIVORS—LANDING OF THE DEAD—  
THE SHIRE HALL.

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“Now prepare thee for another scene.”

MILTON.

“A scene of sorrow mix'd with fear.”

DRYDEN.

“————— I can remember well  
Hours dreadful and things strange; but *this*  
Hath trifled former knowledge.”

SHAKESPEARE.

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ON the Wednesday evening, about the time at which the packets generally arrive, a number of persons had as usual congregated upon Beaumaris Green; some from motives of curiosity, or induced by the chance of meeting an acquaintance amongst the passengers expected by the Rothsay Castle; but with many it was by especial appointment that they came down to “Menai’s shelly margin,” to meet friends, or dearer relatives: and as the shades of evening drew near, many an impatient look was directed to the points at which Puffin Island “shows its oval steep” on the one hand, and the Great Ormshead, in remoter distance, rears its dark bulk on the other. But still she came not: many an anxious thought, however, was devoted to her; and midnight passed before her arrival was given up as hopeless.

For my own part, I was certainly surprised that the uneasiness caused by the non-arrival of the vessel appeared to be so limited: for without affecting any presentiment on



the occasion, I really could not divest myself of the fear that something serious must have happened. Added to this, I was extremely solicitous about leaving Beaumaris for Liverpool, in the morning, of which there now seemed very little chance. Under these circumstances, when ten o'clock had passed without bringing any tidings of the Rothsay Castle, I mentioned the apprehensions I felt respecting her to a gentleman who had put up at the same inn (the Bull's Head); but he also treated the matter with perfect indifference. "You need not be alarmed, sir," he observed, "that packet has frequently been very late; *it is no unusual occurrence.*" Still, however, I felt restless on the subject; and after supper, at about eleven o'clock, I went down to the Green,<sup>8</sup> in the fervent wish that I might be gratified by the knowledge that all was right before I retired to rest. I found all was solitariness there; even the boatmen were gone; not an individual was in attendance to land the passengers, if the vessel had arrived; and I looked around and saw that I was alone—that no other eye was searching for the vessel; and I could not repel a feeling of depression in consequence. I looked out towards the Great Ormshead, but nothing was to be discovered in the misty distance, though the moon gleamed fitfully from the clouds that passed her disk in hurried succession; but she cast her pale light upon the distant mountains, while the agitated sea beneath was "darkened by the shadow" of intervening blackness. The wind, which swept in fierce gusts across the open space around me, the sullen dash of waters upon the beach, and the stormy wildness of the sky, conveyed together, indeed, a sense of melancholy and of desolation which I have no recollection of ever experiencing before; and I felt grateful that I was enabled to turn from such contemplation to the comfort which awaited me in my temporary home. Alas, when I took a farewell look of the cheerless expanse before me, how little did I think

that at that very moment nearly one hundred and fifty of my fellow-creatures were in such awful extremity! and at so short a distance, too, that I must have seen the slightest indication of distress in the way of signal; and, in my state of mind, I should have taken alarm at that which at another time, perhaps, would have passed unheeded; nor should I have rested until the cause were ascertained; and my delight would have been unspeakably great if my humble efforts had been crowned with success. But, to adopt a sentiment of the pious Atterbury, "We should contemplate reverently the inscrutable ways of Providence, and all the wonderful methods of God's dealing with men."

I returned to my inn, and soon after proceeded to my chamber; and had scarcely sunk into repose at the period when the "silver cord,"—the mysterious connecting link between the immortal and the perishable of about one hundred and thirty human beings,—was broken!

A disturbed night induced a later slumber in the morning than my anxiety would otherwise have permitted; but I again hurried towards the Green at about half-past eight o'clock, and had not proceeded far before the intelligence of what had happened afforded fatal confirmation to my fears. I was soon accosted with—"Have you heard of this dreadful affair, sir?" and the reply to my consequent negative was,— "Why, the Rothsay Castle steamer has gone down, and every soul perished!" The shock thus communicated will depart from my memory only with the life with which it co-exists. Prepared as I had been by vague misgivings, this terrible announcement seemed for a moment to paralyze me, and I beheld in fearful anticipation the scenes of horror which ensued. Hundreds were in the meantime hurrying from all parts of the town in the direction of the Green; and anxious faces were to be seen amongst the various groups of persons, who hastily gathered and separated as the melancholy intelligence was given and received.

I was soon in some degree relieved, by finding that my informant had at any rate exaggerated; and I entertained the hope that the event would prove much less fatal than it had been represented. Four survivors of the calamity, I learned, had been landed at an early hour, and several more had now arrived, but most of them in such a state of exhaustion as to warrant the worst fears for the result; while the distraction which prevailed amongst those who were still uncertain as to the fate of their relations and friends, and who pressed upon the boatmen for intelligence from the scene of death, was truly dreadful. The utmost consternation, indeed, was every where observable; a solemn gloom was depicted upon every countenance; the most hardened and the most indifferent were subdued to sorrow or aroused to interest by the painful scene; and there appeared but one feeling of deep commiseration and regret. Wives were wringing their hands in agony for husbands that had perished, husbands for the loss of wives; parents wept for children, children for parents; and relatives and friends swelled the wild lament with unavailing expressions of grief for the dead, or fear for those of whom they had yet no certain account; for,

“ Alas, what links of love that morn  
Had *Death's* rude hand asunder torn!  
Thou canst not name one tender tie,  
But *there* dissolved its relics lie ;”—

*there*, amidst the ocean in which earthly union was broken, or mouldering where “ashes to ashes” and “dust to dust” are consecrate!

Every fresh arrival of survivors, or of the bodies of those who had been the victims of this awful sacrifice, was productive of a most distressing renewal of the horrors which I have just attempted to describe. As the boats approached,

the suspense of the trembling expectants was agonizingly depicted in their ghastly looks ;

“ And no one to his neighbour uttered word,  
But in an alter’d voice ; with breath restrain’d,  
*Like those who speak at midnight, near the dead !*”

And scarcely had the keel grated upon the shore, when a rush took place, and the anxious gaze of those who were nearly concerned in the sad spectacle took rapid survey of all that the boat contained. Then the shriek of woe, consequent upon fatal conviction ; of delirious exultation on the recovery of some one supposed lost—

“ Eyes with bright tears surcharged, and parted lips  
Quiv’ring to utter joy which hath no words ;”

and the groan of protracted suffering, arising from “ hope deferred,”— these opposite expressions of feeling were fearfully mingled ; constituting a scene, compared with which the most highly-wrought effort of fiction would appear tame and common place.

The remains of the first six of the sufferers that were landed,— namely, the Rev. Simon M’Carthy, Mr. Tarrey, Mrs. Hammond, Miss Lucas, with Robert, Thomas and James Whittaker, children, — were stretched, a piteous spectacle, upon the Green, until it was determined how to dispose of them ; but as more continued to arrive, they were removed to the Shire Hall, where they were laid side by side upon the floor. When Mrs. Payne reached the shore, with the lifeless body of her husband, she was enabled to articulate faintly, but retained no consciousness of anything that passed, from the time she was taken out of the water until she found herself in a room at the Bull’s Head Inn. The body of Mr. Payne was placed upon a board, on being removed from the boat, and the men who bore it were proceeding to the Shire Hall ; but Mr. Snow,

the Surgeon (who attended most of the survivors), happening to meet them, he placed his hand upon the breast of the corpse, and finding some trifling degree of warmth which had not been discoverable in the other bodies, he ordered it to be immediately taken to the warm bath, expressing at the same time his conviction that it was a hopeless case, but that he was desirous there should be no pretence for anything like a charge of neglect. The body was accordingly stripped, and the usual means employed, but without producing the slightest favourable symptom. This circumstance, however, gave rise to a report, which obtained authority by finding its way into the newspapers, that Mr. Payne was alive when brought on shore; but, as it has already been shown, he was absolutely under water for about two hours, and therefore the groundlessness of such a supposition is apparent. As I was peculiarly struck by the truly appalling situation in which Mrs. Payne was discovered, by the boat's crew that rescued her, I was in frequent attendance upon her, and indeed took her under my charge until she was restored to her afflicted family; I had, therefore, ample opportunity of learning the melancholy particulars of the last moments of her husband, and I can safely affirm that the account I have furnished, however horrible it may appear, is so far from being exaggerated, that I am conscious of its inadequacy to convey a full conception of the fearful trial which she underwent.

Mr. Owen, of Beaumaris, younger brother to the Rev. Owen Owen and the Misses Owen,\* who were all lost, was

\* The younger lady (Miss Mary) had never before, I understand, been beyond the confines of Wales, and was consequently indulging on the night previous to the projected voyage in some lively sallies about her "first visit to England." Before leaving Beaumaris, they were strongly advised neither to go nor return by the Rothsay Castle; but Miss Margaret observed, in effect, that their lives were not more valuable than others, and she could, therefore,

on his way to the beach amongst the crowds that hastened thither, as soon as the fatal news became known; but he sickened with dread on approaching the Green; and seeing Mr. Erasmus Griffiths, also a resident of Beaumaris, he begged him to make the inquiry, whether any proof had been obtained as to his brother and sisters being on board the vessel at the time of the wreck, by the discovery of any of their luggage, or other means. Mr. Griffiths complied with his request, and was soon furnished with sad evidence of their fate. In the meantime, however, a maid-servant of the family in which such ravage had been made, by the timeless removal of three of its members at one fearful stroke, applied at the inn to which Mrs. Payne had been taken, for intelligence respecting her master and the young ladies; and I took her to Mrs. Payne, who was then sufficiently recovered to be enabled to speak to her on the subject. Mr. Owen and his sisters, she said, were most certainly involved in the wreck; and she described him more particularly by a singular family ring which, during the voyage, he had submitted for inspection at the request of some of the passengers, whose notice it had attracted. The poor girl, who was much excited when she commenced her inquiry, appeared overwhelmed by this dreadful avowal. She burst into an agony of tears, and departed with her melancholy tale, to afflict with heavier sorrow those who had already a foretaste of its bitterness. Indeed, from the interest which I could not refrain from taking in the welfare of all the *surviving* sufferers, I witnessed many trying scenes of the kind, and was, in consequence, painfully subjected to

see no reason why *they* should object. The young ladies accompanied their brother to Liverpool to assist him in the selection of some furniture, which he was about to purchase previous to his assuming the mastership of the Free Grammar School at Ruthin, to which he had been recently appointed.



frequent and numerous applications from those who were still ignorant as to the fate of their friends.

Before twelve o'clock at noon, all the survivors had been landed—all the survivors of that company which embarked on the previous day, full of joyous anticipations, and amounting in number to about one hundred and fifty persons, were landed before noon; and their diminished numerical strength was found to consist of twenty-three! Alas, this should possess controlling power in our estimate of human existence! It awfully reminds us of the denouncement of the prophet—"Thy life shall hang in doubt before thee: thou shalt have no assurance of thy life!"

It would be difficult to speak too highly of the many ladies and gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood of Beaumaris, who humanely exerted themselves on this occasion, and it is perhaps invidious to particularize; but the conduct of the Misses Williams, of the Friary, having come more immediately under my own observation, especially in the case of Mrs. Payne, I cannot withhold my tribute of praise. Miss A. S. Williams has since, with kind solicitude, called upon Mrs. Payne at her residence in Salford, to inquire after her welfare. Sir Richard Bulkeley, also, whom I have before had occasion to mention, was most indefatigable both on this and several succeeding days, not only in concerting arrangements for the comfort of the living, but in recovering the dead from the waves that had engulfed them, and in preserving the property of the passengers which was disgorged by the sea. And the Rev. Dr. Howard, with his characteristic, dignified solemnity, was seen going from bed to bed, pouring into the wounded spirit the balm of Christian consolation: and there were those whose mental anguish at this time exceeded by far that of the body, and who, therefore, were in great need of that "sweet antidote" which may so healingly be "ministered to a *mind* diseased." It is also due to the medical

gentlemen to say, that no means appeared to be left untried where the remotest chance existed of restoring animation, or where extreme exhaustion required a judiciousness of treatment which only professional skill could regulate.

The following is the mode in which "twenty-two" so favoured by Providence, were disposed of, which may not be uninteresting to such of their friends as may hereafter visit Beaumaris:—Mr. Henry Wilson, Mr. George Hammond, Mr. John Nuttall, Mr. Edward Jones, Mrs. Payne, and Miss Whittaker, were taken to the *Bull's Head Inn*. Mr. Tinne (afterwards removed to the Bull's Head), Mr. Henry Hammond, Mr. John Duckworth, Elliot Rudland, William Jones (pilot), and William Jones (fireman), to the *Royal Oak*. Mr. Martin, to the *Bulkeley Arms*. Mr. Marsden, to the *Liverpool Arms*. Mr. Broadhurst, Mr. Coxhead, Mr. Lawrence Duckworth (subsequently removed to the Bull's Head), and Owen Morris (seaman), to the *White Lion*. Evan Evans, William Hughes, and — Hughes (boy), to the *George and Dragon*. Mr. Robert Whittaker (afterwards removed to the Bull's Head), to the *Campeadora* yacht.

In the performance of the melancholy task of visiting the several survivors, to ascertain their condition, and to satisfy myself as far as possible that nothing was neglected which might contribute to their restoration, I was gratified by witnessing the meeting of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hammond, for the first time since they were enabled duly to appreciate the wonderful preservation which they had experienced. Each had been deprived of an affectionate wife; but, while the tribute of sorrow was paid to the departed, they did not forget the great mercy which had been extended to them, in the grant of lengthened days in which to "set their house in order," preparatory to the awful change to which, sooner or later, all must submit.

Mr. John Nuttall was much exhausted when first brought

up, but soon recovered by the attention which he promptly received. He was bruised in several places ; he had, however, experienced no serious injury.

Mr. Edward Jones, of Bangor, was for a considerable time unconscious of all around him ; and it was with extreme difficulty that he could be undressed and placed in bed, for his struggles for life were renewed with frightful violence when the death-like stupor which had absorbed his faculties was partially shaken off. His limbs were rapidly contracted and extended, with a force which all the efforts that could be employed were unequal to restrain. He seemed still oppressed by the terrible necessity of continuing his conflict with overwhelming waters. At length he became more composed, and was gradually restored. In the course of the day some of his friends came from Bangor to cheer him with their presence ; and they of course remained in attendance upon him until he was in a condition to be removed.

Mr. Lawrence Duckworth, who had adventured so much in order to give up to Mr. Jones the plank which was eventually the means of his preservation, was, to all appearance, lifeless when brought up. He was immediately rubbed with hot cloths, however, and after great exertions had been used, he began to show signs of returning animation, and was then warmly covered up, and left to repose. This had the desired effect, and in the evening he was in a state to walk from the inn to which he had been taken to the Bull's Head, where Mr. Edward Jones was stopping. It has been stated that neither of them knew of the other's safety until after Mr. Jones had returned home, but that is not the fact. They met and congratulated each other on the evening of the same day which commenced so inauspiciously to both. They still correspond ; and, on the part of Mr. Jones, there can be few stronger incentives to pure and lasting friendship than those by which *he* must be actuated.

Mary Whittaker was happily soon restored to a state of recovery, but her anxiety was feelingly great to know who were saved of the many with whom she was personally acquainted; and she was sensibly affected on learning that five only of the twenty-six who came from the same neighbourhood were numbered with the survivors! Her child, and the child of her brother, had both perished. She was in a state of utter destitution, but the ladies who were so humanely active on the occasion promptly supplied her with clothes, and evinced the kindest sympathy for her sufferings.

Of Mrs. Payne I have before spoken. On account of the peculiarly distressing character of her extraordinary case, it excited an interest proportionally great, and the attention she received was affectingly assiduous.

Mr. Tinne, who had been removed from the Royal Oak to the Bull's Head, for the purpose of procuring better accommodation, gives the following account of his reaching Beaumaris, and of the hospitality of his reception:—"On landing I was able, supported on both sides, to walk up the beach; but my strength failed me, and I was carried into the house. I drank freely of the spirits and water they offered to me, but was almost deprived of power and sensation. They stripped me of my wet garments, and hurried me into a bed, where I was rapidly restored by the judicious means adopted by the good people about me. They put jars of hot water to my feet and body, and covered me up with the clothes. At first, an uncontrollable shivering came over me, but I soon fell asleep. An hour afterwards I awoke, considerably refreshed, though my eyesight was still very dim. An unexpected acquaintance afforded me further assistance, and by his kind aid I got better accommodation. Here again, also, a benevolent lady took me in charge. To both I shall ever be grateful for their attentions to me. The meeting with another friend, whose party I originally

designed to join, was affecting in the extreme. His emotions may be easily conceived, for he had been walking for hours along the strand, expecting only to pick up my lifeless body. The following day I was able to walk, though my legs were somewhat stiff from the effect of slight bruises; and within a week afterwards, scarcely a trace remained of the bruises I had received. Long may the impression last on my soul, to remind me of God's saving grace and tender mercy in the hour of peril and need!"

On visiting the Royal Oak, at a late period of the day, I was glad to find Mr. Henry Hammond, Elliot Rudland, Jones the pilot, and Jones the fireman, sitting very comfortably round a large fire, seemingly little the worse for the perils and hardships to which they had been so recently subjected.

Mr. John Duckworth, who had been also taken to the Royal Oak, was painfully conspicuous during the day. He would not allow his wet clothes to be taken off, nor would he retire to rest, or submit to any treatment which was recommended to him. He went from inn to inn, and wandered into all the rooms to which he could obtain access, inquiring everywhere for his wife, and refusing to be comforted because "she was not." "Where is my wife, where is my poor wife?" he continually asked; and then he would go down to the beach, and express the most frantic impatience respecting the object of his inquiries; and it was dreadful to witness his agony, on the arrival of any of the survivors or of the bodies of the dead, to ascertain whether the wife he lamented was one of the number.

Mr. Martin was much reduced by the great efforts which he had been called upon to make, in clinging so many hours to the wreck; and when in some measure restored, he was deeply affected by the fate of his friend, Mr. Metcalf. He obligingly communicated to me many of the particulars which are incorporated with this narrative.

Mr. Marsden, also, evinced much feeling on a similar account—the loss of a friend for whom he entertained the highest regard. He seemed, however, to have suffered less bodily injury than any of the survivors, except Mr. John Duckworth, and was enabled to leave Beaumaris on the following morning.

On visiting Mr. Broadhurst, it was most agonizing to hear his exclamations, consequent upon the great calamity which had befallen him in the fate of his beloved daughters. “Oh, my dear children! They are lost, they are lost!” he repeated from time to time; mingling, however, with such betrayal of mental anguish, a suitable resignation to the decrees of Almighty wisdom. He was much bruised, and the back of one of his hands was severely cut.

Mr. Coxhead was still exceedingly ill, though much better than when he was brought up. He had now, however, after the lapse of several hours, scarcely strength enough to give his name and place of abode.

Owen Morris was in a promising state of recovery.

I found Evan Evans and William Hughes still in bed, but much better. The son of the latter was sitting upon a chest by the bedside. The Rev. J. H. Stewart, in the work before quoted, notices the preservation of this poor boy in the following impressive terms;—“Amidst these almost overwhelming distresses,—involving in one general calamity men, women, children, and even tender infants,—it is a rest to the heart to turn for a moment to some special marks of Divine mercy. I am sure, my very dear friend, the following incident, related to me by the father of the boy, will deeply affect you. He was near the helm with his child, grasping his hand, till, the waves rolling over the quarter-deck, and taking with them several persons who were standing near them, it was no longer safe to remain there. The father took his child in his hand, and ran towards the shrouds, but the boy could not mount with



him. He cried out, therefore, 'Father! father! do not leave me!' But finding that his son could not climb with him, and that his own life was in danger, he *withdrew his hand*. When the morning came, the father was conveyed on shore, with some other passengers who were preserved; and, as he was landing, he said within himself, 'How can I see my wife, without having our boy with me?' *When, however, the child's earthly parent let go his hand, his Heavenly Father did not leave him.* He was washed off the deck, but happily clung to a part of the wreck on which some others of the passengers were floating. With them he was almost miraculously preserved. When he was landing, not knowing of his father's safety, he said, 'It is of no use to take me on shore, now I have lost my father.' He was, however, carried much exhausted to the same house where his father had been sent, and actually placed in the same bed, unknown to either, till they were clasped in each other's arms. When you read this interesting fact, regarding this poor ship-boy, you will remember the words of David; 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord taketh me up.'"

Mr. Robert Whittaker, as I before observed, was taken every care of on board Mr. Williamson's yacht. I went on board the vessel in the evening, to assure myself of that fact, when the weather was so boisterous that I had much difficulty in prevailing upon a boatman to take me; and I feel great pleasure in acknowledging that my motive was more than appreciated: I was received with the utmost kindness, and strong persuasions were used to induce me to stay, rather than risk a return that night; but I could not divest myself of anxiety for those whom I had left on shore, and consequently declined an invitation which in other respects was very acceptable. The next morning, Mr. Whittaker was enabled to join his sister (Mary Whittaker) at the Bull's Head. The meeting was truly affect-

ing, their joy being dashed with awakened feelings for the heavy loss which both had unhappily experienced.

It was observed to me by some well-informed persons, who were engaged in various offices of humanity about the survivors of this dreadful calamity, that in most instances the sufferer appeared for a time absorbed by his own suffering;

“ — Men forgot their *feelings* in the dread  
Of this their desolation; and their hearts  
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for *life* ;”

and until that were secured—until the horror even of scenes such as they had witnessed had partially subsided, they were like the man who receives a grievous wound in the heat of conflict, yet scarcely feels that he is stricken until that conflict be passed. I have before slightly glanced at similar manifestations of human infirmity, which occur in various portions of this narrative; but now the time for calmer views had returned. The mind was now again softened to emotions of tenderness and regard; and that affection, which had heretofore raised the object of it much higher in esteem than life itself, re-assumed the mastery, and afflicted those who had suffered bereavement with the most poignant grief.

The Shire Hall will now elaim attention; where the bodies of the dead were ranged side by side with mournful irregularity. Age, and youth, and childhood were lying in appalling fellowship; and hands which so lately greeted each other in life lay cold and stark, never to yield such kindly pressure more! And lips, so lately curled with merriment, and addressed to utterance of joyous import, were fixed in ghastly lividness: the breath which gave them voice—the “delighted spirit” which made that voice its instrument, bidding it “discourse most eloquent music,” both had fled, and the temple which they made glorious was becoming a hideous ruin.

There were now seventeen bodies, of all ages and both sexes. The following list comprises their names and descriptions ;—

The Rev. J. S. M'Carthy, a Catholic ecclesiastic. It was immediately discovered who this gentleman was by his card—" J. S. M'Carthy, Charlemont, Rathmines."

Mr. William Tarrey, of Bury, land-agent to the Earl of Derby. The whole of this gentleman's family, consisting of his wife, five children, and female servant, perished.

Robert Thomas, a child two years and nine months old. His mother perished, but her body was never found. His father was a sailor, and arrived from a voyage only just in time to hear of what had happened, and to identify the body of his child.

James Whittaker, about six years old, the only child of Mr. Robert Whittaker, of Bury, who was saved.

Mrs. George Hammond. This lady refused to be fastened to her husband, lest she should render his efforts useless. He being a good swimmer, she strenuously advised him to abandon her and seek his own safety. A heavy sea, however, cut short the affecting dispute by sweeping her away, and he saw her no more alive.

Miss Margaret Lucas, of Liverpool, about twenty-two years of age. Her father and mother were also amongst those who suffered fatally.\* The name of this interesting

\* Mr. Bransby, in his " Narrative," &c., which I have before quoted, says—" A gentleman of Liverpool, a friend of the Lucases, has informed me that they were a most united and happy family. The young lady, in particular, appears to have been a universal favourite. It is remarkable that as they were leaving home for the packet, and she was on the threshold, she turned round to her blind aunt, and said, playfully, " If any thing bad should happen in this voyage, remember I must bear all the blame." Two days after the sad catastrophe, I visited Beaumaris, and in the Shire Hall a spectacle presented itself, which, I think,

young lady was discovered by its being engraved upon the clasp of her necklace.

Mrs. Jones and her husband, the steward. The great exertions made by this unfortunate man to save his wife, are more than once referred to elsewhere. He would most probably have been able to save himself, as he was an expert swimmer, and had on several occasions distinguished himself while in the Liverpool trade, as a sailor, by hazard-ing his life to preserve a drowning fellow-creature. This affectionate couple were found lashed together. The sun-dered cord was round his body as he lay in the Hall.

Mr. Simon Fox, of Dublin, the friend and companion of Mr. M'Carthy, who was placed just above him.

Mr. John Parry, of Manchester. Bangor being his native place, which he left forty-eight years before, he had determined on visiting it once more, together with his wife, in the hope of recruiting his health. They were both drowned. Their bodies were found near to each other—the male had reached the sand, the female was floating very near it; and it is remarkable that their luggage was all found at a very little distance from the bodies.

was more calculated to inspire feelings of awe than any that I had ever witnessed. No fewer than eleven coffins, containing the remains of as many individuals who had perished in the wreck, were ranged upon the floor.

‘Side by side

Slumbering they lay, a mournful company,  
All in their shrouds.’

Poor Miss Lucas's coffin was among them; and the attendant removed the lid. Her long auburn tresses hung over her neck, a smile seemed to be playing upon her lips, and she was indeed beautiful in death. The two coffins next to hers were those of Mr. Whittaker's son and nephew, the one seven, the other eight years old. While I was in the Hall, I saw Mr. Whittaker and his sister shedding over these lovely children tears of the bitterest anguish.”

Mrs. Henry Wilson, of Manchester. There was a singular coincidence of conduct on the part of this lady with that of her friend, Mrs. George Hammond. Mrs. Wilson also earnestly entreated her husband to save himself for the sake of their children, and they were separated in a similar manner.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lucas, mother of Miss Lucas.

Mrs. Parry, wife of Mr. John Parry.

Male, unknown: had on a dark brown coat and waistcoat, drab trowsers, and brown stockings; gilt watch, makers, "Smith and Co., Dublin;" watch-paper, "W. Hoyle, Rochdale." The watch still remains for inspection in the hands of Mr. H. Roberts, of Beaumaris.

Female, unknown; supposed name, Ellen Hughes.

Mr. Payne. This body was wrapped in a sheet, in consequence of its having been subjected to the warm bath.

Mr. John Leech, in the confidential employ of Messrs. Royle and Co., of Chester.

It was a dismal sight to witness, when the trunks, and tattered clothes, and various other descriptions of property, were brought up, with what horror they were recognized by those who eagerly turned them over for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of relatives or friends. All that could be recovered during the day were placed in the Grand Jury Room, for the examination of those concerned. I was particularly struck with the case of one unhappy female, who, after looking for some time amongst the relics of the dead, for something which she might identify, suddenly uttered a loud cry, and then hysterically exclaimed, holding up a hat, "It is my dear husband's!"

Amongst the things so recovered was the pocket-book of Miss Mary Owen. It was found floating near the spot on which the vessel struck, and furnished the first sad proof of her fate, as it was not previously *known* that she was on board, though fears were entertained that such was the case.

The following lines, addressed to her “dearest mother,” were written with a pencil upon one of the leaves ;—

“Dearest! weep not o’er my early grave;  
It brings a vision sweet of joy and love:  
Nor wish that thou hadst power to save  
My youth and beauty from the realms above.”

The wonderful composure which could dictate such sentiments, in such a form, and under *such circumstances*, leaves indeed *nothing* to “wish” for. How must the philosophy of the hoary stoics of antiquity, whose purpose was determined by “pride ashamed to yield, or obstinacy delighting to contend,” sink in comparison with the Christian fortitude of this young female!

In another instance, a gentleman, whose name I forbear to mention, having earnestly requested me to ascertain whether or not his wife was amongst the dead, he gave me a description of the lady, and I soon found that she was indeed there. The coroner permitted me to take the rings from her finger, with which sad tokens of his loss I returned. The emotion of the *husband* on receiving them may be imagined, but not described.



## CHAPTER V.

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### BEAUMARIS CHURCH YARD.<sup>9</sup>

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“ ————— Thou must render up thy dead —  
And with high interest too! They are not thine,  
But only in thy keeping for a season,  
Till loud diffusive sound from brazen trump  
Shall rouse the long, long sleepers into life.”

BLAIR.

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HAVING shown the manner in which the passengers of the *Rothsay Castle* were severally disposed of, from the time at which they embarked until the landing of the living and the dead, I refer to the “*Parliamentary Papers*,” in a more advanced portion of the work, for authentic details of the inquisitions held on those who perished, and proceed to acquaint the reader with the final dispositions of the mortal remains of such as were brought to Beaumaris.

The bodies recovered on the Thursday, and placed in the *Shire Hall*, have been already described; but more continued to be found on the subsequent days: as intelligence of the wreck spread throughout the country, numbers of the unhappy relatives and friends of the deceased hastened to the spot, and the identification of the sad remains, which now presented a hideous spectacle, was in many instances attended with circumstances of the most heart-rending description. But several there were that lay

unowned and unknown; for whom no enquiry was made, and who seemed to have no kindred with the world. There must have been many similarly neglected, amongst the number that perished without a name, and were never heard of more; but it appears really astonishing, in a country like this, that so many individuals could quit the great stage of life without being missed—that so many could slip, as it were, from the places they occupied in society, and leave no gap, no palpable vacuity, to induce a question as to their whereabouts!

As soon as the decision of the coroners' inquests had been declared, preparations were made for the burial of the dead; and the performance of those mournful obsequies produced a distressing renewal of the scenes of anguish which had preceded them. In order, however, that the survivors of the catastrophe, and the friends of the deceased, may hereafter be enabled to point with certainty to the spot in which each "narrow bed" is made, I have bestowed considerable pains upon the endeavour to show the exact situation of the tomb or grave of every individual who was buried on that melancholy occasion, in this venerable depository: Even the stranger, who may visit these "gloomy mansions of death," may pay the tribute of a sympathizing tear to the memory of those who were so timelessly consigned to them; and profit by contemplating the solemn lesson which such fate affords, of the uncertainty of human enjoyment—of the transient nature of human existence.

The first series of interments, which took place on the Sunday following the fatal night of shipwreck, consisted of such of those who were owned as had not been previously removed by their friends. I purpose first, however, to give the order in which the whole were committed to the earth, and then refer to their respective graves.

## BURIED ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 21, 1831.

	AGED		AGED
William Jones, steward	32	Mr. John Leach .....	22
Ellen Jones, his wife...	33	Mr. Joseph Lucas .....	47
Mr. John Tarrey* .....	55	Mrs. Elizabeth Lucas...	54
Thomas Appleton, his		Miss Margaret Lucas...	24
son-in-law .....	13	Robert Thomas .....	3
Mrs. John Duckworth	43	Mrs. Henry Wilson ...	
Thomas Whittaker.....	6	Rev. S. M'Carthy .....	

\* This unfortunate gentleman, who had held so respectable a station in society, was buried in a parish coffin, and has no stone to mark his grave, except a small one at the head, which a *stranger* has placed there for that purpose! His funeral, however, was attended by Mr. Thomas Horrocks, his brother-in-law, and Mr. John Woolner, a friend of the deceased. The remains of his ill-fated family were sadly scattered. Mr. J. H. Bransby, in his "Narrative," has the following notice of the finding of the body of Mrs. Tarrey:—"Mr. Evans, of the cottage, Llanrwst, has favoured me with a letter, dated September 8, 1831, in which he says, 'While a friend and myself were at Llandudno, on Sunday last, the body of a female, one of the unfortunate passengers in the Rothsay Castle, was brought on shore. I had the person examined, and found in the pocket a gentleman's gold watch, with chain and seals, a brown silk purse, three thimbles of different sizes, and some articles for children. On her finger were two gold wedding rings and a guard ring; and she had two gold ear-drops. Upon my opening the watch-case, the watch-paper led me to conclude that she must have been from Bury. There were no other means of identifying her. I wrote a letter to Mr. Duckworth, of Bury, and yesterday the lady's brother came over. She proved to be Mrs. Tarrey. On Monday, her poor remains were decently interred at Llandudno church. My party and several other friends, from feelings of respect, followed the corpse to its last earthly home, and contributed as much as it was in our power to increase the solemnity of the affecting scene.'" Llan-

## AUGUST 22.

	AGED		AGED
Mr. Simon Fox .....	57	Male, unknown†.....	50
Male, unknown*.....		Female,§ do. ....	
Ditto† .....	52	Ditto   .....	

## AUGUST 23.

Joseph ———, a boy		Mr. John Overens .....	22
of colour .....	14	James Whittaker .....	8
Mrs. H. C. Selwyn.....	38	Rachel Howarth.....	16

## AUGUST 24.

Mr. Thomas Entwistle	45	E. A. Williams .....	21
A Lady, unknown ¶.....		Jane Griffiths .....	27

dudno is in Carnarvonshire, and comprises within its boundaries the Great Ormshead.”—The son of Mrs. Tarrey, by a former husband, lies in the same grave with Mr. Tarrey; the body of his infant son (John) was found a few days after the wreck, near Llansaintffraid, Glan Conway; and his maid-servant, Rachel Howarth, was interred at no great distance from his own place of rest; but three of his children were, I believe, never found.

\* See “Male unknown,” in Shire Hall, page 127.

† Description.—Light hair, long face, blue coat and yellow waistcoat, blue trousers, woollen stockings, and about the age above specified. He was apparently a mechanic.

‡ Round face, black hair, nankeen trousers, Wellington boots, grey worsted stockings, and about the age mentioned above.

§ Dressed in a dark blue print, and black worsted stockings; supposed to be one Ellen Hughes.

|| Dress—black silk gown, ditto bonnet, black worsted stockings, dimity pocket, marked R.

¶ In the “Narrative” by Lieutenant Morrison, who visited Beaumaris subsequent to the wreck, this lady is referred to in the following passage:—“In the church-yard, a heart-rending scene was to be witnessed. There was a long string of graves, five of which were open, and the last minister of earthly services was busily engaged, with an assistant, in completing a sixth. Twenty-

AUGUST 24.

Male, unknown\*

AUGUST 25.

Mr. Humphrey Dyson.

AUGUST 27.

Male unknown.†

four bodies had been already interred ; and by way of saving room, the coffins of two females, or young persons, were placed on one side, ready to be deposited in the same grave with three others. All had been done with decorum ; and I must express my gratification at the solemn and serious manner in which the Rev. Dr. Howard, the rector, read that beautiful portion of scripture appropriated to the funeral service. The two bodies whom I followed to the grave were that of Mr. Entwistle, whose brother-in-law attended him to the last resort of all living, and, alas ! that of a LADY UNKNOWN. The body of this poor creature had been picked up near Conway, and, to the great credit of the people, she was immediately brought to Beaumaris. She had been one of fortune's favourites when living, though destined to so cruel a death. She was elegantly and fashionably attired, with pink silk stockings and handsome shoes. On her fingers were three handsome rings, besides the wedding-ring ; and she had rich ear-rings, and a gold chain round her neck, with a locket, and, I believe, a miniature attached. I could not avoid reflecting on the lesson this was for vanity. Here was one nursed in the lap of luxury, who had never dreamt but of being carried to the house appointed for all living amidst the gaudy trappings of woe, and the tears of friends and relations, and to have her name and virtues perpetuated on the sculptured monument, buried in a common deal shell, followed to the grave by strangers, and without even a name !”

\* Dress—black coat and waistcoat, blue trousers, striped calico shirt, and black worsted stockings. Two sovereigns and five shillings and sixpence in silver ; a silver watch, &c.

† Dress—check shirt, black frock coat, fustian trousers, and grey woollen hose.

AUGUST 30.

Mrs. Harriet Thompson.

SEPTEMBER 3.

Mr. Henry Selwyn.

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The following numbers have reference to corresponding figures in the annexed plate.

1. *Tomb*.—Inscription: "Here lieth the remains of Jane, wife of Michael Griffiths, ship-carpenter on board the Rothsay Castle steamer, who perished along with her husband and child\* on the 17th August, 1831, in the 27th year of her age, when the above packet was wrecked on the Dutchman's Bank, near this town.

Fair, young, and happy, loving and beloved,  
A daughter cherished, and a wife approved;  
Such was dear Jane: ah, where could life display  
A fairer promise of a prosperous day!  
Not fond Affection's grasping hand could save  
The fleeting victim from her watery grave.  
Heaven calls, Hope leads, and Faith triumphant saves,  
Through the dear night of Him who walked the waves."

2. *Tomb*.—Inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Harriet Thompson, younger daughter of Samuel Skelton, Esq., of Bradford, Yorkshire, who, together with her husband, John Thompson, Esq., solicitor, of that place, unhappily perished in the wreck of the Rothsay Castle steam-packet, near Puffin Island, on the 18th August, 1831. Her relations, who can never cease to lament her kindness of

\* The bodies of her husband and child were, I believe, not found. Her astonishing exertions for the preservation of the infant have been described in another page. Twin orphans were left by this unfortunate couple, totally destitute. The children, of course, found an asylum in the poor-house.





NORTH-WEST VIEW OF BEAUMAIS CHURCH YARD.



G. Kneller del. J. Kneller sculp.

"How wonderfully would ye have befalshen of the dead,  
if we did not know that we shall never die."

Dr. Johnson.

disposition and amiable qualities of heart, had the mournful consolation of attending her remains to the grave, and of paying the same tribute of earthly regard to those of her husband, which were found on the Lancashire coast, and interred at Formby, in that county."

3. *Grave*.—E. A. Williams, Mrs. Faulkner's maid-servant,\* and a female unknown.

4. *Tomb*.—Inscription: "Here lieth interred the remains of Henry Selwyn, Esq., of Church-street, Bathwick, Bath, and Harriette Catharine, his wife. They unhappily perished amongst the sufferers on board the Rothsay Castle, lost near this place, on the 18th August, 1831."†—The same grave also contains the remains of Robert Thomas, an infant, aged two years and nine months, whose mother perished. The father, it will be recollected, was a sailor,

\* This grave, in common with the rest which have not been in any way distinguished by the friends of those who lie interred in them, has a small head-stone, with the name of the deceased, and the letters "R. C.," to denote that they were sufferers by the wreck of the Rothsay Castle. Should any one interested in their fate, therefore, visit Beaumaris Church-yard with this book, he will be enabled, by the help of the annexed plate, to trace at once the sixteen places of burial in which the remains of thirty of the victims of that calamity are deposited,—two of the bodies, as will be seen, having been removed for interment elsewhere. It has certainly surprised me, in some of the instances, that no memorial should exist of the dead but such as a STRANGER has supplied.

† A chaste mural monument, executed by Mr. Harris, of Bath, has recently been placed in Beaumaris Church. It is inscribed as follows:—"To the memory of Henry and Harriette Selwyn, who were passengers on board the Rothsay Castle, and perished during the night of the 17th August, 1831. Their earthly remains rest together in the adjoining Church-yard. '*And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day that I make up my jewels:*' for '*Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.*'"

and arrived from a voyage after the accident, just in time to identify the corpse of his child.

5. *Grave*.—William Jones, the steward, aged 32, and Ellen, his wife,\* aged 33 years.

6. *Grave*.—Mr. John Leach, of Chester, aged 22.

7. *Tomb*.—Inscription: "Sacred to the memory of four of the unhappy sufferers who lost their lives by the wreck of the Rothsay Castle steamer, August 18th, 1831.—Betty,†

\* I have been informed that such was the continued apprehension of this poor woman, in consequence of the defective state of the vessel, that she frequently threw herself upon her knees on reaching the shore, in thankfulness for her safe arrival, as it was the declared opinion of her husband that the packet would eventually be lost. In a little work just published, entitled "Hours of Leisure," the author makes honourable mention of Jones, who, it seems, was on board the St. George, steamer, when she was driven from her anchorage in Douglas Bay, Isle of Man, and totally lost. The captain and crew were saved with great difficulty by the life-boat, in which Sir William Hilary and others went out to their assistance. After this accident, which had so nearly proved fatal, "Jones remained for some months without obtaining employ. At length he was engaged by the proprietors of the Rothsay Castle, and his wife was retained as stewardess. They had been but a few weeks in their new situation when the vessel was wrecked."

† Mr. J. H. Bransby (before quoted) says—"On my way to Beaumaris, two days after the Rothsay Castle was wrecked, I could perceive, when I was about a mile from the town, a group of eight or ten persons coming slowly over the Lavan Sands (for it happened to be low-water) from the Carnarvonshire coast. A boat was at the same time crossing the channel, evidently for the purpose of meeting them; and in about three quarters of an hour a coffin was brought on shore, covered with a neat black cloth, and followed by a deeply afflicted and downcast mourner. The procession advanced along the pier and across the Green with great solemnity, amidst a crowd of silent and weeping spec-

wife of John Duckworth, of Shuttleworth, near Bury, Lancashire, aged 43 years.—Thomas, son of Lawrence Entwistle, of the same place, aged 38 years.—James, son of Robert Whittaker, brazier and tin-plate worker, of Bury, Lancashire, aged 8 years.—Thomas, son of Mary Whittaker, of Bury, Lancashire, aged six years.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,  
 Death came, with friendly care ;  
 The opening buds to heaven conveyed,  
 And bade them blossom there.”

8. *Grave*.—Mr. Humphrey Dyson and Mrs. Henry Wilson, both of Manchester. The latter was subsequently removed by her bereaved husband, and deposited in the burial-ground attached to the New Jerusalem Church, Salford.

9. *Grave*.—A person unknown. Whether male or female could not be ascertained with certainty, in consequence of the shifting of the coffins of those who were not owned, previous to interment. The same observation applies to several others simply described as “unknown.”\*

10. *Grave*.—Mr. William Tarrey, of Bury, aged 53, and his son-in-law, aged 18.

11. *Grave*.—John Overens, of Oldham, aged 22, and a person unknown.

tators. The coffin enclosed the remains of Mrs. Duckworth, which had been washed upon the beach not far from Penmaenmawr, on the preceding day ; and the mourner was her disconsolate husband.”

\* Rachel Haworth, Mr. Tarrey’s unfortunate maid-servant, was also, I believe, placed amongst the “unknown,” in consequence of an inadvertent change in the situation of the coffins ; for the clerk (Mr. Pearce, to whom I am indebted for many civilities,) was unable to point out her particular grave. It is the only one, however, so circumstanced, of those which contain the remains of persons who were identified.

12. *Grave*.—Three persons unknown.

13. *Grave*.—Mr. Joseph Lucas, of Liverpool, aged 47; Mrs. Elizabeth Lucas, his wife, aged 54; and Miss Margaret Lucas, their daughter, aged 24. This unfortunate family was at first divided, each individual having been placed in a separate grave; but they were eventually, with great propriety of feeling, buried together. A stone has recently been placed upon the spot, bearing the following inscription: "Here lie the remains of Joseph Lucas, of Liverpool, aged 47 years; Elizabeth, his wife, aged 54; and Margaret, their daughter, aged 24,—who perished in the wreck of the Rothsay Castle, in the night of the 17th August, 1831."

14. *Grave*.—Two persons unknown.

15. *Tomb*.—Inscription: "Sacred to the Memory of Mr. Simon Fox,\* [here a cross is inserted, emblematical of the catholic persuasion,] of Milltown, near Dublin, who perished in the wreck of the Rothsay Castle Steam-packet, in Beaumaris Bay, on the night of the 17th August, 1831, in the 57th year of his age, leaving a widow and a large family to deplore his loss. The parishioners of Rathmines, Dublin, have erected this monument as a token of their esteem for his memory."—The Rev. S. M'Carthy was interred also in this grave, with the remains of his friend,

\* Master Thomas Fox, the son of the deceased, having read descriptions of the sufferers in the public papers, immediately set out for Beaumaris, to assure himself of the melancholy fact, that his father was one of them. He had provided himself with a letter from the Rev. W. Stafford, of Rathmines, near Dublin, which certified the nearness of his relationship to the unfortunate gentleman, and consequently the Rev. Dr. Howard immediately consented to the re-opening of the grave to which his parent had been consigned; and the young man had the mournful satisfaction of seeing the body.



but was shortly after removed to Rathmines, near Dublin, with every observance of respect.\*

\* The following extract from the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, of September 24, 1831, will shew the great respect evinced for the deceased by all ranks of society in Dublin, as well as in the immediate neighbourhood which had been the scene of his labours:—"The Custom-house Quay was thronged the entire of Thursday," says the paper alluded to, "in expectation of the arrival of the steam-packet that was to convey the remains of this lamented gentleman from Liverpool to Dublin, for interment at Rathmines, where, as parish priest, he had resided, dearly beloved and venerated by those to whose spiritual wants he had so long ministered with zealous piety and solicitude. The body, however, did not arriv  until about ten o'clock yesterday morning, notice of which was immediately despatched in every quarter, and the funeral procession from the quay did not take place until after five o'clock—that all those who wished to participate in this last mournful solemnity might have an opportunity of paying the melancholy tribute of unaffected sorrow to departed worth."—Time having thus been given for the necessary arrangements, at about the period named by the *Journal* just quoted, the funeral procession moved onward. It consisted of the children of a school founded by Mr. M'Carthy at Rathmines, with those of the city parochial schools, all wearing white scarfs, and carrying wands surmounted with white ribbon; a long train of carriages; the parishioners and friends of the deceased, upwards of eight hundred of whom wore scarfs and hat-bands; the vessels in the bay had, in the meantime, their colours half-mast down. The mournful cavalcade proceeded slowly from the Custom-house Quay to Rathmines Chapel, where the body was interred by torch-light, with all due solemnity. Indeed the surrounding gloom of night—the number of afflicted mourners—and the peculiarly awful circumstances under which they had been called together, gave an effect to the scene which will long be impressed upon the minds of those who were subjected to its imposing influence."

16. *Grave.*—Joseph ———, a boy of colour. This was the unfortunate child who clung to Mr. Coxhead for protection, from whom, however, he was separated when both were plunged amongst the waves. [See page 65.] He ran away from the vessel a few days before she was wrecked, but was unhappily captured, and kept a prisoner on board until released by the fatal termination of his last voyage.

## CHAPTER VI.

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### OBSERVATIONS AND ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

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"Business, and pleasures, and enjoyments, seem great things to us whilst we think of nothing else; but when we add *death* to them, they all sink into an equal littleness."

LAW.

"The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

PROVERBS xvi. 33.

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THE following matters could not, from their miscellaneous character, be classed under any of the preceding heads, without disturbing the progress of the narrative; I have, therefore, brought them together, with the observance of as much regularity in their succession as circumstances will allow.

On the evening of Thursday, the 18th of August, by which time seventeen of the drowned had been deposited in the Shire Hall, there were still numbers of anxious enquirers after relations and friends; and of course it was apparent that many of the sufferers were yet unfound. I had also heard that several bodies could be seen about the wreck, some of them horribly mutilated by the pressure of the steam-apparatus, which kept them down. The painful considerations which a knowledge of these facts produced determined me to attempt the recovery of some of the unfortunates, in order that the last rites of religious duty might be extended to them; and, accordingly, I hired a boat at an early hour the next morning (Friday), and went

out into the bay. The boatman had, the day before, picked up the boat of the *Rothsay*; and, I suppose, with the view of securing his expected reward for her recovery, he kept possession, and took her out with him, in tow; for his own being a large fishing-boat, but little inconvenience was occasioned by so slight an encumbrance: she was scarcely, indeed, so strongly built as the small boats which ply in the Menai Strait between Beaumaris and Bangor, and was evidently unequal to the service for which she was intended.

The morning was cold and boisterous, but we soon reached the scene of the late disaster. Not a vestige of the wreck, however, could then be seen; the fatal bank was deeply covered with water, which was too much agitated to admit of that inspection which its remarkable clearness would otherwise have rendered practicable; nor was there any thing discoverable indicative of the terrible catastrophe which had so recently occurred. We then sailed along the coast, making enquiries respecting the object we had in view; and we were at length informed that the body of a lady had been found, and taken to Penmon Church.<sup>10</sup> We accordingly proceeded to the nearest point at which a landing could be effected, off Penmon; and, as our melancholy errand was known as soon as we were perceived by those on shore, we soon saw a sad group winding down the steep descent (from the distant church), bearing a bier. As I was apprehensive that we should interfere with the jurisdiction of another coroner if I removed the body to Beaumaris, I only intended to learn, if possible, who it was, and therefore I conveyed to them by signs that they should return, which they immediately did. A number of persons had assembled; and as we neared the shore I contemplated the awful change which so brief a period had wrought in the lifeless burthen they were carrying. But a few hours before, she might have

been in the full enjoyment of every natural and acquired charm which constitutes female attraction; and now, the very clowns that bent for a moment over her cold remains, as they were slowly borne along, shrunk back appalled by the sight, and readily yielded place to the next beholder!

On landing, I proceeded to the church, where I ascertained that some portions of the dress of the deceased were marked "F." It eventually proved to be the body of that highly-esteemed lady, Mrs. Charles Faulkner, of Manchester. In her pocket was found a copy of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." She was subsequently removed by her friends, and interred in Newton church-yard, near Manchester.\*

We arrived at Beaumaris about nine o'clock; and finding Mrs. Payne much better, I advised her to prepare to set out for Liverpool (by the Llewellyn, steam-packet, which started at twelve o'clock), her object being to return to Manchester as soon as possible, with the body of her unfortunate husband. Mr. Nuttall was also so far recovered, that it was arranged he should go with us. I then attended the coroner's inquest, which was held that morning, after which we embarked on board the vessel just named, where we found Mr. Martin, of Liverpool. It is here due to Captain Wright, and the proprietary of that fine packet, to state, that on being informed of the peculiarly distressing circumstances of Mrs. Payne's case, they at once waived all claim to remuneration for the conveyance of the coffin

\* The body of Miss Amelia Faulkner, aged about five years, was subsequently found; but as the hope was entertained that Mrs. Faulkner's infant would also be recovered, the burial of this child was deferred by her afflicted father for the space of six weeks, when the remains were placed in the same grave with those of Mrs. Faulkner.

• which contained the remains of her husband.\* We proceeded on our voyage at the time before stated, with a strong breeze in our favour, and soon arrived off the fatal spot upon which the shattered hull of the *Rothsay Castle* was occasionally visible above the waves which beat over it. A strong sensation was produced on board the *Llewellyn*, on viewing the remains of this devoted bark, which had recently yielded so many victims to a watery grave. The weather now began to assume a threatening aspect, and the sea ran very high. The gale increased as we crossed the bay; and the late calamity, perhaps, acting upon the minds of the passengers (many of whom were soon oppressed with the additional discomfort of sickness), considerable alarm began to prevail, though the fullest confidence was reposed in the active and unremitting attention of the captain to his duties, and in the excellence of the vessel. As the sea opened to us, the motion of the packet became more violent, the waves frequently breaking over her with great force; and Captain Wright observed, that if he had thought the weather would have proved so boisterous, he would not have ventured out. This was far from cheering; but we

\* A distressing doubt having been expressed by some friends of Mr. Payne, with respect to the identity of his remains, as it was not considered prudent to open the coffin after its arrival in Manchester, I feel called upon to assure them that no possibility of such an error existed. I saw the body taken from the boat to the warm bath, and subsequently took charge of the watch, the brooch, and the breast pin, which were taken from his person. This clearly establishes the fact, that down to *that* period no mistake could have occurred. From the bath I accompanied the body to the Shire Hall, where it was particularly distinguished from the rest—see page 127, I afterwards saw it placed in the coffin in which it was brought home—saw the lid secured—and gave orders for its removal to the vessel, which orders were immediately executed in my presence.



made rapid progress, and consoled ourselves with the consequent prospect of a speedy arrival at our place of destination, in which we were happily not disappointed. Some narrow escapes, however, were experienced by several of the passengers, from the shipping of heavy seas and the rolling of the vessel; and a pony which was upon deck was actually washed overboard and lost, which fact will be sufficient to show that I am neither creating nor exaggerating the danger to which we were exposed.

We reached Liverpool at about eight o'clock in the evening, and found a great number of spectators assembled on the pier, it being the first packet that had left Beaumaris since the wreck; and such had been the prevailing opinion as to the state of the weather, that the Llewellyn had been expected with considerable anxiety. Many of the relatives and friends of those who had been passengers in the Rothsay were there, in the hope of obtaining information on a subject which so nearly concerned them; and as soon as the packet lay within a practicable distance of the pier, a general rush took place, and numbers leaped on board.

Poor Mrs. Payne, whose weak state was ill calculated for so rough a passage, was quite overcome, and could scarcely exert strength enough to stand; but the Misses Colquit, and part of the family of Wm. Rathbone, Esq., who were on board, were very kind in their attention to the unhappy invalid. Mr. Rathbone humanely supplied his carriage to convey her to the Adelphi Hotel, and sent a servant from his establishment to sit up with her during the night. Miss Rathbone, also, personally attended upon Mrs. Payne; and Lord and Lady Grey (of Dunham), who were at that time staying at the Adelphi, liberally offered pecuniary assistance if required.—I was much gratified by meeting with Mr. Marsden, of Wakefield, at this hotel: he had reached Liverpool, by land-conveyance, about the same time at which I arrived by water.

The next day (Saturday) I accompanied Mrs. Payne to Manchester, by the rail-way, and the meeting with her family was truly affecting. The remains of Mr. Payne, having been inclosed in a second coffin, were interred on the following Tuesday : I followed them to the grave. He was a most affectionate husband and parent — was highly esteemed by all who knew him—and has left a widow with five children to mourn over the melancholy consequences of that disastrous journey to which this narrative refers.

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The following are extracts from the Rev. J. H. Stewart's work, to which I have before referred. They take up the period of time at which I quitted the neighbourhood of the wreck, and furnish interesting facts derived from personal observation. Mr. Stewart having lingered in agonizing suspense at his residence in Liverpool until the Friday morning, without receiving any certain intelligence respecting the fate of his friends and late visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Forster, he says — “ Knowing how much distress there would be should one have been taken, and also *knowing that a very near and dear relation\* of our sister, and her daughter* [the daughter of the *relation* alluded to], *were waiting their arrival at Bangor*, who [referring to the relations], far from their friends, would be plunged in the deepest sorrow, I set off for the fatal spot.” He heard the melancholy truth before he reached Bangor. “ I was gradually,” he observes, “ made acquainted with our loss to its full extent, and thus the better prepared to meet, and to endeavour to comfort, their deeply afflicted relations.” He subsequently proceeds to say—“ I arrived on Friday night at Bangor. There indeed was a scene never to be forgotten. On the one

\* This was Mrs. Forster's sister, who is since deceased, occasioned by excessive grief for the loss of her beloved relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Forster.

hand, a crowded inn, full of company ; on the other, deeply afflicted relatives, almost overcome with sorrow. The mournful catastrophe seemed to affect every heart ; the sympathy was universal ; and the many kind attentions of entire strangers, quite in a Christian spirit. After occupying the next day (Saturday) in writing letters to several of Mr. and Mrs. Forster's near relatives,<sup>11</sup> on Sunday I attended divine service at Bangor cathedral, where there was a large congregation. Before the thanksgiving-prayer, the clergyman read from a paper that an individual, whose name was mentioned, desired to return thanks to Almighty God for his preservation in the wreck of the Rothsay Castle. It was gratifying to hear that this gentleman had remained at Bangor with his friends for this very purpose. I doubt not that, although a stranger, you will feel a particular interest in him ; and, like those fellow sufferers in the storm, who, giving vent to their feelings, prayed for each other, you will intreat that the Lord, who has thus spared him as a monument of mercy, may make him as eminent a Christian as our departed brother. This part of the service was followed by that sublime anthem, ' I heard a voice from heaven saying, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours.' The tones of the organ seemed so much in unison with the feelings of the worshippers, that in the soft and slow movements, so profound was the stillness, that there was scarcely even a breath heard. The Bishop of Bangor then preached a very powerful sermon, from James iv. 13, 14 ; ' Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain ; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life ? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.' This discourse seemed particularly to impress the congregation. It was so suitable to the occasion, that

I could have wished that many of our merchants, and others who buy and sell, and get gain, had been present. In the evening, the Rev. Dr. Cotton, one of the vicars of the cathedral, took a consolatory view of the subject, raising the minds of his hearers to the worship of Heaven, by a discourse from Rev. v. 13; ‘And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.’ After these services, I retired to the quiet habitation which had been provided for us. Far different was the close of this mournful Sabbath to the joyful termination of the last. The one concluding with songs of praise with our beloved friends and our happy children; the other, with those who, like myself, had then only to mourn over their loss. Both, however, were equally the appointment of our Heavenly Father, and both intended to bring us nearer to that Sabbath when the promise shall be fulfilled, ‘The Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.’ On the following morning I crossed to Beaumaris, to enquire if there were any tidings from the wreck, and more particularly of the remains of our beloved friends. Here a new scene of distress presented itself. Among the passengers on board the *Rothsay Castle* had been a much respected clergyman, and his two sisters, belonging to Beaumaris, who, previously to the vessel going down, were engaged in earnest prayer. Their loss had cast a general gloom over the town, which was much increased by the numerous relatives of other passengers who were flocking to this place to hear of their friends. It was not only the nearest town to the wreck, but the place to which the remains of most of the sufferers were brought, and where many of them were interred. At that time no intelligence of our friends could be obtained.

\* \* \* \* The first reflection which this sad calamity has produced is, *the remarkable proof it affords of a powerful superintending Providence*; fulfilling that word of Scripture, 'A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.' If you refer to the circumstances, you will see a long series of improbable and independent occurrences, all uniting to bring this event to pass. How improbable, for instance, that our friends should come to us at that time. How improbable, also, that after coming, and after determining to proceed by land, they should, in such changeable weather, decide on going by sea. How improbable, again, that, not leaving us till after the hour appointed for the departure of the packet, they should arrive at the shore in time to form such a determination. How improbable, also, that amongst so many steady masters of vessels as belong to Liverpool, such a man should have the command on that morning. How improbable, that there should have been *such a worn-out vessel*; and that, when she had struck, there should be neither bucket, nor gun, nor any proper boat, or other ordinary means of safety on board. How improbable, that when so many lives were at stake, any person should refuse to hoist a signal of distress. How improbable, that the passengers should submit to such treatment; and still more, that wise and intelligent persons should voluntarily place themselves in circumstances where they were constrained to submit, never exercising the least foresight more than others. These things some may call unlucky accidents; but to ascribe to chance the concurrence of so many independent events, when a difference in any one of them would have sufficed to have prevented the whole calamity, is a species of credulity which it is difficult to conceive any person in his sound mind can have. The more I regard the event, the more I see the hand of the Lord permitting it; and permitting it to teach a lesson which every man, sooner or later, must learn, that '*God*



*has determined his days, that the number of his months is with him; and that he has appointed his bounds that he cannot pass.*' When, therefore, that hour has arrived, some instrument is selected; either gradual decay, or acute disease, or untoward calamity. The darts of death vary, but they all come from His quiver. The Lord openeth his armoury, and the appointed weapon takes its course. I mention this, not to palliate the misconduct of those who may have been led on by their own unlawful desires, whilst they have been fulfilling the purposes of God, nor to prevent the proper exercise of wisdom in the management of our affairs; but to fix the truth in the heart, that we are in the hands of God, and that he does with us as seemeth good in his sight. This reflection seems to be uttered by a hundred voices at one moment; the very persons who were struggling for life, and in the last hour calling upon God for mercy, seem now to be sounding in every ear, '*Prepare to meet your God.*' "

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The following contains the relation of a singular circumstance :—"When the news of this melancholy wreck reached Bury," observes the Rev. Thomas Selkirk, in his *Local Record*, "on Friday, August 19th, it created a sensation in the town, among all ranks of people, such as has been seldom witnessed on any former occasion, and such as will be long remembered. The fate of the sufferers called forth the tenderest and most sincere expressions of sympathy from every class of inhabitants; while the survivors received the most hearty congratulations from all around them. The numerous congregations, and the tearful eyes that were seen, in those places of worship where the sufferers had been in the habit of attending, and where it was known allusion would be made to this sad providence, did equal honour to the feelings of the living



and to the memory of the dead. More substantial manifestations of feeling have not been wanting: I record with peculiar satisfaction that subscriptions have been promoted for the widows and orphans of some of the sufferers. [J. Wilkinson and T. Charles.] There is, however, a class of wretches, whose conduct forms a painful contrast with that just recorded. There is reason to believe that those execrable beings residing on the coast, known by the appellation of *wreckers*, have violated the principles of humanity and honesty, in their conduct towards those unfortunate persons who had been cast lifeless upon their shores. Sir R. B. Williams Bulkeley, and other respectable individuals, were indefatigable in their efforts to prevent plunder on the Welsh coast, and there is no doubt they were in some degree successful; at the same time, there is strong reason for suspecting that various acts of spoliation were perpetrated, both upon the persons of the dead, and upon those articles of property that were washed upon the beach or picked up at sea. Persons who were known to have gold upon them to some amount, have been represented as possessing, when found, only a few shillings or a few halfpence. I regret, however, to observe, that one of the most flagrant instances of plunder connected with this wreck has occurred on our own shores, and was committed on the body of Mr. W. Walmsley, of Bury, who was found near Southport.\* He was represented as having in his pocket, when found, only 4s. 10½d. What amount of money Mr. Walmsley had about him is uncertain. His family know

\* The body of this gentleman was found about two or three miles from Southport, in this county, August 31st, not much less than one hundred miles from the place where the wreck happened, and was interred at the Independent chapel there, on the 2d of September, attended by Mr. James Walmsley, his brother, and by Mr. John Kay, of Bury, shopkeeper. He has left two orphans, to lament the untimely end of both their parents.

of ten sovereigns, but it is very probable he had more. On examining his coat, it was found that the pocket inside the breast, where he usually carried his pocket-book, was buttoned at the top, but it had been torn open at the bottom, and the book abstracted; but nobody knew anything about it. Mr. Walmsley's friends were assured that every thing was laid before them precisely as it was found. It is an old saying, however, that 'murder will out;' and a singular circumstance, illustrative of this proverb, occurred while Mr. James Walmsley was paying the men who, as finders and carriers, had been employed about his brother's person. The men had to give him some change out of the money he paid them; and on looking over the silver which they placed in his hand for this purpose, he discovered among it a sixpenny-piece, which he instantly recognized as his late brother's property. This coin was peculiarly marked, and Mr. W. Walmsley had carried it about him as a pocket-piece for years. It was well known to his intimate friends that he had such a coin; and it has been recognised by many to whom it has been shewn since. I record this transaction on the best authority, and just as it was related to me."

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Lieutenant Morrison, R. N., in his narrative, gives the following account of a visit to the wreck. He broadly differs with Mr. Selkirk on the subject referred to at the close of the preceding extracts:—

"I left Liverpool on Tuesday morning, August 23d, in the Llewellyn packet, with a view of learning, from my own observation, particulars of sufferings which have never been surpassed, perhaps never equalled, either for their suddenness or intensity. \* \* \* \* After a pleasant voyage, we arrived safe at the end of the fatal sand-bank, where the remains of the ill-fated vessel were still visible. It was low water, and we could plainly perceive the paddle-

wheel, and what appeared to be the stump of the mast, a few feet above the sands, into which the wreck had settled down. A few ribs were also visible ; but much less of the vessel remained in existence than is generally the case, after a lapse of four or five days, where a strong sea-worthy vessel is thrown upon a bank. The Llewellyn having stopped off Puffin Island, a boat came on board from the wreck, with Captain Galt, of the Eclipse steamer, which vessel was lying on the bank, with two other vessels, to assist in raising the engine, &c. It was stated that a body, having 300 sovereigns about it, supposed to be that of Mr. Forster, of No. 2, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, London, was found under part of the wreck. The body could not be removed, but the linen being marked W. M. F., it was considered to be that unfortunate gentleman. Several bodies were declared to be lying about the wreck half buried in the sand, and which could not at present be removed, owing to heavy pieces of timber and other substances being in the way. I cannot help noticing a scandalous report, which was also brought from the wreck, that several bodies had been found by the Penmon people, and secretly buried, with a view to be subsequently plundered. This, I believe, to have originated in a pure love of scandal ; for, so far from being able to trace it to any foundation whatever, I learned in all directions, both in Bangor and Beaumaris, that the conduct of the people had been marked with the strongest stamp of propriety. The meritorious efforts made by Sir Richard Bulkeley, and other gentlemen of the neighbourhood, to insure respect to the remains of the unfortunate sufferers, I believe to have been attended with perfect success. Indeed, I subsequently saw numerous valuable and portable articles which had been saved, and lodged in the hands of the authorities of Beaumaris, and which might have been very readily abstracted by the finders, to whom they offered great temptation. I never

was among the inhabitants of North Wales before, and I must observe, that the very excellent conduct of the lower orders on this occasion forms a strong contrast to that I have witnessed on the coasts of Devonshire, and the south of Ireland, where I have observed the most cruel treatment of unfortunate creatures who were cast ashore from wrecks. I feel much pleasure in testifying to the superior humanity of the poor people near Beaumaris,\* which, I believe, may be attributed to the excellent endeavours to distribute the seed of education among the children, some years since, by the late Lord Bulkeley. The fruit of his exertions is now shewing itself in their good conduct as men and Christians. Proceeding from the Menai Bridge to Carnarvon, I found every one's conversation almost exclusively bent upon this unhappy circumstance. At Bangor, I found a still stronger feeling of gloom and sorrow. In the burying ground attached to the ancient church in this town, I saw the first palpable evidence of the mortality occasioned by the calamity. There were two new graves together, ornamented with laurel leaves, flowers, and herbs, in the Welsh fashion. I learned that the bodies of John Parry and his wife, from Manchester, were in one, and that William Cook, a dealer in oranges, was the inhabitant of the other. On arriving in Beaumaris, I found one solemn feeling prevalent throughout the town. It was evident in every face. Sorrow and dejection sat upon every brow; and never did I witness such a general expression of melancholy since the fatal

\* I entirely concur with the sentiments here expressed. I felt, indeed, a melancholy interest in witnessing the scrupulous care with which the poor people brought up everything they could save from the wreck, and placed it in the Shire Hall. There might have been an instance to the contrary; the case recorded by Mr. Selkirk (page 151) may be perfectly true; but I am decidedly of opinion, from my own observation, that such depravity was very rarely displayed on this occasion.

news of the death of the Princess Charlotte spread sorrow throughout the land. A public meeting which was held there gave me an opportunity of witnessing the deep and absorbing interest which this sad misfortune, if that be not too mild a term, had created throughout the place. \* \*

\* \* On board the *William IV.*, in which vessel I returned to Liverpool, were two of the survivors—Jones, the fireman, and Mr. L. Duckworth; and numerous individuals who had been to seek for their friends among the bodies which had been washed up, or otherwise found. There was also on board the body of the younger Miss Broadhurst, aged sixteen and a half; for the conveying of which to Liverpool, I was informed, Mr. Watson demanded the sum of five pounds! I should have been more astonished at this if I had not previously heard that he required no less than ten guineas for bringing that of Mrs. Hammond to Liverpool, but at length agreed to take five guineas.\* It appeared, also, that Mr. Broadhurst remonstrated against what some people would call an extortionate demand, and Mr. W. was prevailed on to bring the young lady's body free of expense. This fine young creature was found in no way mutilated, but her features perfectly placid, and retaining all that beauty for which she was remarked when living."

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I will next briefly recal attention to the influence which the detention of the vessel in the morning had upon her ultimate fate. If she had started an hour earlier, it is reasonable to conjecture that the period of her arrival at the entrance of the Menai Strait would at any rate have

\* To this statement of Lieutenant Morrison I may add, that five pounds were paid by Mr. Henry Wilson, for the conveyance of the remains of his wife to Liverpool; but it is fair to state, in justice to "*William Watson*," that the charge was not made by *him*.



been correspondingly so: that is, she would have reached that point at eleven instead of twelve o'clock, which would have involved many important advantages. In the first place, she would have had an additional hour's favourable tide in the morning, which would not only have carried her far on her way, but have saved her from so long a struggle with an adverse stream, to which her structure and her propelling power were alike unequal; and it may be fairly assumed, that in such case the leakage would not have increased so rapidly. She would under these circumstances have been in a much better condition on arriving off Puffin Island; the failing of the steam would either not have happened, or have been suspended until it was no longer of consequence; the sands upon which she struck would have been deeply covered with water; and there is every reason to believe, humanly judging, that she would have reached Beaumaris in safety, even though the strange error of neglecting to make sail had been committed as it was. But, surely, the immutability of a designing Providence was manifested in this seeming accidental harmony of circumstances, which, like that noble effort in music, the "Creation," mingled and swelled into powerful accumulation, until "there was *light*"—until that which was inexplicable became clear—that which was slighted assumed the importance which belonged to it.\*

\* The following extract from a "Narrative of the Loss of the Kent East Indiaman, by Fire," affords an affecting illustration of the sentiments here expressed, and of those of the Rev. J. H. Stewart, which I have given (see page 149) in this work: "Had not Captain Cobb been enabled, by the greatness of the swell, to introduce speedily through the gun-ports the immense quantity of water that inundated the hold, and thereby checked for so long a time the fury of the flames, the Kent must unquestionably have been consumed before many, perhaps before any, of those on board could have found shelter in the Cambria. But it is un-



The great sensation produced by the wreck of the Rothsay Castle, which, while it involved in one common ruin

necessary to dwell on an insulated fact like this, amidst a concatenation of circumstances, all leading to the same conclusion, and so closely bound together as to force us to confess, that if a single link in the chain had been withdrawn or withheld, we must all most probably have perished. The *Cambria*, which had been, it seems, unaccountably detained in port nearly a month, after the period assigned for her departure, was, early on the morning of the fatal calamity, pursuing, at a great distance a head of us, the same course with ourselves ; but her bulwarks on the weather side having been suddenly driven in, by a heavy sea breaking over her quarter, Captain Cook, in his anxiety to give ease to his labouring vessel, was induced to go completely out of his course, by throwing the brig on the opposite tack, by which means alone he was brought in sight of us. Not to dwell on the unexpected, but not unimportant facts, of the flames having been mercifully prevented, for eleven hours, from either communicating with the magazine forward, or the great spirit-room abaft, or even coming into contact with the tiller ropes,—any of which circumstances would evidently have blasted all our hopes,—I would remark, that until the *Cambria* hove in sight, we had not discovered any vessel whatever for several days previous ; nor did we afterwards see another until we entered the chops of the Channel. It is to be remembered, too, that had the *Cambria*, with her small crew, been homeward instead of outward bound, her scanty remainder of provisions, under such circumstances, would hardly have sufficed to form a single meal for our vast assemblage ; or if, instead of having her lower deck completely clear, she had been carrying out a full cargo, there would not have been time, under the pressure of the danger and the violence of the gale, to throw the cargo overboard, and certainly, with it, not sufficient space in the brig to contain one half of our number. When I reflect, besides, on the disastrous consequences that must have followed if, during our passage home, which was performed in a period most unusually short, the wind had either veered round a few points, or even

the peace and welfare of so many families, and called forth the sympathy of the whole country, awakened also a general interest for the future prevention of such calamities, as far as human precaution could be available; the strong feeling thus called into operation occasioned public meetings to be held in the neighbourhood of the scene of that disastrous event, having for their object the raising of a subscription for the relief of the surviving sufferers, and for rewarding those who had so humanely and disinterestedly exerted themselves in the preservation of life and property; the placing of an efficient packet upon the station lately occupied by the *Rothsay*, under a new proprietary; and also for the purpose of directing the attention of parliament to the necessity which existed for the enactment of laws for the regulation of the construction and equipment of passage-vessels; the defectiveness of the *Rothsay Castle* in those respects having by universal consent been considered one of the principal causes of her destruction. The result of these meetings, with regard to the subscriptions, by the account furnished to me by the treasurer, J. Wright, Esq., and dated October 25, 1831, is as follows:—Total amount subscribed, £371 17s. 6d.; disbursed, in rewards, relief to the families of the sufferers, &c., £284 8s. 6d.; balance in

partially subsided, which must have produced a scene of horror on board, more terrible if possible than that from which we had escaped; and, above all, when I recollect the extraordinary fact, and that which seems to have the most forcibly struck the whole of us, that we had not been above an hour in Falmouth harbour, when the wind, which had all along been blowing from the south-west, suddenly chopped round to the opposite quarter of the compass, and continued uninterruptedly for several days afterwards to blow strongly from the north-east,—one cannot help concluding, that he who sees nothing of a Divine Providence in our preservation, must be lamentably and wilfully blind ‘to the majesty of the Lord.’ ”

the hands of the treasurer, £87 9s. In what manner this balance has or will be disposed of I have been unable to learn.

Extensive preparations had been made for a grand Regatta on the Menai: the nobility and gentry of the island had subscribed liberally; and the period of the wreck was within a few days of the time appointed for the contemplated scene of animation and delight. Many persons had consequently incurred great expense for the provision of suitable entertainment and accommodation for the numerous visitors who were expected to crowd Beaumaris on the occasion; but alas—

“ Things ordained festival,  
Turned from their office to black funeral !”

The Rothsay Castle was lost, and all intention of indulging in such gaieties was at once and by common consent abandoned. Numerous visitors, however, did arrive—but they were wretched mourners; and the very boats that were to have been trimmed in gaudy array for the anticipated scene of enjoyment, became the receptacles of ghastly bodies—the carriers of the dead! Mrs. Bicknell (the hostess of the Williams Bulkeley Arms Inn), who, in common with Mrs. Redding, of the Bull’s Head, so humanely exerted herself for the recovery of the survivors, made an observation with respect to the Regatta which deserves recording. A gentleman having expressed his fear that she would be a considerable loser by its postponement, she said, in effect,—“ If that were all, there would be little cause for regret: the loss of *life* which occasioned it constituted the calamity.”

On the Sunday succeeding the wreck, the Rev. Dr. Howard, rector of Beaumaris, improved that afflictive event by preaching a sermon on the occasion. He selected for his text Gen. xix. 15—17, and proceeded to impress upon his hearers that, “ under so awful a visitation, when God

by his judgments had so powerfully disposed them to receive the lessons of divine instruction, it became his duty to turn the index of inquiry on their hearts, and to declare to the unrepenting sinner that the voice of God had passed over the waters to announce the approach of retribution and punishment." In the contemplation of such an appalling picture of mortality, the Rev. gentleman called also upon "those who had not utterly abandoned their God to see, in this dispensation, the merciful operation of divine grace; for although to those who had suffered it appeared a judgment clothed in bitterness, to those who survived it was ordained in mercy; for, while the former had passed in anguish through the depths of the mighty waters into the presence of God, the latter were still graciously spared, to cast away from them the corruption of sin, and to prepare their souls by faith and holiness for final salvation." The Rev. gentleman concluded by observing, that "if it had been possible for a circumstance of the kind to receive any accession of sorrow, its melancholy impressions would have been unutterably increased by the death of three valuable members of a highly respected family residing in that town (the Rev. Owen Owen and his two sisters), whose characters and untimely death would long be a subject of admiration and regret."

The body of the Rev. Owen Owen, the unfortunate gentleman referred to in the preceding paragraph, was found, and interred in Llanfaes Church-yard. The remains of his amiable sisters, however, were never recovered. Standing upon the grave of Mr. Owen (which is situated near the wall, shaded by some young trees, on the north side of the humble place of worship which renders the spot consecrate), nearly the whole of Beaumaris Bay may be seen; and it commands an uninterrupted view of the fatal place of shipwreck. Llanfaes Church-yard, in which "the cave of the last enemy" seems the very type of rest and tranquil-

lity, is about two miles to the north-eastward of Beaumaris, and about half a mile from the margin of the sea which flows into the Menai Strait. A few small cottages are the only habitations near it; though the Friary<sup>12</sup> (the seat of the late Sir Robert Williams, and still the residence of his lady and family,) is at no great distance, on the borders of the Menai. While I stood contemplating the scene, which partakes both of the beautiful and the sublime, some young children were sporting amongst the tombs, and some sheep were peacefully nibbling the grass which grew upon the raised earth that covered the remains of Mr. Owen. A tomb has since, however, been erected, on which is the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Owen Owen, B.D., Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, second son of Owen Owen, Esq., of Glayfon, in the County of Anglesea, and his two sisters, Margaret Edmonds and Mary Dorothea, who, on their passage from Liverpool, were all three taken to their rest in the calamitous wreck of the Rothsay Castle steamer, in Beaumaris Bay, on the night of the 17th August, 1831.

O. O. Ætat 33.

M. E. O. Ætat 28.

M. D. O. Ætat 20.

'In the morning it is green and groweth up; but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.'"—Psalm xc. 5.

With respect to the young ladies above mentioned, they were admired and beloved by all who knew them. Miss Margaret Owen, at the period of her death, was on the eve of marriage with the Rev. D. Hughes, curate of Beaumaris. Miss Mary's talents were of a very superior cast. She was a great admirer of poetry, and had marked a passage in Kirk White's "Lines written in Wilford Church-yard," singularly portentous of the fate which awaited her. They are as follows:—

"Grant, Heaven, that *here* my pilgrimage may close!  
 Yet, if this be denied, where'er my bones  
 May lie,—or in the city's crowded bounds,  
 Or scatter'd wide o'er the huge sweep of waters,  
 Or left a prey on some deserted shore  
 To the rapacious cormorant,—yet still,  
 (For why should sober reason cast away  
 A thought which soothes the soul!) yet still *my spirit*  
*Shall wing its way to these my native regions,*  
*And hover o'er this spot.* Oh, then I'll think  
*On times when I was seated 'neath this yew*  
*In solemn rumination;* and will smile  
 With joy that I have got my long'd release."

They were marked, it is evident, in allusion to Llanfaes church-yard (see Note 12), in which Miss Mary Owen passed much of her time in drawing, and "solemn rumination," and where it was her frequently-expressed wish to rest eventually, "if the place and manner of her death admitted of such consummation." Her beloved brother lies beneath the spot on which she had so often been "seated," as graphically described in the passage just quoted, and over which she hoped her "spirit" should "hover;" but, alas, *her* remains, together with those of her dear sister, were, in melancholy accordance with her prophetic contemplations,

"Scatter'd wide o'er the huge sweep of waters!"\*

At a little distance to the westward of Mr. Owen's mortal resting-place is the grave of Mr. John Lloyd, only son of the Rev. Richard Lloyd, a Calvinistic minister, of Beaumaris.

\* I may apply to this lamented young lady the following "Lines on the death" of the poet from whose works she extracted the "sybil leaf" on which her human destiny was written:—

"Too, too prophetic did the wild note swell!  
 Yet was not thy departing immature;  
 For ripe in virtue thou wert reft away,  
 And pure in spirit."



He died at Carnarvon, on Sunday, October 1, 1831, aged 24 years; and his premature death was occasioned by an illness which was the effect of strongly-excited feelings, acted upon by the appalling scenes consequent upon the wreck of the Rothsay Castle. He was engaged with myself in taking a description of the bodies in the Shire Hall, and throughout the melancholy affair warmly interested himself for the comfort of the living, and the decent disposal of the remains of those who perished. The following notice of this excellent young man appeared in the *Carnarvon Herald*, of the week subsequent to his decease:—

“He was of an amiable disposition, and unassuming manners. His mind was stored with a deal of useful knowledge, and especially the best of learning, the knowledge of the Bible. He had shown great affection for, and attachment to, the religious institutions that have been established in this place, especially the Bible and Tract Societies, for which he was a zealous advocate. He was a constant member of that religious body to which he belonged—honouring the Gospel of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and long will his friends have to regret the premature death of so promising a young man. It has been a severe dispensation to his afflicted parents, whose loss is irreparable, being deprived of a most affectionate and dutiful son. The interest felt upon the occasion was intense, as was seen from the great concourse of people who followed his remains to consign them to the silent tomb. The procession was in order as follows: The Rev. Dr. Howard, Rector of Beaumaris, and the Rev. J. Williams, P. C. of Llanfaes, preceded the hearse, in Mr. Williams’ phaeton, followed by the town people in procession; next the hearse, with eight bearers, four each side, being tenants of the deceased; then followed four mourning coaches, in which were relations and friends of the deceased, followed by J. H. Hampton Lewis, Esq., in

his carriage, accompanied by J. Jones, Esq. and G. Roberts, Esq., surgeon, closed in by a procession of twenty-four of his most intimate friends with hat-bands, followed by a number of teachers and scholars of the different Sunday Schools in the district, over which the deceased had been superintendent; and an immense crowd of people, all wishing to pay their last tribute of respect to departed worth. Thus closed the funeral procession of this lamented young man. There attended him to the grave, it is supposed, upwards of 2,000 people. All the shops in Castle-street were closed while the funeral went by. What adds to the melancholy event is, the circumstance that his death, it is feared, was occasioned by the shock received from the shipwreck of the *Rothsay Castle* steamer, increased by his attendance officially upon the remains of the unfortunate sufferers. *Thus is added another victim to that melancholy catastrophe."*

Mr. John Batley, of Beaumaris, who was one of the jurymen at the coroner's inquest held upon the bodies of the sufferers by the wreck, was also afflicted with illness for a long time, from the same cause as that which fatally affected Mr. Lloyd; and he has recently fallen a victim to cholera, to which he was no doubt predisposed by his languid condition. His highly respected wife also sunk under that terrible malady, and was, only three days after her husband, buried in the same grave.

The number of bodies found will be ascertained by reference to the general list at the end of this volume, where many names are supplied that were, I believe, never before given to the public. Amongst the "unknown," in addition to those before enumerated, I could never learn that the following were ever owned; namely—The body of a man washed on shore at Southport, on the Tuesday succeeding the wreck; aged about 30; no coat on; waistcoat silk and worsted, with gilt buttons; brown drab cloth trousers; a

watch with black ribbon, two gold seals and gold key, with two watch-papers, one with "Greenhalgh, London-road, Manchester," upon it. The body of a tall man, of gentlemanly appearance, was also washed on shore near Southport on the 31st; it was found at the same time as the body of Mr. Walmsley, of Bury: see note, page 151. The body, however, of Mr. James Brundreth, of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, was also washed on shore in the neighbourhood of Southport, and may possibly be identified with one of those just described as "unknown;" but I have in this and two or three other instances thought it better to hazard a slight repetition, than to neglect an opportunity of contributing, however feebly, to the spread of information which circumstances *might* render so important. The bodies of Mr. John Wilkinson, of Bury, and Mr. James Fitton, of Seedfield, near Bury, were found; the former on the 23d, and the latter on the 26th of August. Both were interred at Penmon church.—The pilot-boats stationed at Penmon also picked up two bodies, to which I have not elsewhere referred: the one, a man about forty years of age, with black hair; five feet five inches in height; dressed in a drab great coat, pearl buttons; olive coat, covered buttons, velvet collar; dark trousers and boots; the linen marked M. U.; had a silver watch, maker's name "John Falkner, Manchester, 1822;" gold chain, and gold seal with plain white stone. The description here given was furnished by Mr. Jones, the town-clerk of Beaumaris. The body was interred at Penmon, on the 26th of August. The other unfortunate person was an elderly man, about fifty years of age; had on a claret coloured coat, black waistcoat, drab trousers, and boots; he was lusty, bald-headed, and is supposed to be the person referred to by Mr. John Duckworth, see page 87. Mr. Henry Selwyn, and William Wildgoose, the engineer, were found near Conway; the former, as

already shown, was brought to Beaumaris, and interred in the same grave with the remains of his beloved wife ;\*

\* With reference to this truly amiable couple, the following circumstances cannot fail to be especially interesting to their relatives and friends:—On the evening of the 18th of June last (1832), as the wife of a seaman named David Ellis, residing at Beaumaris, was returning home from a visit to her husband, across the sands at the foot of Penmaenmawr, his vessel lying at the time somewhere in that direction,—she saw a dark object in the dubious light, lying upon the sands; and on going up to it, after some hesitation, it proved to be a large trunk. The lid opened without difficulty, and its contents were composed of female wearing-apparel and ornaments, with a great number of books. The poor woman had an infant with her, to which she had very recently given birth, and therefore could not remove many of the things; added to which, her conviction that the trunk had been the property of some of those who had perished in the Rothsay Castle, produced feelings of awe which almost induced her to leave everything it contained untouched. At length she hastily took out a few articles, and hurried on her way, with a superstitious dread of the consequences, and reached home at a late hour, overcome with agitation and fatigue. A friend of mine visited Beaumaris shortly after, and hearing of this adventure, went to the woman in question, with the view of endeavouring to discover to whom the trunk belonged. She showed him the several articles she had brought away, which consisted of a pair of mourning ear-rings, a silver thimble, a purple embroidered scarf, a striped muslin dress, with large red flowers, a pair of nearly new jean shoes, several tortoise-shell combs for the head, which had been broken by the pressure of heavier materials, and a small pocket prayer-book, the leaves of which were all loose, from the action of the water. There were more books in the trunk, she said, than any thing else, “books such as gentlemen read;” by which she meant, as her interpreter explained (for she could speak nothing but Welsh), books elegantly bound. She could give no account of them, however, further than that one of them

Wildgoose was interred at Conway.—Henry Walmsley, aged six years (the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Walmsley, whose bodies were not recovered), was also found, and buried at Conway, on the 26th of August. On the Saturday afternoon of the 27th of August, the Echo, captain Roberts, direct from Liverpool to Holyhead, picked up, near Puffin Island, the body of a man, supposed to be one of the unfortunate sufferers on board the Rothsay Castle; height about 5 feet 6 inches, age about 30, attired in a black coat, white ribbed trousers, and check shirt; had a common silver watch, with the Lord's Prayer written on a paper in the case, a brass guard and chain, a small net purse containing three sovereigns and half a crown, and a mourning ring on his finger, on which was the following inscription, on a square, "Dear to me;" and on the circle, "S. Day, ob. 9 May, 1831, æ. 49." This, I have ascer-

*looked* like a bible. My friend observed that in each shoe the name of *Harding* was written; but as it was upon the lining of the upper-leather, in a situation that could not be reached with a pen after the shoe was made, he concluded it must be the name of the maker, and was about to give up his object as hopeless, when in turning over the leaves of the prayer-book, many of which had been transposed in the course of frequent and careless examination, he discovered what had originally been the fly-leaf at the beginning of the book, on which was written, in a neat feminine hand, the name "Harriette C. Selwyn." Thus the ownership of the trunk was at once established. It had been embedded in the sands upwards of ten months; but, no doubt, as the sea had left it nearly bare at the time of its discovery, the next tide carried it into the deep. I saw the articles just described, on a subsequent visit to Beaumaris, and obtained possession of the prayer-book and the ear-rings, in the expectation that an opportunity might occur of presenting them to some relative of the diseased, who might value them as sad remembrancers of those who so well merited the kindest affections.



tained, was Mr. John Day, of Wakefield; and the ring referred to was in memory of his mother. Mr. W. Day, a relation of the deceased, went to Beaumaris as soon as the melancholy intelligence reached Wakefield, and remained until the body was found. It was subsequently interred in the family vault at Normanton Church, about four miles from Wakefield. Mr. John Day was only twenty-four years of age. On the finding of Mrs. Forster, the following account appeared in the newspapers of the time, which of course obtained the immediate attention of her friends: "The body of a lady was cast on shore at Meols on Wednesday [August 24th, 1831], dressed in a black silk gown, with bracelets on the wrists, four gold rings on her fingers, a pair of plain gold ear-rings, and a double dimity pocket marked J. F. In her pocket was a memorandum, neatly written, containing rules of duty for each day, beginning, 'Seven o'clock rise; be dressed by eight: half an hour reading and prayer, &c. &c.' The rule at four o'clock says, 'dress for dinner, read register, &c. till Mr. F. come home.'" The body of Mr. Foster\* could not be disengaged from the wreck until the lapse of three weeks from the fatal 17th of August. His remains were then taken to Beaumaris; and on the 13th of September they were conveyed for interment to Everton, near Liverpool, where they were placed in the same grave in which the body of Mrs. Forster had previously been deposited. Poor Joseph, the black boy, was found on the 23d, in the Swash, or channel, between the Dutchman's Bank and the Carnarvonshire coast. Mr. Josiah Brown, ironmonger, of Chesterfield, was found at Llanfair on the 27th, by the Rev. Mr. Bayley,

\* I had the mournful satisfaction of being able to present a near relative of the above, and also the Rev. J. H. Stewart, each with a lock of the deceased gentleman's hair, as sad remembrancers of his premature death.



of Tutbury, and interred there on the same day. The deceased was found with his arms extended, and his hands spread, as if in the act of swimming, without coat, waistcoat, or boots. His friends speak in high terms of the kind attention and sympathy of James H. Clough, Esq., Plas Llanfair. Mr. R. R. Harwood, of Chesterfield, was found at the same place; as also was Mr. Thomas Charles,\* of Bury, and Mr. James Leigh, of Liverpool. The latter gentleman, it is said, had about his person, when found, £222. 9s. in notes, &c. Mr. Souza, the brother-in-law of Mr. Leigh, was found not far from the wreck. A considerable sum was also found upon the body of a gentleman picked up at Conway, described subsequently as R. Williams, Esq., or Col. R. Williams. The remains of Mr. Charles were interred in the burial-ground at Ormshead; those of Mr. Leigh and Mr. Souza were taken to Liverpool; and Colonel Williams was, I believe, buried at Conway. Mr. Baldwin, of London, was found near Southport. Mrs. Harriet Thompson was found at Trecastle Weir, on the 29th of August, and buried at Beaumaris; and a few days afterwards, the body of her husband, Mr. John Thompson, was picked up on the Formby shore, and buried in Formby churchyard.† Mr. Dyson, watchmaker, of Manchester,

\* The father of Mr. Charles was drowned two years previously, which event was the means, under Providence, of producing a most salutary change in his life and conversation.

† The following inscription appears upon the stone which covers his grave:—"Here lieth the body of Mr. John Thompson, of Bradford, Yorkshire, solicitor, aged 43 years, which was washed ashore on this coast on the 1st September, 1831. He and his wife were passengers in the Rothsay Castle steam-packet, which was wrecked near Puffin Island, in the Bay of Beaumaris, on the 17th of August, 1831. Those who knew him best esteemed him most. The body of his wife was picked up near Beaumaris, on the 29th August, 1831, and interred in that place on the following

was discovered near Bangor, with three gold watches on his person. He was also buried at Beaumaris. Mr. Thomas Reddish was found about a fortnight after the wreck, near Penmaenmawr, and interred in the churchyard of a small adjacent village. This gentleman, who was the brother of Mrs. W. H. Bentley, of St. Mary's Gate, was at the period of his death about to return to Cincinnati, in the United States of America, where he had resided for some years. The body of Mr. William Bottomley, of Rochdale, was washed on shore opposite the Yorkshire House, in Blackpool, about eight o'clock on the morning of the 31st of August, fourteen days after the wreck; and it was interred at Rochdale on the 4th of the succeeding month. It was a singular circumstance, that when the remains of Mr. Bottomley were found at Blackpool, a distance of between eighty and ninety miles from the scene of his premature death, a number of his most particular friends were there, in the temporary pursuit of health or recreation. Amongst them were the owner of the mill which he rented, and three or four members of the family of Mr. Jacob Bright, of Rochdale, with whom the deceased was intimately acquainted. The body of Mr. Alexander Wheeler, of Birmingham, was picked up at Pendryffryn, about ten days after the calamity, and taken to Dwygyvelchy, but the corpse was afterwards removed to Liverpool, and there interred on the 1st of September. The manner and places in which the rest of the

day." Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were, in accordance with their invariable custom, at their parish church on the Sunday preceding the "17th of August;" and a gentleman who was present informs me that "by some unaccountable feeling he was led to notice their behaviour during the whole service. They appeared exceedingly devout, and their attention to the sermon was intense in the extreme." The text was remarkably applicable to the awful circumstances of their case. It was constituted of the memorably emphatic words—"IT IS FINISHED."

sufferers were found have been noticed in the course of the work ; but, no doubt, many will remain unfound and unknown until the sea give up its dead. The following notice, which relates to this portion of my subject, appeared in the *Manchester Chronicle* of June 23d, 1832: "On the 14th of May last, the remains of a female were taken up on the sea-shore at Formby ; they are supposed to be those of one of the passengers in the ill-fated Rothsay Castle, lost in August, 1831. Having been nine months in the sea, or immured in the sands, the body was so much mutilated as to render any description of it impossible ; but a remnant of her dress providentially remains, sufficient, it may be hoped, to enable her friends to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on her identity. This has been transmitted to the Rev. T. Selkirk, of Bury, by an agent of the Earl of Derby, and the Rev. gentleman has left it at our office for the inspection of any person who may be interested in the above sadly-memorable event. An inquest was held on the remains by John Heys, Esq., of Prescott, coroner, who will readily give all the particulars within his knowledge to those who have occasion to apply. After the inquest, the body was becomingly interred in the neighbouring church. The part of the dress which the deceased had on, put into our care, is in good preservation, the pattern quite distinct, and the colours less faded than under the circumstances might have been expected. *Description* : 'A chintz print dress, of a large pattern, on a buff ground, with large crimson and lilac leaves, and other smaller flowers of the same colours.' The piece is about a quarter of a yard in length, and half a quarter in breadth. We shall feel great satisfaction if this article lead the family of the sufferer to a knowledge of the ultimate earthly destination of their relative."

The boats' crews that were reported by the late Mr. Harris, Lloyd's agent at Beaumaris, as entitled to reward

on this occasion for the saving of life, were as follows:—Boat from Beaumaris saved nine lives off the raft: names of the crew—Mr. William Lewis Walker, Evan Evans, Thomas Jones, William Jones, John Stanley, Robert Lloyd, Thomas Owen, Owen Jones. Penmon Pilot boat saved six lives: crew—William Roberts, Owen Roberts, and Owen Williams. Beaumaris boat saved three lives: crew—Hugh Jones, Richard Thomas, John Pritchard, Thomas Davies, and Richard Jones. Beaumaris boat saved one life: crew—Anthony Wilson, Richard Stanley, William Owen, William Lloyd, and William Owen. The boat from the yacht *Campeadora* saved two lives. In this list Mr. Harris has only accounted for twenty-one, but there were twenty-three saved, with the one referred to in the note at p. 105; and it may be mentioned as a fact not unworthy of notice, that after the lapse of eighteen months, from the period of the wreck to the publication of this work, I have reason to believe that twenty-two of that number are alive and well; respecting the other survivors, nothing is known. To Mr. W. L. Walker, who exerted himself in so prompt and successful a manner, the subscription-committee awarded a handsome Bible, in commemoration of the event; and a more appropriate gift, for a young student who had distinguished himself in such a cause, could not possibly be selected.

The fragments of the wreck, remains of the furniture of the cabins, &c., were sold by auction at the several places at which they were landed, or washed on shore. On the 26th of September, 1831, a portion of the timbers which had been heaped upon Beaumaris Green, and other articles belonging to the late *Rothsay Castle* which had been deposited in the yard of Mr. Harris, Lloyd's agent, were submitted to the hammer. Most of these were either only fit for firewood, or were entirely worthless; and the purchasers were actuated solely by the desire which prevailed to pos-

sess some relic of a calamity so fatally memorable. The broken bell, which was unavailingly rung in such dreadful extremity, was knocked down for 15s. 6d.; the compass and stand were sold for 27s.; the wheel, which contributed so importantly to save nine lives, sold for £2 2s.; the frame of the looking glass of the ladies' cabin, for 6s.; part of a dining table, 12s. 6d.; part of another table, 3s. 6d.; three broken chairs, 10s.; two ditto and two stools, 9s.; hair pillow, 1s. 6d. On the 27th of September another sale took place, at Llanfair, in Carnarvonshire, where a number of lots of a similar description were disposed of. Several volumes of books, all spoiled, sold for 21s.; and the broken book-shelves for 4s. At Conway, on the same day, a number of lots of old timber belonging to the Rothsay were also sold, amongst which the shattered rudder was knocked down for 2s. The third day's sale took place on the Green at Beaumaris, and the following articles, which had not been assured, were bought in by the owners at the prices annexed:—the boilers, £250; the engine, £65; the joints, &c., £10. The whole of the rest of the property, of which a *bonâ fide* sale was effected, and most of which produced much more than it was intrinsically worth, realized the sum of £75; making together £400.

On a subsequent visit to the scene of the wreck and the places just referred to, I received much information and kind attention from the Rev. Mr. Vincent, of Aber. That gentleman accompanied me to the beach, for the purpose of shewing me some fragments of the Rothsay Castle that had been cast on shore. We there met with an old fisherman, who was actively engaged on the morning of the calamity. He was very communicative; and, in speaking of the condition of the Rothsay Castle, of which his experience as a seaman rendered him competent to form a tolerably correct estimate, he said, "I would not have made a herring-boat of her timbers." Mr. Vincent told me, that when the awful



intelligence was first communicated to him, that a vessel had been wrecked, the remark he made was, "If it be the Rothsay Castle, I shall not be surprised at the circumstance." Such was the general impression of her unfitness; in corroboration of which, I may refer to the statement on the subject made by W. F. Campbell, Esq., to a select Committee of the House of Commons. That gentleman observed, in speaking of the Rothsay Castle,—“I knew that vessel in Loch Fine, running from Glasgow to Inverary, and I did not think her qualified even for that confined sea; I also knew that she was a very old vessel. I think that when the planking of a vessel depends upon its side (as in the case of the Rothsay), *she must, when she strikes the ground, break in half.*”

A sermon was preached at Edenfield, in the Parish of Bury, on the 18th of August, 1832, the anniversary of the wreck of the Rothsay Castle, to a few of the survivors, by the Rev. Mr. Clayton, minister of that village, in which Mr. Lawrence Duckworth resides. An invitation having been given by the latter individual to the several persons in his neighbourhood who were, like him, preserved where so many perished, they met at his house, and afterwards proceeded to church. The Rev. gentleman selected for his text part of the fourteenth verse of the thirteenth chapter of Hebrews—“Here we have no continuing city;” and after expressing his earnest wish to improve, for the benefit of the living, that appalling and heart-rending catastrophe which must have been deeply impressed upon many of those who were then around him, he expressed the hope that the Almighty would enable them so to pursue the solemn subject, that the contemplation of death might induce them all seriously to make becoming preparation for that life which is eternal. He then dwelt at length upon the awful truth conveyed so unequivocally in his text; and concluded by impressively appealing to the consciences of those who had so signally



experienced the merciful forbearance of their great Judge, to invite that self-examination which would either acquit them of a continuance in sin, or condemn them for disregarding the warning which had been held out to them in the fate of others.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and her illustrious and amiable daughter, the Princess Victoria, recently passed a few weeks in Beaumaris and the neighbourhood,\* during which time those distinguished personages visited the spot upon which the Rothsay Castle was lost, and took much interest in that deplorable event. The Eisteddfod, or meeting of the Welsh bards, &c., in celebration of an ancient national custom, was held at Beaumaris on the 28th and 29th of August last (1832), under the especial patronage of their Royal Highnesses, who honoured it with their presence, and gave additional interest to the scene by taking an active part in the proceedings.† The principal literary prize consisted of a premium of £20, and a medal of the value of £5, for the best ode on the *Wreck of the Rothsay Castle*; and for the second best, a

\* The mansion of the Owen family, which is within the circle implied by this term, would no doubt attract the attention of the royal party, as the "Owen" of Queen Anne's day is said to have given the "casting vote" which fixed the succession of the crown upon the House of Hanover.

† Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, who was president on the occasion, observed in his opening speech, that "As some ladies and gentlemen might not be fully acquainted with the precise nature of an Eisteddfod, he would endeavour, in a few words, to explain its origin and its design. In days of yore, Eisteddfodau were held every three years. The primary object of them was the cultivation of literature, the improvement of the morals of the people, and especially the encouragement of poetry and music. For these purposes Eisteddfodau were then held, and at the present day these purposes were not at all altered."

premium of £10 was adjudged. There were nineteen compositions submitted upon this subject; but the successful bard, for the first prize, was the Rev. W. Williams (Independent Minister), of Carnarvon; the second prize was awarded to Mr. Griffiths Williams, of Llandegai, whose poem was pronounced by the judges (the Rev. Walter Davies and Mr. William Jones) to be scarcely inferior to the one which obtained the higher distinction. The Rev. W. Williams was installed in the bardic chair, by the chair bards present; that is, by those who had gained similar honours on former occasions; and on the following day, the Reverend gentleman was invested with an extra medal by their Royal Highnesses jointly.

## CHAPTER VII.

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### PERSONAL NARRATIVES OF THE SURVIVORS.

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“Some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship; and so it came to pass that *these* escaped safe to land.”—ACTS xxvii. 44.

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THE Rev. W. Scoresby observes, in commenting upon the disastrous events forming the subject of this work, that there would be “a solemn satisfaction in pursuing the melancholy story, as derived from the verbal communications of the several survivors;” and that it would be “interesting to follow out the personal adventures of each individual sufferer:” and so fully do I coincide with such opinion, that I have taken considerable pains to extend and render authentic the matter under this head, though I have been tempted in my progress to deprive it of not a little of the information obtained for that purpose, by incorporating it with the body of the work; as in the instances particularly of Mr. Coxhead, Mr. John Duckworth, Mr. George Hammond, Mr. Martin, Mr. Marsden, Mr. Nuttall, Mrs. Payne, Mr. Whittaker and his sister, and Mr. Wilson, who have severally communicated much of interest with reference to the catastrophe in general, as well as to themselves. The “Narratives,” however, will still be found for the most part original: very little indeed of either Mr. Lawrence Duckworth’s or Mr. Martin’s has been hitherto published: and Mr. Broadhurst’s has only been partially circulated; as it was at first

written, to use his own words, "with the view of occasionally sparing himself the painful necessity of describing verbally those circumstances about which friendship might induce inquiry." In some few points, the narratives will disagree with what I have advanced elsewhere; but, in such cases, the reader may be assured that I have acted *advisedly*: such scenes can only be described by carefully comparing the statements of eye-witnesses, no one of whom can be competent to supply a perfect whole: for if every survivor of the carnage of a field like that of Waterloo were truly to relate all that came under his own observation, every account would be essentially different, and present new features of interest. The narratives follow in alphabetical succession.

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#### MR. WILLIAM BROADHURST.

Having had occasion to leave Sheffield on business, I proceeded to Chester, where my two daughters met me on Tuesday, the 16th of August, from Macclesfield, at which place and in the neighbourhood they had been spending some time, for the benefit of their health. I was very happy to see them in the full enjoyment of that inestimable blessing, and we calculated together upon the gratification which each would derive from a trip from our native shores to the Welsh coast: and especially upon the satisfaction with which we should presently return home to the family circle.

We arrived at the Wellington Arms, in Dale-street, Liverpool, on Wednesday, the 17th of August, about a quarter before eight o'clock. Having breakfasted together, I requested my two daughters to hold themselves in readiness for setting out, by the time that I should return from making a brief call upon a friend of mine (Mr. James Marsden, jun.), whom I then hastened to see. This gen-

tleman went with me to the packet-office, to ascertain the precise time of the vessel's sailing: we were informed the time would be ten o'clock in the forenoon. My friend afterwards walked with me to the Wellington Arms: it was then about a quarter past nine, and we were ready in a few minutes. Mr. Marsden accompanied us to the vessel, and on the way called at an office to write for us a note of introduction to a friend of his in Beaumaris, desiring him, if he could not himself accommodate us, to procure for us comfortable lodgings elsewhere. Our friend also requested that, when we returned, we would make his house our home during our stay in Liverpool. I accepted his kind invitation, and purposed to be with him on the Saturday to spend a few days, little apprehending what an awful end was fast approaching!

We were all in good health, and my dear children in the highest spirits, in the anticipation of our promised excursion; and they repeatedly expressed their wishes *that their mother could have been with us to make our little party complete*. We were on board before the appointed time, as I was very anxious on this point, having on other occasions witnessed great punctuality in some of the commanders of packets, as to the time for sailing. In this instance it was the very reverse, being within two or three minutes of eleven o'clock when we actually sailed; and but for remonstrances made to the captain, it would, in all probability, have been still later, as there was another boat following us, containing a gentleman for whom the captain was waiting; when a passenger, I believe Mr. Leigh, of Liverpool, standing near the captain, said he would report him if he stopped. Orders were, therefore, given to proceed.

When we got round the rock, several of us remarked that the noble packet, the *Mona's Isle*, for the Isle of Man, was nearly out of sight: she sailed about a quarter-past ten. I merely mention this fact to show *what a serious disad-*

*vantage it was to us to have lost the hour at starting.* We had not been long afloat before remarks were made about the apparent weakness of the vessel; it was observed that she required almost constant trimming. The wind increasing, it was two o'clock in the afternoon, and we were still considerably to leeward of the floating light, a situation in which a skilful captain would not have placed his passengers in a bad vessel, the wind and tide both against us. At this time, the Rev. Owen Owen, of Beaumaris, and I were sitting together in conversation and anxiety on the quarter deck. We calculated that, unless the wind abated or changed, it would be at the least past eleven o'clock at night before we should reach Beaumaris. The wind continued to increase, until it blew tolerably fresh, but not so as to have impressed any experienced persons with the idea that there was anything like danger, supposing the vessel to have been seaworthy.

We were so exceedingly crowded with passengers, &c., that I only left the quarter deck some five or six minutes during the whole voyage, and those occasions were when my daughters became sick, and I went down to inquire how they were, and to ask them whether they would take any refreshment, or could venture on deck. I went down once, intending to have dined, but the cabin was so full of sick people that I returned. I mention this to account for my knowing very little about what was going on at the forepart of the vessel.

We entered Abergele Bay about four in the afternoon. The wind continuing to blow much as it had done for some time past, I frequently mentioned to a gentleman near me what I considered extreme want of attention in the captain to his duty. When about half way across the Bay, and nearly half-past six o'clock, the tide was running in our favour, but, being neap tide, was evidently not of much assistance to us. I asked the man at the helm what



he thought of our situation: he intimated that he did not like it. I then asked him whether he thought we could continue our voyage, or should be obliged to return: he shook his head, and replied that he did not know, but thought it would be better to return.

When the lamp was put into the binnacle, I noticed that there was not a light either placed a-head or upon the mast-head. I asked the mate the reason, and whether there was not to be one hoisted: he answered "Yes," and went a-head, as I supposed, to order it; this, however, was not done. Some time afterwards I again spoke to him, remarking that it was very strange, especially considering all the disadvantageous circumstances under which we were labouring, that there was no light put out. About half past eight we were *off Little Ormshead*, after which *we were nearly two hours making Great Ormshead*. While making the distance between the two last bearings, the mate came and assisted the helmsman to hold the wheel for near half an hour. I thought we were much too near land, especially it being a lee shore. I should think we were not more than about three hundred yards from the point of Ormshead. Here I was several times greatly afraid the packet would go down altogether. I asked the mate his opinion of the vessel; he replied he had been at sea twenty-two years, and never had a better ship under him.

We were frequently obliged to steer W.N.W. and within half a point of that course for a considerable time together, on our passage through Abergele Bay, and from Little to Great Ormshead, as well as from the latter point to Puffin Island; notwithstanding which we drifted to leeward.

I may here observe that there were only three passengers beside myself on the quarter deck or poop, for some hours before the vessel struck. When about two or three miles from Great Ormshead, the captain, who had not been heard or seen for some hours, called out, enquiring "What

course?" To which the mate returned an answer. The captain then ordered our course to be changed, upon which the mate replied, "Then we shall be too much to leeward;" exclaiming with the same breath, "I'll go a-head." There he remained a very considerable time. After the mate was gone, I did not think the helmsman attended exactly to the captain's orders; for I frequently looked at the compass myself, and noticed that we did not appear to deviate much in our course. In about ten or fifteen minutes after, the mate had returned, and our course was changed; but in a few minutes more he went away again. At this moment, one of the passengers on the deck and I were congratulating each other, as to how fortunate it appeared that the sinking moon had just held out until we were come on this tack, mistakenly calculating as, alas, we did, that we were then about to enter Beaumaris Bay,\* and that all our dangers and apprehensions were over! But the Allwise Disposer of events, whose command the wind and waves obey, had ordered otherwise.

At the time just alluded to, the helmsman touched me on the shoulder, and pointed out the *breakers on our larboard*, to all appearance not more than about one hundred yards from us. I was now greatly alarmed at our condition and prospects, and so, I am persuaded, was the steersman himself. Had the mate been present, and had he put the helm about at this moment, in my opinion the catastrophe would have been delayed, if not prevented. He returned, but I do not suppose more than about five or ten minutes elapsed before the vessel grounded astern. It was now near one o'clock in the morning of the 18th. I instantly asked the mate whether he thought we could back off; he

\* Or rather that part of it distinguished as the Menai Strait; for it might be said that they entered the Bay on passing the Great Ormshead, especially as they quickly got so far to leeward.

still, however, continued to strive to go forward in the same course. Seeing things in this alarming state, I immediately ran down to the ladies' cabin to see what could be done with my daughters. The inquiry below was general—"Is there any danger?" I replied that I apprehended there was danger. All presently became confusion, and the passengers hastened upon deck. The vessel did not strike again for several minutes; and had she been seaworthy, and her machinery effective, I do think she might have been backed off, or been put helm about, and all the passengers have probably escaped with their lives. Bad as she was, I believe I only state the general conviction, when I give it as my opinion, that had the captain and mate been steady and attentive to their duty, we might have weathered it round the buoy at the point of the Dutchman's Bank, where we should have been comparatively out of all danger.

After I had placed my children on the quarter deck, I ran forward to look into the engine-room. The fires were nearly out, and the water standing nearly a foot deep: the pumps were choked up, and no buckets were to be had: the vessel must have been taking in water through the seams for hours; and, from what I now saw, I was convinced that without a wonderful interposition of a merciful Providence in our behalf, we should assuredly all perish. While the wheels continued to move, which was at this crisis very slowly, they seemed as if they were striking against the boiler, or something that produced a similar sound. I then returned (*not knowing at the time where the captain was*), and went to the mate, to know whether there were any rockets, or aught else, on board, by which signals of distress could be made: to which he sharply answered, "I cannot speak to you." *I do not think there was any thing on board with which a signal could have been made; but if there were, it was not used.* The captain, who now had

made his appearance, gave several orders, to which the helmsman attended as well as he could; obedience to the last order that he had given put the head of the vessel in the midst of the breakers, not to move again. I believe after this the captain was never heard or seen on deck: *what became of him still appears a sort of mystery.* It is my painful duty to state, that when death stared us in the face, and in the midst of that general scene of confusion and distress which accompanied the wreck, *we were repeatedly most grossly insulted*, by being told there was "nothing to fear, we had a good vessel under us;" that "she would hold together until day light, when we could get assistance from the shore," &c.

As it was now ascertained that *we either could not or must not have any signal made*, it was resolved that we should shout; and such shouting I never heard as that which rose from considerably more than one hundred human beings literally shouting for their lives! It was loud and awful; but, owing to the tremendous noise of the mighty billows, our voices could not be heard. It was not until after we began to shout that the bell was allowed to be rung, and which, unfortunately, soon lost its clapper! And when the lamp was taken from the binnacle, I suppose with the intention of hoisting it at the mast head, *it was let fall, and out went the only light of any kind which we had on board!* From the time the vessel first struck, until the devastating waves began their work of death amongst us, was not more than half an hour. In about a quarter of an hour the chimney fell overboard with a tremendous crash, the top lying alongside of the starboard quarter-deck. In a few minutes afterwards down came the main-mast, its upper part striking upon the quarter-deck. The vessel rolled several times from side to side, then *fell on her starboard,\** while

\* That is, with an inclination to windward. See page 51.

numbers of the passengers crowded to the larboard of the quarter-deck, as being the highest part out of water. Here I first placed my dear children, and took my stand close to them. The human mind cannot conceive, much less my pen attempt to describe, the scene of horror that now presented itself—all hope of safety and escape having vanished. Oh, the heart-rending cries of children clinging to their parents, the parents clasping their children in their arms, and praying for them in the most fervent manner! Husbands and wives embracing each other, and together calling upon the Almighty, who alone could deliver them!

The boat was often called for, but we were told it was of no service; it appeared not to be capable of carrying more than twelve or thirteen persons, even in moderately still water; consequently it would not in all likelihood have lived a minute amidst those mighty breakers. So many had now pressed for security to the place where we stood, that I became alarmed, as fearing every wave (for they had now begun to run over us with great violence) would break down our standing-place, and thus precipitate us at once into the midst of the relentless sea, so that we should be lost altogether. In the midst of my confusion of mind I moved, I hardly knew why, with my daughters to the prostrate mast, as near the head as possible. We had only left our former situation a few minutes when I looked round, and saw that nearly the whole of the persons who stood with us were washed into the sea, to the number, I should think, of at least twenty-five or thirty people. Each succeeding wave now took its victims with it. The surge having thrown up a large piece of the vessel, and laid it in such a position before us that I feared the next wave would strike it against us, and inevitably either kill us or send us into the sea, I stepped over the mast, and holding by my right hand, with my left stretched out, I succeeded in warding off the blow: I had not, however, regained my station



before I was washed into the sea, where I was, for a short time, ingulphed under the broken pieces of the vessel; and, but for a most extraordinary Providence, must certainly have been lost for ever. I placed myself as well as I could on my back, and by very great efforts with hands and feet pushed myself from under the floating timbers.

*While in that awful situation, I felt several of my companions struggling for life about me.* It was some time before I could seize any thing that would support me; at length I succeeded, but could not by any means regain the vessel, I was so much exhausted. I now stretched my anxious eyes to that part of the wreck on which I had left my dear children, and beheld them still holding to the mast. Oh, the anguish of mind which I experienced at this moment, when I could not render them any assistance! I most fervently recommended them to their merciful Creator and Redeemer, who, I knew, alone could preserve us from the awful, and apparently inevitable, death which threatened us. I prayed that if it was not his divine will that we should meet together on earth, we might meet in our heavenly Father's kingdom, there to go no more out for ever, and where neither sorrow nor sighing should ever enter.

After I had brought my dear children up out of the cabin, they asked me whether we were in danger. I felt it to be my duty to answer, "Yes, in most imminent danger; and unless Providence granted us his gracious protection, I greatly feared we should all soon pass into eternity." They then said, "Dear father, had it not been for us you would not have been here: you have to blame us for this." *They repeatedly requested that I would not mind them, but endeavour to save myself, for their dear mother and brothers' sake; I need not to say, what earthly parent could attempt to do this!* They both earnestly prayed, calling upon Jesus to pardon all their sins, and to receive their departing spirits: and



my present consolation is, the hope and trust I entertain that *He heard and answered their prayers*. When I was in the water, I heard them crying out—"Oh, my father! my father! he is gone!"—These were the last words I ever heard them utter.

The little raft on which I was saved was about three feet square, and composed of three boards nailed to four small spars: three of them extending about a foot over the boards on the outer edge, allowed me, very providentially, to place myself at a corner between two of them. At one time I was washed from this frail security, but very fortunately succeeded in catching hold of it at the dash of the next wave. At another time, a thin board about seven feet long struck through one of the joints of my float: this alarmed me much, as it loosened the nails of one of the boards from two of the spars. I had much difficulty in getting this board out; and, with every surge, was fearful lest it should break one board entirely loose, then the rest would not have sustained me. I was considerably bruised on my left hand, thigh, and leg, before I was thrown from the vessel, in endeavouring to protect my children; and, when under the broken pieces of the vessel, by a nail that pierced the back of my hand. I was afterwards a good deal lacerated by a nail which was fast through one spar of my little float, and which pierced my right side; but this I was obliged to endure, not being able to get it out. I was many times very much afraid of the floating pieces of wreck either striking me or my little bark, which might have sunk me for ever; but nothing touched either, except the board already mentioned, although many pieces came very near.

I was taken up along with others by a boat from Beaumaris, about half-past eight o'clock on the morning of the 18th, after buffeting about full six hours and a half in the sea. All the refreshment I had taken, from eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, was a very small quantity of bread

and cheese, and a little biscuit. When the water began to run over us, I several times felt the cramp in my legs, which alarmed me lest I should be seized with it, and not be able to make an effort to escape. To nothing less than the Almighty power and goodness of God, who enabled me to retain my faculties of body and mind throughout the whole time that passed under such afflicting circumstances, can I ascribe my most extraordinary escape. How merciful, then, has the Almighty been to me! infinitely, indeed, beyond my deserts. In the midst of judgment, the Lord has remembered mercy; and my desire is, that this afflictive dispensation may be sanctified to every surviving branch of my family—that the life so signally spared to myself may henceforth be wholly devoted to its great Author and Preserver—and that, amidst my severe bereavement, I may be enabled with calm and humble resignation to say, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.”

I cannot conclude this brief narrative without recording my grateful acknowledgments to the many kind, sympathizing friends who sent to inquire after me in Beaumaris. They were so numerous, that I hope it will be a sufficient apology for not introducing the names of any, lest I should omit some, and so doing, I might be thought ungrateful. I also desire to present my most grateful remembrance to the very numerous friends who called upon my much afflicted wife, before my return home, and upon both of us since our arrival from Beaumaris: also, to the many sincere corresponding individuals, who have been so very solicitous to pour the balm of consolation into the wound with which Providence has seen right in his infinite wisdom to afflict us.

The body of my youngest daughter, Ellen, was taken up near Conway, the 19th of August; that of her elder sister, Margaret, was not found until the 24th of September, after

having, as is supposed, been covered with the sand in the interval since the wreck. They were both conveyed to Liverpool, and interred in the vault of a friend,\* in the ground adjoining Newington chapel.

It may be mentioned as a singular coincidence, that a copy of verses, intitled "The Valley of Scheveningen," by Charles Swain, and descriptive of an awful storm at sea, was found among my dear children's memorandums in one of their pocket-books, in the trunk which was brought on shore.†

WILLIAM BROADHURST.

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### MR. JOHN COXHEAD.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 17th of August, at ten o'clock, I embarked at Liverpool on board the Rothsay Castle steamer, to proceed to Bangor, with the intention of visiting the neighbourhood. Upon my reaching the vessel, I found a great number of passengers already on board, and many continued to arrive, until a quarter to eleven o'clock, the captain having delayed the time fixed for sailing three quarters of an hour, for the purpose of taking a carriage on board, for which he was to receive two guineas. The morning, from the commencement, was inauspicious; it was cold, and blew hard, accompanied with rain. Notwithstanding, all the company, mostly bent upon pleasure, seemed inclined to make themselves as happy and comfortable as the circumstances would permit. The

\* Mr. Broadhurst says, in a note to this passage — "The friend here alluded to is Mr. James Marsden, Jun., of Liverpool, with whom I had promised to spend a few days on our return from Beaumaris, and who, on hearing of the wreck, kindly hastened to my assistance."

† See note, page 30, in which this circumstance is referred to.

band, consisting of a clarionet, horn, and drum, struck up the tune of "Cheer up, cheer up!" a very singular circumstance, as the sequel proved; but, of course, no particular notice was taken of it at the time. At last the vessel got under weigh, and we proceeded pretty steadily for the first two or three hours. After that time the wind increased considerably, and the vessel rocked so much that the greater portion of the passengers became very ill, and continued to be so the whole of the day. Although I had suffered much from indisposition for some days previous, the motion of the vessel did not produce a similar effect upon myself; but, as a precautionary measure, I remained upon deck in one place nearly the whole of the day, which prevented me from seeing or conversing much with the other passengers. I had, however, some conversation with several of the ladies and gentlemen, and nothing like apprehension was entertained by any of them until the afternoon, some time before we perceived the Ormshead, when the wind was so high, with a sea which the captain, in my presence, declared to be a much heavier one than he had ever known in those parts. The vessel strained violently, and the water was forced in considerable quantities through the seams of the paddle-boxes. We were now not making more than one or two knots an hour. The roughness of the wind and sea increasing, some of the passengers at various times expressed their fears that the storm was too much for the vessel, and entreated the captain to turn back, if he could not get under shelter; but he continued assuring them that it was only the tail of the storm which had passed us, and that we should be immediately out of its reach; always contradicting himself, however, and that nearly at the same instant, by openly declaring that he never remembered such a sea; and adding, with evident anxiety, "I wish to God I could get somewhere to ride the storm out." We continued our course, the sea

running mountains high, and arrived off the Little Orms-head about eight o'clock. The vessel continued to strain considerably, and made so little way, that we were from that hour until nearly twelve o'clock before we made Puffin Island. The sea had for some time beaten with so much violence against and over the vessel, that all who had remained on deck were thoroughly drenched; and as it was with great difficulty that we could at all preserve our footing, myself and many others thought it more prudent to seek refuge in the cabin. This was about eleven or half past eleven o'clock, and it was now for the first time that we spoke seriously of the danger which we were evidently encountering. We could, however, obtain nothing but vague replies to any enquiries we made, either of the captain or crew; and upon any one attempting to expostulate with the former, as to the injudiciousness of his attempting to proceed, his answers were not only unsatisfactory, but to say the least very improper, and at the same time always tending to increase the alarm which existed. For myself, from the movements of the captain, mate, and steward, for some time before the vessel struck, I was morally certain that they had long been fully aware of the danger; but as many females were about me, several having come into the gentlemen's cabin, I thought it imprudent to express my fears openly, thinking that if the vessel made only the least way we should eventually reach our destination. Our notice, however, was shortly after attracted by the cabin floor being covered with water, which continued to increase; and, before the vessel struck, it was in some parts six inches and upwards in depth. This was a circumstance so highly calculated to increase the apprehensions of all the passengers, that we insisted upon the captain coming down himself and explaining the cause. We could not, however, get him to make his appearance, and the steward persisted in declaring that it was only bilge water. As the



water increased, we became still louder in our request for the captain to come down; and at length one of the engineers came, and told us that a small screw of the boiler had become loose, and that the water in the cabin partly arose from that cause. Whilst we were deliberating as to the steps which should be taken under the circumstances, the vessel struck, but not with extraordinary violence; quite sufficiently so, however, to warn us of the imminent peril we were now in. There was no mistaking then, and it was useless to demand further explanation. We all rushed on deck; and the females, when they witnessed the scene of confusion which there ensued, gave way at once to their feelings, and their piercing shrieks struck terror into the hearts of others who were more strongly nerved, and not so easily inclined to give themselves up to despair. Myself and others took upon ourselves to calm their fears, pointing out to them that presence of mind alone could prove the means of preservation, and imploring them to desist for the sake of the other passengers. We succeeded in our endeavours, and now the captain was to be heard at the head of the vessel, directing the helmsman to steer first to starboard, then to port, and then to starboard again, himself apparently undetermined what course he should pursue. As the vessel seemed not to have grounded very fast in the sand, we had strong hopes that she might again float; and by the direction of the captain we all kept changing our positions, first going forward and then aft, in order to render her as buoyant as possible; at the same time, all those who were able worked alternately at the pump, until it was choked. The engine had long become useless, and the water could now be seen gaining ground, and filling all the lower parts of the vessel. In this dreadful state of suspense we continued for upwards of ten minutes, when the vessel actually did float; but, alas, she then struck a second and a third



time upon the sands, with the most frightful concussions ! Now, indeed, hope fled for ever ; the hand of death was upon all ; and those who had sufficient energy sought for the means of saving themselves. The crew were the most active, and I kept my eye upon their operations, thinking that as they would naturally adopt the most likely means to preserve themselves, I could do no better than follow their example. The case, however, appeared hopeless to all ; all alike were unable to think or say what they should do. The scene was now indeed terrific—such as to beggar all description. Praying, shrieking, swooning ; parents with their children, children with their parents ; wives with their husbands, husbands with their wives, enfolded in each other's arms and in agonies of despair, determined to perish together. Many threw themselves down upon the deck, without making an effort to save themselves. I moved about a considerable time, but the case appeared to be so truly hopeless, that I positively could not bring myself to think that a single soul could be saved by any earthly means : I accordingly went to the stern, and seated myself upon one of the benches which still remained, and from that place I witnessed indeed a scene which I shall never forget whilst I have life ! The bell had been rung until it was broken ; no light was hoisted ; and just then a singular circumstance attracted my observation. One of the seamen came to the binnacle, which bears the compass, deliberately took out the lantern it contained, to afford light to the helmsman, and threw it with much force upon the deck, breaking it into many pieces, and of course extinguishing the light ; and I cannot bring my mind to any other conclusion than that this was purposely done, although he immediately lamented that the only chance of making a signal was now destroyed ! For what purpose it was done I cannot say ; he instantly disappeared, and I saw no more of him. Every wave that broke over the

deck did its work of death; the captain's voice was now hushed—he must have perished with the first. The chimney came down with a great shock, and fell upon the side of the vessel immediately opposite where I was, bringing with it the main-mast. I instinctively caught hold of one of the ropes attached to it, and folded it round my left arm: I recommended some of the females around me to adopt the same plan, and did what I could to comfort them in their affliction. At that part of the vessel there were then about forty or fifty persons, and none had as yet been washed away from it; a tremendous sea, however, soon struck the vessel, and she seemed to split from one end to the other. The sensation was dreadful. I naturally thought that the next wave would seal the doom of all that now remained, and it truly did so. *A death-like silence prevailed*, for all could not but be conscious that now they must prepare to meet their Maker. It came! The vessel lurched so much that she was upon her side in almost a perpendicular position. We clung to one another; or to the side of the vessel, and this was indeed an awful moment! The sea did not immediately wash us over; it had spent its fury, and we remained for a very brief space, with our heads inclining with the inclination of the vessel, so as nearly to touch the water, when our collective weight carried away the bulwark, and we were all at once precipitated into the foaming element! When I arose, *a dreadful cry* reached my ear; it was the cry of death—but *all was soon hushed!* Those who could, caught hold of the first thing that presented itself to them. For myself, although when I was swept off I had forgotten the circumstance, I found myself with the rope around my arm, and a wave almost immediately carried me against the side of the wreck, with great force. I strove to get on board, but another sea broke over me and I was again washed away. A second time I tried, with the same want of success; and

as I suffered much from the bruises I received in my attempts, I thought for a moment of releasing myself from the rope. Providence, however, interposed, and I caught hold of the rope with my right hand, which I had before been unable to do, and with great exertion I threw myself into the net-work at the stern of the vessel. Here I managed to support myself for a considerable time, tossed about with the wreck, and unable to shew my head above it in order to procure assistance. After the lapse, however, of at least a quarter of an hour, I did so, and prevailed upon two of my fellow-sufferers who were upon that part of the vessel to give me a hand, by which I was enabled to throw myself on deck, and seize the rudder-wheel.\* This portion of the vessel almost immediately parted from the wreck, forming a sort of raft, which eventually proved the means of saving nine of us. It was upon this raft that Miss Whittaker was saved, of whom much mention has been made; and certainly I can bear testimony to the great presence of mind she displayed during the whole of the time we were floating about; viz., from about two to seven o'clock, when we were picked up by the *Campeadora's* boat. I perfectly remember the boat coming to us, but I do not recollect how I got into it, and my senses left me until we reached Beaumaris, when I recollect opening my eyes a moment, as they were carrying me up the beach; I, however, soon again lost all consciousness, which only returned at intervals during the whole of the next day. I happily, however, thanks to Divine Providence, recovered; and I avail myself of this opportunity of expressing

\* See a more particular description of the circumstances here related, page 77. As before observed, I have derived much information from the several kind communications with which Mr. Coxhead has favoured me, which has been incorporated with my general narrative, and omitted in this part of the work.

my sense of obligation for the very great attention and kindness I received whilst at Beaumaris. In concluding, I remark, with respect to the conduct of the captain, that I consider him to have been a headstrong, impetuous, fool-hardy man; and I am positively convinced that he was aware of his danger a long time before the vessel struck, but would listen to no expostulations; determined, perhaps, from a sense of misguided pride, to brave every danger, and put the lives of all on board in the greatest peril, rather than turn back or alter his course. The mate seemed to be entirely under his control; and if the circumstance of a pilot being on board had been generally known, I am certain that some decisive steps would have been adopted by the passengers. With respect to the state of the vessel, my opinion is that she was extremely defective, and totally unfit for such a station in stormy weather; for every sea that beat heavily against her caused her to strain in every part: and from portions of the wreck which were washed on shore, sufficient evidence can be gained on that point. I shall refrain from commenting upon the conduct of the proprietor of the vessel (Watson) after the catastrophe; I perhaps may have occasion to do so elsewhere. Many affecting incidents came under my observation during the time the vessel was going to pieces; but as I have exceeded my limits, I must conclude with an earnest prayer that means may be adopted by government to prevent the recurrence of such horrible scenes.

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With the preceding, and the narrative-matter which follows, I received the subjoined letter from Mr. Coxhead, which, while it shows the superior accuracy of these corrected statements, will clear me from any charge of having patched them up from other works:

London, 27th September, 1831.

SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21st, requesting me to furnish you with some particulars relative to the loss of the Rothsay Castle, and it gives me much pleasure to be able to comply with your request. I must, however, inform you that on the evening previous to my leaving Beaumaris, I had been solicited to draw up a sort of narrative in connexion with my own preservation: I hurriedly did so, and I have reason to know that it has been in the hands of several gentlemen; some portion of it therefore may have found its way to publication. I, however, enclose a copy of it (No. 1.); it may be useful to you, as I have endeavoured to *embody with it several additional particulars*. I have also furnished an extended relation to parties who have applied to me, of which you have a copy in paper No. 2. These two papers contain nearly all the incidents I can supply: if, however, you think there is any point requiring further elucidation, I shall be most happy to afford it, if in my power. Meantime—I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

Mr. Joseph Adshead, &c.

JOHN COXHEAD.

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I was, (continues Mr. Coxhead, in his “Paper No. 2,”) as I before observed, in the cabin when the vessel struck: many others were there, some very ill indeed from the violent motion of the vessel. The first shock was not very severe, but the danger was manifest, and it seemed to have an electrifying effect upon many of those sufferers from seasickness, whom, under any other circumstances, it would have been impossible to have aroused from their nearly lifeless condition. In consequence of the rush which took place to get upon deck, the passage up stairs was impeded; at which a gentleman, whom I have reason to believe must have been Mr. Tarrey, who had so great a stake on board, showed the feelings which must have agitated his breast by impatiently rushing onwards; carrying, as it were, the whole mass before him, and seemingly unconscious of any



single object or obstacle until he gained the deck. He passed me hurriedly to go to the front, and I did not, to my recollection, see him afterwards. I am inclined to think that the greatest portion of his family must have perished in the cabin, for I did not at any time perceive so many grouped together, as it is natural to suppose would have been the case had they come on deck.\* The steward's wife had come up amongst the first, which he perceiving, insisted upon her again going down, no doubt anxious that the scene, which had already become of a frightful nature, should be hidden from her as long as possible. He seemed very fond of her; and on his endeavouring to force her down the stairs, she insisted upon remaining, and they struggled together for a short time, when, he perceiving her to be resolute, he desisted, and from that moment sought only for the means of preserving her and himself. He appeared to try many methods; unfortunately the one he adopted proved unavailing. He lashed himself to his wife, under my feet, and it was truly a subject for the poet, the sculptor, or the painter. The husband seated upon a small piece of board on the deck, fastening the ropes in every way, the sea continually beating over them, he himself apparently unconscious of any thing but the object in which he was engaged; his poor wife motionless; her head hanging down, seemingly not knowing why or wherefore he was so eagerly lashing her to him. These circumstances constituted such a picture, that if ever I regretted not having the power of description in its most vivid form, it would be now. I turned away from the affecting scene, and by this time the vessel had struck a second time, and the horrors of the night presented themselves in their most appalling shape. I made for the stern, and the Owens first attracted my notice. I had seen much of them in the day-time, and

\* See page 57.



I felt greatly interested for them. One of the ladies, with her hands uplifted, was imploring the aid of Heaven, and could not bring herself to meet her fate with that perfect resignation evinced by the other. She continued exclaiming, "Must we all perish? It cannot be!" and such like. Mr. Owen had taken them in his arms, and seated himself near me; the two ladies knelt down on the deck, their faces buried in his lap. They were all washed over with myself. Mr., Mrs., and Miss Lucas also interested me much, for the same reason. Miss Lucas had been very unwell all the day; and her parents being likewise ill, it had been in my power to pay her some trifling attention, such as supporting her at different times during the day. They likewise came near that part of the vessel where I was, and were also washed over at the same time. To the last moment Mrs. Lucas continued uttering the most agonizing cries. "*Oh, my child! Oh, Margaret! it was you who persuaded us to come this journey? Oh, my children at home! No one left to protect them! Oh, Margaret, Margaret, this is your fault!*" "*Oh, my dear mother, do not say so! Father, was it me? you know I did not wish to come!*" Whilst so accusing one another, they were carried into the foaming abyss!—Mr. Forster, upon the first alarm, had immediately sought his wife, and gone to the front of the vessel. He appeared to be a gentleman whose frame was incapable of bearing much exertion; and upon ascertaining the certainty that no hope remained, he took a position behind one of the paddle-boxes, enfolding his wife in his arms. It was there that I first saw him after the vessel had struck. It was thought by some of the passengers that if his carriage were cut away it would lighten the vessel, and perhaps cause her to float. Permission was asked of him to do so, which he instantly granted, only expressing a wish that some of the property which it contained might be saved. One of the crew volunteered, if he intrusted him

with the key, to take every thing out, and place the whole safely in the cabin, with which Mr. Forster appeared satisfied; but the captain hearing that the carriage was going to be cut away, gave orders that it should remain, as it would be useless to throw it overboard. I suggested to Mr. Forster that the carriage was a very likely thing to prove the means of their preservation, if they took their station near it, and advised him to move from his present place towards it. He shook his head, and his servant being near, he requested him to go and fetch his cloak. The poor man obeyed, and brought it from the cabin, placing it on his master's shoulders. Mr. Forster also sheltered his wife with it. I heard him ejaculate, "My dear wife, my dear wife!" when I moved away. Mr. Forster's body was found under the wreck, and I account for it in this way: a heavy sea had carried away the paddle-box, and he must at the same time have fallen into the vacuum caused by it. The violence of the shock would easily separate him from his wife.—There was an elderly gentleman, whose conduct excited much of my admiration; and he may be known to some of his friends from the following circumstance: he had in the morning taken his place upon one of the benches, and thrown his feet over one of its arms; and remaining in that position the whole of the day, his wife being by his side, I had an opportunity of inquiring the reason of his sitting in that position, when he informed me that formerly, when he made a journey by sea, he was invariably very ill, and it was accidentally mentioned to him that sitting in this posture prevented sea sickness; he had accordingly adopted the simple remedy, and always with the desired effect, never having been unwell at sea since he did so. This gentleman had never, as I remarked before, changed his position during the whole of the day, and he managed to keep himself in it to a very late hour at night. When the scene of death had begun, he did not change his place,

his position of course he did; his wife knelt at his feet, and he was perhaps the most fervent of any of the passengers in his outward prayers to the Almighty. He called upon and exhorted all to join with him, expressing himself perfectly happy and resigned, although he could not help believing that he should be saved. I endeavoured to ascertain if he really were so, but I could obtain no satisfactory tidings, and I should myself think that he is not one of the survivors, as I do not imagine that he could have made any exertion when washed over. His wife was handsomely dressed in white, was much taller than himself, and of lady-like appearance. As I have never seen either of their persons described in any way, I am fearful that their bodies have not been found.\*—Whilst I was upon the bench, a poor little black boy, belonging to the vessel, who it appeared had no natural protector on board, came crying to the place where I was. I spoke a few words of comfort to him, and he instantly grasped me by the neck in a convulsive manner, his face beaming with gratitude, for the protection which he fancied I could render him. I felt very much for the poor child, but I at once saw that if he so held me both of us must perish, and I endeavoured to prevail upon him to relinquish his grasp; to force him to do so would have been a difficult task. I was obliged to tell him that if he took hold of my coat it would be much better for himself, and after some time he did so. When we were washed over he was with me, but I never saw him more; for, as I have elsewhere observed, when I arose I was alone: the boy was drowned!—Mr. Broadhurst and his daughters were also of the number who went over with me. I did

\* The lady and gentleman referred to were Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, of Bath. The melancholy satisfaction derivable from the recovery of their remains was conferred upon their afflicted friends, as will be seen by reference to a preceding chapter, page 135.

not observe anything very remarkable with respect to them : the father was absorbed in grief, the daughters hid their faces in his bosom.—As I remained during the latter part of the time stationary upon the stern, I had but rather an indistinct view of what was going on forward. The captain's voice was soon lost ; I cannot say in which way he was washed over. At the time when all were engaged in earnest devotion, the gentleman to whom I have before alluded praying aloud, it was thought that a light could be perceived on Puffin Island ; when, as if instinctively, all at the same moment commenced a loud shout, and continued it for some minutes : it was, however, in vain, and the light could only have been imaginary. The moon had gone down, and from two until daybreak it was very dark, adding additional horrors to our situation. Whilst we were floating about on the raft very few words escaped any of us. Many who had caught hold of pieces of the wreck were not able to keep them, and I saw them sink, apparently from exhaustion. Upon one of the masts eight or nine had fixed themselves ; and, with the exception of one only, *I saw all fall off one after another.* In fact, my eyes grew dim with the scene that was passing before me, and I leave imagination to paint that which remains to be told of this mournful story.—I should say that, considering the number of persons on board, there was evinced a considerable portion of fortitude and resignation ; much more than many would suppose could have been the case.

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The following is an extract from a letter which I have lately received from Mr. Coxhead. It refers to the period directly subsequent to the admission of Mr. George Hammond to a place upon the raft : see page 95.

\* \* \* Our situation, however, from this increase of weight, became very critical : the raft was more deeply covered with water than before, and we certainly could not have floated any longer if

another person had joined us. From the helplessness of my condition, I was necessarily the whole of the time completely immersed in water, with the exception of my head, which was kindly supported from time to time by my fellow-sufferers.\* I had in consequence, before the boat reached us, become quite insensible, and could not have survived many minutes, the cramp having previously seized the whole of my frame. This will account to you for the very imperfect details which I am enabled to furnish, with respect to what happened after I regained the wreck; and I the more regret that I was so reduced, inasmuch as it prevents me from affording you such assistance as I could wish.

\* \* \* \* \*

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

Mr. Joseph Adshead, &c.

JOHN COXHEAD.

### MR. JOHN DUCKWORTH.

After myself and wife got on board the steamer, a carriage belonging to a gentleman of the name of Forster, from London, who with his wife and servant man were on board, was brought to the quay, and embarked with some difficulty. About five minutes before eleven, we lifted the anchor, and began to drop down the river; and after we passed the floating light the weather became very rough, the water broke over the bows of the vessel, and some of the passengers who had been at sea before intimated that we were in danger; and, in consequence, the passengers began to be alarmed. The captain told us we were half way when we were only about twenty miles from Liverpool. I thought we were not making any way at all. A man told the captain when he came from dinner, that the fires of the engine were not kept up, on which he swore he would go and kick the ——— out of the hole. He went towards the engine, but I did not hear what he said to the man.

\* Mr. Wilson and Miss Whittaker.



A gentleman came to me, and said the coal was so wet the man could not keep the fire in; this was understood to be caused by the water which had leaked through the bottom of the vessel, and had put out the two fires on the leeward side: those to the windward remained burning. The pump was then ordered to be started; there was only one, and that was soon abandoned by the crew, on which I set to work, and kept it going until I was relieved by other persons, and shortly afterwards it became choaked by the ashes from the engine room. I then asked one of the men if there were any buckets on board—he had previously let one slip from his hand over the side of the vessel. He said there were none. I went to the cabin and inquired if there were any mugs or other utensils that we could bale with; the mate said there was nothing of the kind, on which I advised the passengers to bale with their hats, but they were in such confusion that I was not attended to. Immediately after that, she struck gently on a sand bank; the captain ordered us all aft, and, the paddles being reversed, she was got off. She then touched the bottom fourteen or fifteen times in succession, and, the water coming in, the fires were all extinguished, and the steam down. The captain attempted to unfurl the jib sail, but before it could be accomplished she struck again, and settled down on the sand-bank. My wife and some friends came to me, and asked if I thought we should be lost; I said I thought we should, and they proposed going to prayer for the short time we had to live. We all went to prayer, myself and wife in particular; and when we got from our knees, I saw three men getting upon the mast, and beginning to fasten themselves to it. I told my wife I would look out for a better situation for us. I took her towards the windlass, and began to fasten a rope to the frame where the bell hung; and when I had got the rope made fast and looked back for my wife, she had again joined our friends



near to the place at which we kneeled down. A great wave almost took me overboard, but I held by the rope: there came a second and a third wave before I could see my wife again; and when I looked they were all gone. I then prepared to die myself in the place I was at, and remained in that situation until daylight, at which time about fifty people remained on board. When the vessel broke in midships, the fore-part heeled over to windward, which exposed those who were upon the wreck to all the unchecked fury of the sea; but the bow providentially kept rising as the shattered mass heaved further up the bank, to which circumstance I owe the preservation of my life, as the tide must otherwise have quickly covered me. A plank was placed across the vessel from the tops of the paddle-boxes, and on the plank and the tops of the boxes were about twenty persons; about half-a-score were clinging to the shrouds; six or seven were at the bottom of the mast, and three at the mast-head, lashed fast to it; one was before me, holding by the rope which goes from the mast to the jib-boom. The gentleman's servant\* and an old man stuck to the frame where I was; the servant kept groaning betwixt every wave. I told him to keep up his spirits, but both the servant and the old man were drowned. As the waves came the people kept decreasing, until all were gone except myself. First they were swept from the paddle-boxes and the plank; those at the shrouds dropped off with every wave; those at the bottom of the mast swarmed some ropes, and got a little higher; the young man was then washed from the bowsprit; those at the bottom of the mast next went, and there were none left but the three men at the top of the mast and myself. I began to think the tide would rise so high I could not live in that situation, and I begged those on the top of the mast to throw me a rope,

\* Robert Mullett.

but they refused, and in less than five minutes a tremendous wave swept them and the mast into the sea, but it was held to the wreck by a rope. I remained on the wreck until I saw a boat coming, on which I called to the three men to keep up their spirits; the boat then took me on board, also rescued those on the mast, and afterwards picked up a young gentleman from Liverpool, who was floating on a raft. We were then taken to Beaumaris, and treated with the greatest hospitality and kindness. The body of my dear wife was found that day, at the foot of Penmaenmawr, and was interred at Beaumaris on the Sunday following. On leaving Liverpool, I took a pint of wine with me, and when we had concluded we should be lost, I begged Mr. Tarrey would accept a little of the wine. He took my hand, and said, "John, I told you all day we should be lost, and that this captain would lose us." He then took some of the wine, after which he went below to his family, and brought them to us on the deck. The cabin was then above a foot deep in the water. I did not see Mr. Tarrey or his family afterwards, to the best of my recollection.\*

JOHN DUCKWORTH.

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MR. LAWRENCE DUCKWORTH.†

The circumstances which took place before the vessel struck having been described so fully by others, the repeti-

\* For further interesting particulars relative to the subject of this narrative, see from page 85 to page 92, page 106 to 107, and page 121. The above is taken, with the exception of some few corrections and additions recently supplied by Mr. John Duckworth, from the *Manchester Guardian*.

† This eventful narrative has very lately been taken from verbal communication; and the precise language of the narrator has been as closely followed as the freedom of extemporaneous delivery would allow.

tion by me will be unnecessary. I was below during most of the voyage, and at about midnight the gentlemen's cabin presented a scene sufficiently painful; but I little thought that the distress which I then witnessed would in a very few minutes be increased to such terrible extremity. Between sixty and seventy persons of both sexes were lying in all directions, most of them upon the floor, in a state of pitiable helplessness from sea-sickness: the excitement which the hope of a speedy arrival at their place of destination had occasioned, on discovering that Puffin Island was so near, had subsided; and they seemed to have lost the capacity of feeling any interest in what was passing around them: but the love of life only slumbers when beguiled by imaginary security; and that was fearfully dissipated when the vessel scraped, as it were, upon the sand. All started from their recumbent postures, and considerable alarm prevailed; but in a few minutes she struck again with great force, and an agonizing shriek was uttered by the females, who joined the frantic rush which was made to reach the deck. Many, however, were unequal to the struggle, and were compelled to desist. My wife was amongst this number, and I persuaded them to calm their fears as much as possible, whilst I went on deck to ascertain the extent of the danger. I there found all in the most awful state of dismay, which was augmented by the distraction of mind under which the captain seemed to labour, for his orders appeared to be given at random, and to be at random changed: he evidently, indeed, was at a loss how to act, either from the desperate nature of the circumstances under which he was placed, or from the effects of liquor. The vessel had now become stationary upon the sand; her bow was raised by the shelving bank, upon which she was more deeply fixed by every sea that struck her, and I saw that all was lost, unless Providence sent some speedy means of deliverance. I accordingly called to my wife:

"Mary," I said, "if you can come up do, for I think there is great danger." This renewed the terrors of the poor women especially: and it was a distressing sight to see the efforts which some were obliged to make, in consequence of extreme feebleness, to reach the deck. One helped the other, however, and I believe all got up but one gentleman; (Mr. Benjamin Lee, from the neighbourhood of Bacup;) he was extremely ill, and was, I have reason to think, drowned in the cabin. I remarked with some surprise, that many who were so recently unable to raise themselves from the floor, were in a few minutes to be seen actively engaged at the pump, trimming the vessel, and other matters calling for great bodily exertion: no more was heard of sea-sickness.

The pump had been worked for some time, and it was now beginning to be choked with the ashes which were washed from the furnaces by the water which overflowed the engine-room; but as the vessel was rapidly filling, three or four pumped at once, and laboured with such force to overcome the difficulty, in their anxiety to gain upon the leaks, that the sucker came up to the top, and the handle was wrenched from its place. Inquiries were then made whether anything could be set on fire, as a signal of distress, or whether the bell had not better be rung. The former either could not, or was not permitted to be done, and the bell was not rung long before the clapper came off, and was lost in the rolling of the vessel. We next all gathered together and shouted; but all alike appeared useless, and I began to look about for the best means of preserving myself and wife from the violence of the sea, which now broke over the vessel in a manner that threatened to sweep all before it. The chimney and main-mast were carried away while the bell was ringing. It was just before this happened that I saw the captain for the last time. I am unacquainted with nautical affairs, but it appeared to me

that he was losing time by contradictory orders, and I said, with a roughness corresponding with his behaviour, "Captain, why don't you send somebody to that hill [Puffin Island] to get help?" He muttered something angrily, which I understood to mean that the thing could not be done; and I added, "Why, the place is not above half a mile off: if I could leave my wife, I'd soon make off for it." He gruffly observed that I was "a fool," and went to another part of the vessel: I neither saw nor heard him any more. I afterwards learned, to my cost, that the distance was much greater than I imagined, and that to make any way against such a sea by swimming was out of the question.

The unhappy beings around me were soon after this comparatively tranquillized, and we were all engaged in prayer; but the waves struck the vessel with increased fury, and at last the bulwarks began to go, and victims were hurried into the deep with every wave that rolled over the now defenceless deck. The shrieks, the unavailing cries for help, were now dreadful in the extreme; but the deck was soon thinned of the numbers that so lately crowded it, and the wail of death was only occasionally heard amidst the tumult of the storm, and noise of crashing timbers. I kept to my poor wife in the endeavour to support her and afford her all the protection in my power; but the waves frequently dashed us helplessly upon the deck, and I had every time increased difficulty in raising her from amongst the water, in consequence of the motion of the vessel, and the quick succession of heavy seas. At length I got her on the leeward side of the elevation over the engine-room; and there was at this time a pause of a few minutes in the fury of the storm, which gave my dear wife the opportunity of enquiring of me whether I thought there was any hope. I was constrained to assure her, seeing the awfulness of our situation, that I thought no

chance of deliverance existed, and proposed that we should pass the few minutes we had to live in prayer to Almighty God. We accordingly addressed ourselves to the Throne of Mercy, with that feeling which few can know who have not been reduced to similar extremity, and thereby humbled to a due sense of their dependence upon that source of divine consolation in the hour of death. Whilst thus engaged, a tremendous sea burst upon the shattered vessel, and sweeping away in its rush the covering of the engine-room, behind which we had sought shelter, dashed us with great violence against the paddle-box to leeward, which alone prevented us from being at once plunged amidst the waves. The head of my unhappy wife was between my breast and the casing of the paddle-box, and consequently my weight must have added dreadfully to the shock she must have experienced; but in the distraction of the moment I was incapable of calculating upon consequences. I felt much hurt, and said something to that effect to my wife, but she made no answer, and hung powerlessly upon the arm that supported her. I then thought that she also had received injury, but no suspicion of its being to a serious extent crossed my mind; the absorbing danger was that arising from a wrecked vessel and a stormy sea, and I could at that moment apprehend no other. I took my wife, therefore, in my arms, and carried her to the caboose, or cook's room, the top of which, I thought, was sufficiently elevated to preserve her from the waves, if I could get her upon it. I accordingly lifted her up, to enable her to reach a chain which extended as a stay from the caboose to the foremast, and told her to catch hold of it, but was struck with horror on looking up, to see that her head hung as if lifeless upon her shoulder. I again rested her feet upon the deck, and gazed with searching eagerness upon her face, and thought there was death in its altered expression; but it was too dark to distinguish any marks of violence, or



to judge with certainty. I had no time for reflection, however, and I looked around for assistance. The deck had been nearly cleared by this time, but the melancholy situation of a little girl, the daughter of Mr. Tarrey, then met my view, and was sufficiently afflicting to attract my attention, even at a period when my own case was so desperate. The wretched child was dashed first to one side of the deck, and then drawn by the receding wave to the other; and her shrieks, and cries for her father and mother, when the suffocating waters permitted, were of the most agonizing description. "Oh, my dear father! Oh, mamma! won't you come!" she screamed with heart-rending vehemence. Alas, her parents had gone before her—they were already numbered with the dead! This appalling scene distracted me, for I could not relinquish the support of my dear wife; but just then I perceived Mr. Entwistle near me, and entreated him to save the poor child. He made the effort, but before he could reach her she was swept into the sea! I now begged Mr. Entwistle to assist me in placing my wife upon the caboose, and he kindly complied. I left him to hold her up in an erect position, whilst I went round to the spot which afforded greater facility to ascend; and I soon reached the top, and crawled over to the side at which I had left my wife, with the intention of pulling her up; but I looked for them in vain: a wave had hurled them together into the abyss of waters!

The horror I now felt can only be imagined. I kept for some time in the same posture, with one arm round the chimney of the caboose, straining my eyes to distinguish objects through the darkness, in the vague hope that those for whom I looked might be again cast upon the deck; but in vain: all that were lately clinging to the various parts of the wreck, near the spot occupied by my wife and Mr. Entwistle, had been carried away at the same moment: I

could see no living thing; and I expected my sufferings would quickly terminate in a similar manner. A heavy sea soon broke over me, and gave the caboose and the chimney by which I held so severe a shock, that I felt that it would be impossible for them to resist such another. I was not mistaken: another wave, of greater magnitude than the former, tore away the caboose, and I was precipitated headlong into the sea.

I struggled to reach the surface, but it was so thickly covered with pieces of the wreck, that in rising I struck against some planks, and was almost spent before I could get my head above water. I thought, indeed, I was under some portion of the vessel, and concluded in consequence that the struggle must soon be over; but Providence had decreed otherwise. As soon as I had recovered a little breath, I felt about for something to support me, for I found that my strength would soon be exhausted by swimming in such a sea. Fortunately, the top of the caboose, upon which I was situated when I was washed overboard, presented itself, and by some means, how I know not, I got upon it; a wave, however, soon swept me off again, and this was repeated a great number of times. I was frequently swimming about for several minutes at random, but happily I always succeeded in again finding my float; either I swam to it, or it was thrown in my way. It was about the size of a common door, perhaps two yards long and half a yard broad; and I knelt upon it, holding on each side with my hands. I found myself, however, much weakened by these efforts: at last I recollected how, when watching the progress of the vessel during the day, she rose to surmount the waves which rolled against her bow: and I had observed that when she was thrown in such a position, the sea did not break over her. I accordingly watched closely the gathering of a surge, and as it rolled towards me I moved back so as to depress that end of the

raft, by which the other was elevated to meet the swell opposed to it, and I rode buoyant, with comparative ease, instead of being overwhelmed as before. I had been about an hour engaged in the way described, without being washed off, when a man who appeared in a drowning state (Mr. Edward Jones, of Bangor,) caught hold of my raft. It was some time before he could speak; as soon as he could, he begged me to let him get on. I saw that he could not hold out many minutes if I refused, and I hoped it might prove sufficient to support us both; accordingly I told him how to get on, and how he must act to assist me in rendering it serviceable: I added, however, that I thought the struggle would eventually be useless, as it could not last long, and there was no likelihood of relief. He got on with great difficulty, and seated himself with his legs extended along the plank, but I had still all the labour of its management, and was never off my knees. At length I said, "Come, get up and help me to guide it;" but he seemed incapable of any exertion, and did not answer me. Sometimes I could not see him at all; he was frequently covered with the sea, while I raised myself and escaped it; and I expected every time this happened to see him fall lifeless from the float. He was enabled, however, now and then, to speak. I asked him how he had supported himself before I saw him, and he told me by a keg to which he had fastened himself; but he had been forced to abandon it because it shifted with the action of the sea, and would have drowned him. In answer to an inquiry as to whether he knew where we were, he said, "Yes, very well: I am not above seven or eight miles from home." There was something peculiarly afflicting in this. "Here is a poor creature," I thought, "perishing so close to home, where his family are now quietly reposing, unconscious of his fate!" But I soon found that my strength was fast going, through the addi-

tional efforts which I was called upon to make; and it appeared evident that we must both be lost if we kept together. I felt, however, I had the greatest right to the float, and the disposition to enforce that claim pressed horribly upon my mind! I asked him if he could swim, and represented to him the impossibility of my sustaining such exertions much longer. He said he could not swim, and this at once determined me to continue as I was, if possible, until daylight, and then to seek some other means of safety, or attempt to reach the shore, as the raft was totally inadequate to support us both unless both contributed to the labour of its direction. Day at length dawned upon us, and I thought I would endeavour to swim towards a hill which seemed to me the most practicable point. I accordingly requested my companion to steady the raft whilst I pulled off my clothes. He strongly urged me not to make the attempt, as he said I should certainly be drowned; but having divested myself of everything but my waistcoat, shirt, and stockings, securing what money I had about me in the waistcoat pockets, I advised him to pursue the same course I had adopted—told him that as he would now have the raft to himself, and daylight to assist him, he would have a much better chance than I had—and bade him farewell, both firmly persuaded that we should never see each other in this life again.

I swam in the direction of the hill which I before noticed—I do not know its name. I had remarked to my companion, before leaving the raft, that I was convinced it could not be more than three miles off, and I had often swam a much greater distance. He cautioned me that three miles appeared very little on the water; and repeated, that I should be lost if I made the attempt. I said I would try, however, and I at once cast myself upon the waters and commenced my lonely adventure.

I swam fast and steadily for a considerable time, but the

land I had in view seemed as far off as ever, and I began to feel my efforts more and more ineffective from increasing weakness. I must have proceeded at least two miles, when I looked back in my despair for my late companion, heartily wishing myself again upon the raft. I could only occasionally catch a glimpse of him, however; and after swimming about a quarter of an hour longer, I entirely lost sight of him. I now began to feel all the horrors of the desolation to which I seemed abandoned, and my dim sight was strained with intense eagerness to discover something by which I might sustain myself; for I found not a moment was to be lost—I must perish speedily if no rest could be procured. At length a piece of wood was providentially thrown in my way. It was about three yards long and three square inches in breadth, and was drifting in the same direction as myself. I saw it before me for some time ere I could reach it, for the waves carried it nearly as fast as I could swim; but after much exertion I got hold of it. After recovering a little, I endeavoured to rest my body upon it, but it kept turning round; I could not render it as serviceable as I did my raft. If I placed it under my arms, my feet were thrown up by the waves and my head buried in the water; I had therefore no means of supporting myself but by my hands, which soon became completely numbed, as it required a firm grasp to prevent the spar from being forced away. At last they became quite useless, and I was obliged to fix the spar under my chin, and keep it there by a painful effort of compression against the breast. On holding my arms down in the water, however, I found that their use was partially restored, which enabled me to relieve myself occasionally, and in this way I seemed to have passed some hours; but exhaustion at length had so much increased, that I could not raise my arms at all, and I made up my mind to give up the struggle. My senses were entire; I uttered the last prayer I ever ex-



pected to utter, and was about to relinquish my hold, and sink into the awful grave over which I was suspended, as it were, by a thread, when I thought I heard a noise—a sound differing from those to which my ear had been so long accustomed,—and a moment after voices, human voices, were distinguishable! Hope revived within me, and I strove with desperate vehemence to raise my arms; but the fate to which I had just before resigned myself seemed to claim its victim, and drag me down. By a great effort, I threw one arm across the spar; but it hung over, graspless, and was soon washed back again, like a thing inanimate, and sunk powerless by my side. This action, I afterwards found, was perceived by the crew of the boat which was pulling towards me, and I heard cries of “Hold fast, hold fast!” but I was incapable of further exertion; paralysis had stricken my whole frame. I could now see the boat, however; and, contrary to the general impression in such cases, it seemed to fly towards me, so rapid did its advance appear. They were some time in getting me into the boat, for the roughness of the sea, which had at one period of the morning subsided, had now much increased. My consciousness of all that passed down to this time was very perfect: I recollect every circumstance that occurred until I was placed in the boat, at the bottom of which a man was lying, apparently dead; but I then sunk into a state of insensibility. The last question I recollect being put to me was, as to whether I had seen any others; and I tried to reply, but a sensation of choking fulness prevented articulation, and I sunk under the effort.

On awaking, or rather, on recovering consciousness, a confusion of the images of the past presented themselves to my mind; and as they became less illusive they assumed a greater degree of horror, and I was soon fully aware of the extent of the calamity which had befallen me: at the same time I hope that I felt as I ought the gratitude I



owed to Almighty God, for sparing my life for such preparation as may happily render it more fitting for its great and inevitable change.

I found myself alone, and in bed, and experienced dreadful torment from intolerable thirst. I could but just lift one arm at this time, and I knocked at the head of the bed. Some one came at last, but it was some time before I could speak. At length I asked where I was, and was told I was at an inn, in Beaumaris. I then entreated that I might be immediately supplied with something to quench my thirst, I did not care what it was; but he, or she, for I do not now know whether it was a man or a woman to whom I spoke, told me that I should die if I had any thing of the kind. I offered a sovereign for a little tea or coffee, but the person refused, and again left me alone.

I began to think that I had indeed been placed there to die; and seeing a pair of small-clothes hanging at the other end of the room, as I had nothing but a shirt on, I determined to endeavour to put them on, and try to procure something to drink. I got up with great difficulty, and went round the wall with the assistance of my left hand, my right continuing useless; but when I obtained possession of the small-clothes, and was putting them on, I became faint, and fell heavily upon the floor. The noise brought several people into the room. I have no recollection of what they said, but they lifted me up and threw me upon the bed, and I soon after again found myself alone as before.

About an hour afterwards, Mr. John Duckworth and two or three other persons came to me; and having by that time gained strength, I went with them to the Bull's Head, where I was gratified by meeting Mr. Edward Jones, of Bangor, my late companion upon the raft.

The body of my poor wife was not recovered until sixteen weeks afterwards. It was found on the coast of Cum-

berland, and was buried at Bootle. I read an account of this melancholy occurrence in a newspaper, and on going to the place obtained permission to disinter the corpse. The mortal remains were not at all recognizable; but the dress I well knew. A pocket, in particular, which had been made by her sister, was identified beyond a doubt; and I have it now in my possession, with some remnants of her dress.

LAWRENCE DUCKWORTH.

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MR. GEORGE HAMMOND.

Ample materials for an unbroken narrative of the eventful scenes through which this gentleman passed are comprised in the following communications; but I have thought it best to give them verbatim, only supplying a sufficiency of my own to connect and render them dependent upon each other. The first is a letter in answer to an application which I made to Mr. Hammond.

Leeds, 29th August, 1831.

Dear Sir—In complying with the request contained in your favour of the 23d instant, I fear I shall be unable to add much to your information relative to the unfortunate Rothsay Castle, as I am aware that you are already in possession of most of the particulars of her calamitous loss.

With respect to the passengers, I believe few of them saw their real state for more than one hour after she struck; which is not to be wondered at, as both the captain and mate continued to assure us to the last that there was no danger, and that she would soon float again and be on her way. There were a few, however, who could not be deceived, and who were fully conscious of their dangerous situation; and these few were I think chiefly the aft-deck passengers, who, from their presence of mind and calm resignation, merited

a better fate. Having my own dear wife to attend to, I paid but little attention to any other person. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Forster about half an hour before the vessel went to pieces, at which time I believe they were not apprehensive of being lost: I also witnessed the steward, Jones, very busy in tying his wife and himself together. Poor fellow, he appeared very sanguine of his being able to save himself and wife, and encouraged her much; but, as you already know, he was fatally deceived. My dear wife and myself were close by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of Manchester, during the awful hour of suspense, and at the time of being carried overboard; he will be able to give you full particulars of all that transpired near to us. One thing relative to myself I will now name, as I believe I did not mention it to you before, when at Beaumaris. After my dear wife was carried away and lost, I again made for the ship, and succeeded, by means of a cord which I had fastened to the main-mast, which was lying along the quarter deck. A Mr. Coxhead, of London, regained the ship in a similar manner: he was washed off a second time, but was eventually saved. I now went to the main-mast, fully resolved to cling to it to the last; but the sea breaking with rapid violence over me, I found I could not keep my hold—could not exist there, indeed, for many minutes. In looking round, I saw Mr. Forster's four-wheeled carriage, which was firmly lashed to the main deck: there were two men sitting on the dickey, and I got up behind them. They at first opposed my getting up; however, I took my seat, and had not been there more than one minute when the coach was carried into the sea with great violence, throwing my companions and myself into the merciless waves. I had become very weak from previous exertion, and had hard struggling to get again to the surface; but having a knowledge of swimming I continued to ascend until my head came in contact with a piece of timber,

which stunned me a little. By diving from the timber, however, I got my head above water, and fortunately laid hold of the fragment of the wreck which had so nearly proved fatal to me. It was a large piece which had been forced from the ship's side. By this means I kept my head above water for a few minutes, until I got strength sufficient to lie on it with my breast; but while in this situation I was much annoyed by the waves dashing in my face, filling my mouth, and frequently washing me from the plank. Having recovered a little more strength, I got one of my legs over the plank, and sat tolerably easy, when a poor fellow joined me. He pulled the plank over more than once in attempting to get on, and each time he threw me off. I believe this poor man was with me half an hour, neither of us speaking a word, having enough to do to keep ourselves on the float.\* After the lapse of this time my companion fainted, and, in falling off, again threw me into the water. I *saw him no more*, but continued on my timber, holding fast to a crooked iron bolt with one hand, and beating my body with the other for full two hours and a half. The day had now dawned—the morning was moderately clear—and I saw at a distance a float with some people upon it. I thought they were much better situated than I was, and I made for them, which I was enabled to do by moving my legs and paddling with one hand. When I came to them, I begged to be allowed to join them, stating that I was all but dead; in short I had for some time been expecting to fall off through exhaustion, or swoon away. They at first objected, saying they had as many as the float would carry; however, I got on by one of the men kindly assisting me. This float proved to be the roof of the ladies' cabin, or the floor of the poop deck, on which the aft-deck passengers sat or walked during the voyage.

\* For a more particular notice of this circumstance, see p. 79.

The boards were one inch and a quarter, well jointed together and fastened underneath: it had been forced off by a heavy sea, but without much injury. On this float I found six men, one female, and a boy; and most strange to say, my friend Mr. Wilson, whom I had utterly given up for lost, was one of them! Mr. Coxhead, who had regained the ship with me, was another; and one of the two men who was on the coach with me [Elliot Rudland] was another. The female was a Miss Whittaker, from Bury; the boy was the son of a sailor belonging the ship. I feel convinced that this boy had never been off the poop. I found him sitting exactly in the same place where I last saw him on board, when he was crying for his father. I believe also that Mr. Wilson remained on the poop deck, and never was unshipped.\* The remaining part of the story, and how we were picked up, you are already acquainted with.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Mr. Joseph Adshead, &c.

GEORGE HAMMOND.

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Mr. Hammond, at a subsequent period, favoured me with a copy of the following letter, which refers more particularly to Mrs. Hammond, and supplies many additional circumstances of interest:—

Beaumaris, Isle of Anglesea, Aug. 20, 1831.

My dear Children—You are aware of the high spirits your dear mother and I were in on Monday last, when we left Leeds to visit Ireland; those spirits have since been broken and humbled, as my present melancholy story will show you. We got safe to Manchester a little after eight o'clock. My friend Mr. Wilson and his late good wife were waiting our arrival at the coach-office, and welcomed us most heartily. We slept at their house on Monday

\* See page 95.

night; next morning I set off for Liverpool, having some business to do there; and in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. W., with my dear wife, joined me there. In the morning we crossed the river Mersey to Woodside, returned, and slept at the White Lion, Liverpool, with the full purpose of proceeding next day to Dublin; but this was not to be our route. Mrs. Wilson had never been at sea; and as she was pregnant, she was fearful to cross the Irish Channel, having had a miscarriage eight months back. My dear love readily agreed to go with them on some voyage where the sea would be more calm. Beaumaris was proposed by Mr. Wilson, as a good place for ease and bathing; we agreed—and went on board the Rothsay Castle steamboat; and at eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning commenced our voyage for that place. The morning was not fine; however, we proceeded on our way with some degree of comfort until after two o'clock, your mother during this time enjoying the passage very well, and I was in hopes she would escape without sea sickness. Soon after two o'clock the wind increased from the N. W. (the worst wind for us that could have blown)—the sea got very rough—the vessel heaved and pitched dreadfully—and nearly all on board became sick. Your dear mother from this time was very bad. I got her into the ladies' cabin, and after severe vomiting she fell asleep. From three to eight o'clock we continued to contend with the sea and the gales of wind, without making more than three or four miles during the five hours. The passengers on board requested the captain to put back, which he obstinately refused to do. I was upon the deck the whole of the day, and frequently visited my dear wife by a peep through the window of the ladies' cabin, which she always replied to (when awake) by a wave of the hand and a smile. Night was now drawing on very fast; I felt weary, and went down into the cabin al-



lotted for the aft-deck male passengers, where I soon fell asleep, sitting on a kind of sofa.

About 11 o'clock, I awoke by the noise of water rolling to and fro in the cabin, and found my feet wet to the ankles. I was alarmed and went on deck, when I found the vessel labouring very hard, the steam down, the fires low, which could not be made to burn from their having so much water about them, the captain and mate both drunk, and differing with both sailors and passengers. I now considered our case as desperate, but not hopeless; I durst not communicate my apprehensions to my dear wife. We had not more than three or four miles to go to Beaumaris; the tide was with us, and though the sea was heavy, I had hopes of our getting safe there. I looked at my watch; it was exactly twelve. I again went to see the cabin, to inform the ladies of the danger of our voyage, when the vessel struck on a heavy sand called Dutchman's Bank; and soon after struck a second time. The captain and mate now became alarmed, and the captain called the man at the helm to port. Two men immediately got the helm to port as much as possible, which proved to be the wrong way, and drove us further on the sands. The scene was now nothing but confusion—the vessel began to fill with water—the moon had gone down—there was no gun on board to give an alarm—and the captain would neither hoist out a light nor allow the bell to be rung. I saw now that our case was hopeless, and went for my dear wife, whom I got on deck. I said, "Oh, my dear love, we are in great danger, I fear we shall never more go to land!" She showed great fortitude and presence of mind. She said, "God is merciful, and we must look to Him who is able to save us." I said, "I am aware of God's mercies, but I see no room for hope." My mind was calm: I remarked that, "since it was the will of our Heavenly Father that we should meet our death in this

way, we should not complain—that death was the lot of all men, and that it would make little difference whether we died now or in a few years hence.” She said, “Why no; but there are our children, and my poor little Anne;”\* at which name she sobbed aloud. I looked again at the ship; she had got much worse, and I now saw clearly that she would never float again, and that the waves would soon dash her to pieces, as they came on in rapid succession, and with terrific violence. The main-mast and chimney next came down with a great crash, which increased the confusion. By this time, I believe every one on board was well drenched by the sea passing over us, and many had been washed overboard. I had hold of my dear wife’s hand; it was cold. I felt at her face and spoke to her. Poor love, she appeared to be in prayer, and lost in thought. I told her to hold fast by the ship until I got a cord which I saw hanging close by us. She did so; I returned, and proposed we should be tied together, as I saw no hope of any one being saved. This she refused, and said, “You can swim, and may have a chance of saving yourself; and oh, do if you can, for the sake of our dear children!” I said—“Poor loves, they are asleep, and quiet in bed, and we, their parents, within a few moments of death!”

After this, a few heavy waves came and carried four men over-board, and also the seat we sat upon, altogether into the sea; and there, amongst the merciless waves, they were all plunging for life. As soon as I recovered my breath a little, I cried as loud as possible, “Harriett!” I looked about but could not see her. My soul was now full of anguish; and while I was in this situation another large portion of the ship gave way, carrying dozens of unfortunate

\* Anne is the youngest in the family, and was at that time about five years of age. Mrs. Hammond left four children to lament her loss.

passengers to their watery grave. I, by great exertions, regained the ship, and clung to the main-mast, which was lying down; but here I could not remain, as the heavy waves dashing over the ship would have destroyed me. I then got on the top of a gentleman's four-wheeled carriage, which was taken on board at Liverpool: there were two gentlemen upon it. I saw they were exempt from the force of the waves, which induced me to join them. I had had not been there more than half a minute, when the carriage was swept out into the sea, with all about it. I was now a second time in the sea, and was longer in gaining the surface; however, by good fortune, I got hold of a piece of timber which had sprung from the side of the ship. I looked and saw the ship divided in two parts from the middle, and nearly all the passengers carried away. My situation now was dismal; I had no hope of saving myself, but I recollected the urgent request of my ever-to-be lamented dear and amiable wife: she said—"Oh, do, if you can!" I now said—"I will, if I can; but it is impossible." However, I persevered, and got on the top of my piece of timber. The sea was still heavy; many times I was washed off, or turned over, and had the greatest difficulty to regain my position, and each time I struggled for life.

In this way I continued for nearly three hours, many times wishing I had gone down with my dear wife; for, as I said to myself, "my sufferings would now have been over, and I find I cannot live much longer." I had repeatedly said—"I cannot live," and my strength was failing fast, when I saw some men upon a piece of the ship not far from me. They appeared much better situated than I, and by a little exertion of my hands and legs, I came up with them, and got on board of their little float, which was the whole floor to the ladies' cabin. Here I was much better, but very cold, having been so long in the

water, and was all but gone. On the float I found Mr. Wilson, five other men, one woman, and a boy, who, together with myself, were picked up about half-past seven o'clock in the morning.

I am now, thank God, much recovered, but am very sore from head to foot. There are about twenty sufferers found, amongst them my own dear wife and Mrs. Wilson. The latter has been interred this morning, my poor old friend and myself being the only mourners.\*

Believe me, very dear children,  
Your affectionate Father,  
GEORGE HAMMOND.

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The subjoined is an extract from a letter very recently received from Mr. Hammond:—

“You will see that in a letter from Beaumaris to my family I have not mentioned the circumstance of Mrs. Hammond being sustained for some time upon a piece of the wreck. I believe my poor love was held by her shawl, or some other portion of her dress, which kept her above water, and agonized me by witnessing distress in which I was so deeply interested, but which I had no power to relieve, as it was impossible for me to reach her. I omitted this statement, because I knew it would only afflict my dear

\* The remains of Mrs. Hammond were conveyed to Leeds, where they were interred in the burial-ground of the Old Methodist Chapel. A sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. R. Treffry, from Matt. xxiv. 44: — “Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.” The Rev. gentleman having had frequent opportunities of conversing with Mrs. Hammond, she having met in his class, he gave a sketch of her character, which bore such evident marks of piety, as left no doubt on the minds of those present that she was suitably prepared for her awfully sudden change.

children the more. Besides, Mr. Wilson assured me that she was never seen after the deck gave way; and if so, I must have taken some other female for her, which mistake it was easy to fall into amidst such confusion, and while struggling myself for life. I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

GEORGE HAMMOND."

Mr. Joseph Adshead, &c.

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### MR. HENRY HAMMOND.

The principle circumstances obtained from the verbal communication of Mr. Henry Hammond, of Liverpool, are as follows:—It is not true, he affirms, that a party of the passengers got into the boat soon after the vessel struck, and were immediately swamped. The boat was hanging by the davits over the stern, nearly filled with water, in consequence of the spray; and when the vessel struck, Mr. H. Hammond and the wife and child of the carpenter got into the boat, but left it again, being ordered out by the mate, who told them that it was of no use, as no boat could live in such a sea. The boat soon after broke adrift and was lost, but there was no person in her. Mr. H. Hammond, on being swept into the sea with the greater part of the passengers who were holding on to leeward, by a tremendous wave, which dashed completely over the vessel, swam about to various pieces of the wreck, but finding them not sufficient to support him he swam back to the vessel and regained the deck, where he remained till the poop parted from the vessel with himself and several others upon it. Mr. Nuttall and Miss Whittaker were amongst the persons saved by its means, after floating about for several hours. Miss Whittaker gave up her flannel petticoat, which was used as a sail, and but for its assistance they would probably have been driven round the Ormshead, and

dashed to pieces. There were at least one hundred and thirty persons on board. About fifty of them were country people, most of whom were sick soon after the vessel got round the rock, and expressed themselves much pleased with the circumstance, as they said that sea-sickness would do them much more good than bathing. Mr. H. Hammond has to return his most grateful thanks to William Wynne Sparrow, Esq. of Red Hall, Beaumaris, and to Mr. Owen Roberts, Druid Head, of the same place, for their kindness and humanity towards him when taken from the wreck, in supplying him with clothes and other necessaries, of which he was destitute, having stripped himself soon after the vessel struck. He was soon, however, restored to perfect health.

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#### MR. EDWARD JONES.

The statement of this gentleman exhibits a remarkable instance of escape from death, under circumstances which appeared utterly hopeless. When the increasing leaks and failing engine had rendered the situation of the vessel perilous in the extreme, he felt unnerved, and found that he should be incapable of the exertion necessary to afford a chance of saving himself, in the awful struggle which he then anticipated. In the agitation of the moment he went to the cabin and begged the steward to supply him with "something to drink," in the hope that it might afford a temporary stimulus. The steward seemed much depressed, and observed, "This is not a time for drinking." He, however, complied with the request; and Mr. Jones, having drunk a small glass of spirits, commenced a search for something that would enable him to reach the shore, in the event of the vessel foundering, of which there then seemed every likelihood. He returned to the deck, and the vessel soon after struck. In the midst of the scene of hor-



ror which ensued, Mr. Jones again descended to the gentleman's cabin, which was at that time rapidly filling with water; and seeing two small casks floating about, he secured one of them, and fastened it to his body with a cord which he had previously cut from the torn rigging of the shattered main-mast. Thus provided, he went on deck; and fearing, if he delayed his attempt to reach the shore until the vessel went entirely to pieces, that he should be involved in the fate of the struggling numbers that would surround him, he determined at once to throw himself singly upon the protection of Providence. From his local knowledge of the coast, he was convinced that the sands must yet be dry at no great distance, and the tide was flowing directly upon them; accordingly he partially opened an umbrella which he had with him, and having fixed the cask in what he thought the most advantageous position, he leaped from the vessel into the sea. This action, however, was thought by those who witnessed it to be the height of rashness, and a number of voices joined in earnest expostulations and calls for him to return. One gentleman in particular said that "death was sure to present itself soon enough," and that "it was presumption and madness to court it." This shook the resolution of Mr. Jones, and with the assistance of the gentleman in question he again reached the deck.\* Here the danger became more imminent every moment; and seeing a person on the dickey of

\* The good intentions of Mr. Jones's advisers in this instance were, as it turned out, beneficially exercised, though they were erroneous in principle; for, if his cask had but proved adequate to support him, the best thing that he could have done was that which he was about to do. If every one on board had quitted the vessel supported by rafts or spars at that early period, when the flood tide was setting and dry sands were so near, numbers more would in all human probability have been saved.

Mr. Forster's carriage (Elliot Rudland), he thought it appeared to afford greater security than any other place, and therefore got up. Mr. George Hammond soon after joined them, and they escaped several of the heavy seas which broke over the vessel, and tore away numbers from their holds; but this did not last long: a tremendous wave dashed against the carriage, and hurled it, with those who were upon it, into the sea. Here Mr. Jones soon discovered that his cask was unmanageable. It continually slipped from the position in which he had endeavoured to fix it, and got under one of his arms, which threw him on one side, and distressed him exceedingly. His umbrella was useless, and he had abandoned it in his struggles. Thus situated, the carriage was swept near him, and he endeavoured to catch hold of one of the wheels; but before he could effect his purpose it sunk, and the vortex formed by a descending body of such magnitude would most likely have dragged him down, but for the buoyancy afforded by the cask. In this instance, therefore, it rendered essential service; but the embarrassment occasioned by its shifting was so great that he was at length compelled to risk everything to avoid immediate suffocation, and by great exertion he succeeded in disengaging himself from the cask, and reaching a little raft upon which a person was kneeling, who proved to be Mr. Lawrence Duckworth. It has been already fully described in the narrative of Mr. L. D. and elsewhere, how they supported themselves until daylight, together with the generous resolution of Mr. L. D. to give sole possession of the raft to Mr. Jones; who, when thus left by his companion, placed himself with his legs through a hole in the centre, and thereby retained his situation until picked up by one of the boats belonging to Mr. Williamson's yacht, the *Campeadora*. He had by that time drifted so near to the bold, rocky shore in the neighbourhood of the Great Ormshead, that a few minutes longer would

have placed him beyond the reach of aid. He had watched with an anxious eye for some hours, during which time he could perceive people passing along the road at the foot of Penmaenmawr; but when taken up he was scarcely conscious of his deliverance. He just remembers seeing the boat within a few yards of him, but knows no more until he found himself in bed at Beaumaris.\*

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### MR. SIDNEY JAMES MARSDEN.

Wakefield, August 24, 1831.

Dear Sir,—Your letter, requesting me to furnish the particulars of such circumstances as came under my observation, in connexion with the melancholy wreck of the Rothsay Castle, I received this morning. The following, according to my ideas, is a correct statement of that unhappy occurrence, as far at any rate as I was concerned.

I left home with three friends, Mr. John Day, Mr. William Allanson, and another gentleman, a fortnight previous to the accident, with the intention of having a few weeks' excursion. We had planned our route before we started; and amongst the places which we determined on visiting were the celebrated Menai Bridge and neighbourhood. We arrived at Liverpool from Dublin on the morning of the fatal 17th instant, but two of my friends (Mr. Allanson and the gentleman before referred to), fortunately for them, changed their minds, and declined going to Wales. Accordingly, having met with another friend, Mr. Harrison, of Manchester, who was to return home that morning, they resolved to go with him, and we all breakfasted together at the Railway Tavern; after which Mr. Day and myself saw them into the omnibus, and bade them farewell, little thinking, alas, of the fate

See page 119.

that awaited us, from which Providence was, as it were, directing *their* steps—little thinking, I say, that in the space of a few hours one of us would be a corpse, and the other upon the very brink of an awful grave!

The omnibus drove off with our more fortunate friends, and Mr. Day and myself proceeded to the Rothsay Castle steam-packet, which was advertised to leave the pier at ten o'clock. When we got on board, however, we found she was detained for the reception of a carriage belonging to a Mr. Forster, of London. The packet did not leave her anchorage in consequence until about eleven o'clock. Nothing happened which in my opinion was really calculated to excite alarm, except with those who had never been at sea before, until she struck. I was then in the cabin, sitting on the same sofa with Mr. and Mrs. Forster, with whom I had been conversing for some time. The vessel at first slid gently upon the sand, but that produced much terror, and the passengers anxiously inquired of each other "what it could be?" I said that I thought it was merely a sea that had met her; but had scarcely expressed myself to that effect when she struck again, with a force which would have knocked any one down that was standing. This was too plainly indicative of the fact not to be mistaken by the most inexperienced: it conveyed the terrible announcement that the vessel was on shore, and that all the horrors of shipwreck were about to be revealed.

In the fearful rush that succeeded, amidst the most appalling shrieks that ever were heard, I was amongst the first that reached the deck. There all was confusion, and some attributed the shock which the vessel had sustained to one thing, and some to another. In the meantime she rolled from side to side with great violence, and the iron stays by which the chimney was secured soon snapped asunder, and down it came along with the main-mast, producing a crash which resembled the

breaking up of a mighty sheet of ice; and both were washed over on one side of the vessel; the weight giving her an inclination that way, and leaving her deck more exposed to the fury of the sea. The scene was now heart-rending indeed. Husbands and wives, fathers, mothers, and children, all clinging together, and shrieking in the wildness of terror, or invoking heaven for help:—but no tongue can utter, no imagination can picture, anything like the terrible reality. I consulted with my friend as to the adoption of some means for our preservation; and at length we thought that a form which was near us would be likely to afford support, if we were washed into the sea. Accordingly I cut a piece of rope from the rigging which hung about the wreck of the main-mast, and having made it fast to the end of the form, we threw the latter overboard, keeping hold of the cord, in readiness to avail ourselves of our form if need required, but determined to keep the vessel as long as we could. Several heavy seas broke over us whilst in this situation of suspense and apprehension; but at last a tremendous wave swept all before it, and we were flung headlong into the sea, together with thirty or forty unhappy beings who were at that part of the vessel. Our first efforts were directed to the form in question, but numbers had swarmed about it, and as it was unequal to support them, it sunk. Poor Day, who could not swim, caught hold of me at this dreadful moment. I felt, however, that it was impossible for me to sustain myself under such circumstances; both must inevitably have perished; but on my briefly intimating to that effect he generously let me go, and got hold of a plank that was near him. I well knew the danger of coming in contact with drowning persons, and therefore when my friend released me, and I saw so many struggling together, I swam away as far as I could: but almost immediately another heavy sea burst over them, and they were scattered, and I saw them no more.

After struggling for some time with the waves, the hand of Providence again directed me to the form. No one was left to dispute the possession of it: I looked anxiously around for my friend, but in vain, and I concluded that he had sunk with the rest. I found the form very difficult to manage: having a back to it, the waves continually changed its position, which exhausted me very much; but a small ladder or window frame, I hardly know which, was at length most fortunately thrown in my way, and I lashed it to my form, upon which I was then enabled to get astride. Soon after this I heard the voice of my poor friend, though I could not see him. He was alternately praying and crying for help. I called to him, and he eagerly enquired where I was. I told him I was safe, and implored him to keep up his spirits, and to keep his mouth closed against the water: but he continued to pray aloud, and utter cries for aid, until his powers totally failed; and I had the horror of hearing his last struggles to articulate!

I remained alone, in the situation I have described, for several hours; and when picked up by a boat from Beaumaris I was reduced to extreme exhaustion.

These, I believe, are all the particulars with which I am acquainted; but I am as yet dreadfully nervous, and my thoughts are scattered. I hope, however, shortly to see you in Manchester, when I will endeavour to render my narrative more perfect. \* \* \* \* \*

S. J. MARSDEN.

Mr. Joseph Adshead, &c.

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The remainder of Mr. Marsden's letter is devoted to kind expressions of friendly feeling, having reference to our meeting at Beaumaris. As I have before stated, I am indebted to Mr. Marsden for much valuable matter which I have incorporated with my Narrative—see particularly



pages 81 and 99—but the following, obtained from the verbal statement of that gentleman, and which appeared in the *Wakefield and Halifax Journal*, will be read with interest, as it contains a number of facts with which I have not interfered :—

When the vessel struck the bank, Mr. Marsden was sitting in the cabin, near to Mrs. Forster, the unfortunate lady mentioned in a former paragraph, and he describes the instantaneous rush towards the deck as tremendous. Although no one knew the extent of the danger at that moment, yet the most appalling fear was expressed upon the different countenances. Poor Day, who was no swimmer, it would seem, had some foreboding of his end, and remarked to his friend, when the danger became more apparent, “Sid, (using a familiar expression,) I fear this is nearly the last of us.” But bearing up against the increasing peril, the two friends set about preparing a raft, consisting of a form—such as are usually placed upon decks of passage-vessels—to which they attached a cord, which Mr. Marsden had cut from the rigging; and this they threw overboard. The waves had swept away part of the bulwarks, the cabin window, the chimney, and the mainmast. The scene at this time was piteous in the extreme; parents and relations were to be seen taking affectionate and sorrowful leave of each other. Some forty or fifty persons were at once thrown into the sea, amidst the screams of the survivors, by the lurching of the vessel; and amongst these were Mr. Marsden and Mr. Day. Some forms were likewise at this time swept from the deck. Day clung to Mr. Marsden, who is an excellent swimmer; but after making the observation (in perfect coolness, and in a spirit of friendship and manliness seldom witnessed under such trying and desperate circumstances), that perhaps they should both be drowned if he clung much longer, he let go his grasp, and succeeded in getting hold

of either a plank or one of the forms. Mr. Marsden never saw him afterwards, although, as will be presently explained, the two conversed together at the expiration of nearly an hour afterwards. Mr. Marsden computes the time at nearly an hour—but “an hour of peril seems a dreamy life-time.” Mr. Marsden managed, by dint of swimming, to come in contact with the form, to which himself and friend had previously fixed the cord and thrown overboard; but this, from its shape, would have proved, in all probability, but a doubtful means of escape, had he not, after a time, fallen in with a small ladder, which he affixed with the cord to the form, placing his leg between the staves, and resting his body, sometimes at full length, when the breakers had fallen on the form. At times the waves rose to a great height, and broke over his head. He could not, of course, guide his raft, but was at the mercy of the waters for the course he was steering. He represents himself as perfectly collected; and his main fear was that the tide would turn before daylight, and before any one could perceive him, and that he might thus be carried back. He had determined, in such case, to leave his raft, and, in spite of the waves, make a desperate attempt to swim to shore. We have said that Marsden and Day conversed with each other; the former had some time heard Day calling out for assistance, and imploring the help of the Almighty. He continually called out to know if Marsden was safe, who replied that he was, and directed him to keep still, to secure his hold, and keep his mouth shut to exclude the water. It was quite dark, and the friends could not see each other. Day continued to call out, and offer up his earnest solicitations to Providence; and Mr. Marsden could ever and anon hear the gurgling of the water in his mouth. At length poor Day exclaimed, “Sid — Sid — oh God! — I’m done!” and it is supposed he then sank, for his voice was never heard afterwards. Mr. Marsden bore up against this

sad trial : he was, as he thought, alone on the waters, and, as he then believed, the only living remnant of the wreck. Daylight came at length, and, with daylight, "hope renewed;" but it was not until seven o'clock, after being immersed six hours, that Mr. Marsden was rescued from his perilous situation. In the course of the morning he had passed four persons, who were clinging to part of the wreck, but no words passed between them : he supposes that they were nearly exhausted. After awhile, he saw a boat row towards them, and pick them up. He hailed them, but in vain; and when he was lifted to a height by the waves he extended his right arm, in the hope of attracting their notice, but to no purpose. He continued to drift for some time afterwards. At length, he espied another boat, which he hailed, and had the satisfaction to observe the sailors lower their sail, and row towards him. In a few minutes he was picked up by this boat, which had put out from Beaumaris to rescue persons from the wreck. It is a singular circumstance, that, so soon as he got on board of the boat, his deliverers captured a bottle of brandy, which was floating past them. After six hours buffeting with tremendous breakers, this was no despicable treasure, and recourse was had, with good effect, to its exhilarating contents. Mr. Marsden was taken to Beaumaris, where he, with the other sufferers, was kindly treated by the inhabitants, and had every attention paid him. He suffers nothing further, bodily, than a severe hoarseness. The body of Mr. Day, up to this time (Wednesday), has not been found; at least no account has reached Wakefield to that effect. We may here remark that Mr. Day had, for some time, a superstitious dread of water, having (with a person of the name of Secker) had his "fortune told," when he was informed by the wretch that it was his fate to be drowned : in consequence, his companions could never induce him to bathe, in order that he might learn to swim.

## MR. JAMES MARTIN.

62, Cable-street, Liverpool, 24th August, 1832.

Dear Sir—After the mature reflection which the lapse of time has enabled me to devote to the subject, I transmit, in accordance with your request, a narrative of what I felt and witnessed during that awful event, the wreck of the Rothsay Castle, by which upwards of one hundred individuals were lost, on the night of the 17th of August, 1831.

I had prepared for the voyage the day before, but the dreadful storm of thunder and rain which happened that night, and made such ravage in this town, induced me to give up all thoughts of going. My friend, Mr. Mark Metcalf, however, called upon me in the morning, and unfortunately succeeded in the attempt to reason me out of my fears. He then said, if it continued fair, he would send his son down for me. He did so, and I went, though not without considerable reluctance. It was then past ten o'clock. I met my friend Metcalf on the pier, and we went directly on board the packet. He asked me what end of the vessel I would prefer. We looked at the forecastle and the cabin; and I observed that as I liked good company I should choose the cabin, especially as there was a library there, with which we might profitably employ the time if it became tedious. We accordingly paid our fares for that part of the vessel. Several boats were by this time coming with passengers, and amongst them were a lady and gentleman, accompanied by a livery servant and a spaniel dog. They had also a carriage with them, and it occupied a long time to get it into the boats from the pier head, and then from the boats on board the vessel. Nearly an hour, I should suppose, was expended in effecting this. It now began to rain, and my friend Metcalf asked the steward what he thought of the day. He replied that it would, he feared, be a dirty one. My friend then enquired how long

we should be on our passage; and the steward said, about seven hours. The weather continued to assume a more gloomy aspect, and my friend expressed his regret that he had paid his fare: he certainly would have gone on shore again, he said, if he had not paid. I remarked, that as the thing was done, we must make the best of it; and that, as we seemed to have good company, I did not doubt but that we should be enabled to make ourselves comfortable.

At length we started, and I soon after went down into the gentlemen's cabin. It was very full of company, and the ladies' cabin also appeared much crowded. I took a book, which soon engaged all my attention; but my friend said, "James, when you get a book there is no company in you: let us go up and see the country." We went up accordingly, and took our seats upon the quarter deck. We had at this time passed the Rock Light-house, and it began to blow very freshly. There was a gentleman dressed in black, with a large cloak, who came and seated himself by two ladies who were near us. My friend said, "James, that gentleman is very like David Jones"—the person we were going to see. I said I thought he was a Welshman; and a young gentleman standing by us said that the gentleman to whom we alluded was Mr. Owen, a clergyman of the established church, and that the young ladies were his sisters. The sea now began to be very turbulent, and the rolling of the vessel increased in proportion, but yet it was generally remarked that she made very little way.

After some time, we shifted our seats from the quarter deck to the waste of the vessel, where I sat opposite to Mr. and Mrs. Forster. I did not know their names at that time, but I knew they were the owners of the carriage, and I had seen the servant wait on them. I heard their conversation, and observed that Mr. Forster often enquired of the servant about the safety of the dog which they had on



board. I thought at the time, "the merciful man is merciful to his beast," and I at once entertained a favourable opinion of him in consequence. They mixed very freely in conversation, and I heard them express themselves much pleased with the company.

We were now off the Welsh coast, and I began to feel very sick. The sea was so rough, and the motion of the vessel so violent, that I could not stand. The captain was upon deck at about two o'clock. He was standing near me, and appeared to derive much satisfaction from mocking our fears. He had previously been offered sums of money by several of the passengers, to induce him to put back to Liverpool, and some of them were now telling him that he had better accept the offers; but he replied, with oaths, that he was not one of those who turned back, and that if they had known him they would not have asked such a thing. He continued to sport with our feelings by ridiculing the increasing turbulence of the sea, which occasioned so much alarm. "Look," he once deridingly exclaimed, "at that big wave, rolling down with his grey head, white as the morning;" and then, in a tone of serious earnestness, he added—"This night will tell a tale!" This strange mixture of levity and apprehension of danger contributed to the uneasiness of those who witnessed it; but we comforted each other by the hope that we should at any rate reach Beaumaris by ten o'clock. Night, however, came on, and the progress of the vessel appeared to be more tardy than ever. It was ten o'clock when we arrived off the Great Ormshead, the rocky front of which was distinguishable by the faint light of a clouded moon; and we seemed to be dashed by the wind and sea within so short a distance of that awful promontory, that many feared we should never pass it, but that we should there be wrecked. The vessel, however, went slowly on; and when we had cleared the point in question, all eyes were anxiously look



ing for Puffin Island, which marks the entrance of the Strait leading to Beaumaris. A considerable time was spent in this state of suspense, but at length I heard a number of voices exclaim that they could see the island. My friend Metcalf, who had left me for a short period, now came to me and said—"James, how do you feel?" I replied that I was much better, my sickness having entirely left me. He observed that he felt no sickness, but "a dread fear was upon him." I asked him if he apprehended danger, and he said he hoped not, but that he felt much depressed. He then got me up to see the island. The moon was quite overcast at the moment, and we could only just discern that we were under the island. The sea was running very high, and the storm had evidently increased. I saw the steward hurrying along with something in his hand, and heard him observe to one of the passengers—"This is a very critical place to pass." There was a good deal of confusion, and I was told that they were looking out for what is called the Spit Buoy, when all on a sudden the vessel struck. This created considerable alarm; my friend Metcalf caught me in his arms and cried, "Oh, James, what is this?" Before any explanation could be obtained, however, she struck again, and it was soon apparent that the vessel was on shore.

We then, amidst the great consternation and confusion which prevailed amongst the passengers, went forward and examined the pumps, which we found were choked and had ceased to work. At this time many of the passengers were making speaking-trumpets of their hands, and shouting together at the top of their voices, whilst others were engaged in ringing the bell: *but no persuasion could induce the captain to hoist a light at the mast-head.* During all this, we got to the bow of the vessel against the anchor, where we knelt down and engaged in prayer, Mark's hand being in mine. He exclaimed, "O, exercise faith, James!"

After I had prayed, my friend engaged and wrestled with the Lord. His prayer was marked by good sense and exceeding fervor. By this time a number of females had surrounded us; and a gentleman from Leeds,\* a member of the Methodist Society, came up to us. My friend had had some conversation with him during the voyage, and now besought him to join with us in prayer; observing, "O, Sir, you have faith; assist us by your prayers!" The gentleman then offered up a truly sensible and energetic prayer; and thus we continued in prayer and supplication until the bulwarks were broken down and the waves were dashing against us. We then arose from our knees. Mark appeared under great excitement, and said, "O, James, your wife and family will never forgive me for taking you away from them! O, my poor wife and children! O, Lord, have mercy upon me, and spare me for the sake of my poor wife and children!" He addressed the Almighty in strong terms, and often in language which truly surprised me. After we had thus engaged in prayer together upon our knees, we arose and commenced our search for a place of security, if such were to be found. Observing several individuals on a plank, which reached across the vessel and rested upon the paddle-boxes on each side, upon this plank I endeavoured to get, and after some efforts succeeded. I then exhorted my friend to try and do the same; he made several attempts, but failed through want of strength. He then got near one of the paddle-boxes, and laid hold of the iron under the plank. There were numbers of persons in a similar situation, holding on by the iron. I was just over my friend, and had frequent opportunities of conversing with him. The waves were continually breaking over us with great impetuosity, sweeping away the passengers at every shock. A brief interval of

\* Mr. George Hammond.

ease succeeded, and I looked for Mark. I found him still at his post, clinging to the iron. I asked him if he had a firm grip; he answered, "Yes, but I am nearly exhausted." At this period all the passengers who had had previous hold of the iron which was under the plank had disappeared, from the violence of the waves, except my friend Metcalf and another person; but a short time only elapsed before I saw him carried away by a dreadful sea towards the paddle-box. As soon as he recovered the power of utterance, he exclaimed, "James, I'm afraid it's all over!" I replied, "O Mark, Mark, lay hold of the paddle-box!" He then attempted to do so, and I saw his hand laying hold, when another wave came and swept him right away. "O, James," said he, as he was carried into the sea, "it's all over now!" I then saw him throw back his hands over his shoulders, and in great anguish I exclaimed—"O, my friend, my friend, I shall see him no more!" I commended him to God; he disappeared; I saw him no more!

My mind was now wonderfully exercised. Looking around me, I saw that all on the right hand and on the left had been washed into the deep. A mighty sea was running over the vessel, and there only appeared to be five or six persons left near the foremast, besides those that were with me on the plank. I had lost my friend, and in my anguish I was much drawn out in prayer. Tremendous waves, in the meantime, beat against me; and in this state of hope and fear the lines of the poet rushed into my mind, and I repeated them:—

"The God that rules on high,  
And all the earth surveys,—  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas,—  
This awful God is mine!"

As soon as I had repeated these words, I said, "Saviour, thou art mine! I appeal to thee; thou knowest that I love

thee!" I then felt a happiness in my soul such as I had never felt before. All my fears were gone: I was beyond description happy!

Shortly afterwards the plank on which about twenty persons besides myself were situated gave way, and we were all precipitated into the deep. I rose to the top of the surge, and struck out my arms in the hope of laying hold of some floating substance, when I providentially grasped the identical plank with which I had just before been launched into the sea. On recovering from the stupor of the moment, I discovered two others who had hold of the same plank; one of them was without clothes. We were not long in getting into smoother water, and the tide was taking us on toward Beaumaris. The naked person, after some time floating, disappeared; and shortly afterwards the other individual went down, *leaving me alone with the plank*. As I was thus struggling and floating, I bethought me that it would be much easier for me if I could get on the plank. I accordingly made an effort, and succeeded, after which I found myself greatly relieved. My chief fear now was, that the tide would turn before any one could perceive me, and that I might thus be carried back and lost after all. These and similar reflections occupied my mind whilst in this perilous situation; when, casting a longing look towards Beaumaris, I descried three individuals upon a log of wood, floating in the same direction as myself. Presently I came in sight of Beaumaris harbour; could see several boats—and chimneys smoking. A strong hope now sprung up in my breast; and on looking after my fellow-sufferers on the log, I saw but one; the others had met a watery grave. Now I could distinctly see boats passing to and fro at a considerable distance, near to Beaumaris. I shouted, in the hope that some one might hear me; and perceiving a small spar, with a spike in it, I endeavoured to secure it, and succeeded. To this spike I affixed my handkerchief, waving it over my

head, and shouting with all the strength I was capable of exerting. Presently I saw a boat making towards me, and was satisfied by the cheers of the boatmen that my distress was seen, and that my relief was at hand, which I need hardly say truly gladdened my heart. In this I was happily not deceived, for the boat soon came to me, and I was pulled in, being the second rescued, one having been taken into the boat before me. I then informed the men of the person on the log, and they immediately rowed away in the direction pointed out by me, and we secured him almost in the last stage of human existence. We were then taken to Beaumaris, where we arrived about half-past eight o'clock, after having been six hours and a half floating on a plank. I thanked God with earnest sincerity for this my greatly providential deliverance from a watery grave: to His name be the praise!

We were presently conducted to an inn, where every attention was paid to us. Two gentlemen kindly interested themselves in my welfare. One of them I afterwards ascertained to be Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, Bart., M.P., who benevolently inquired as to what property I had lost, and offered me any assistance in his power; telling me to make free and ask him if he could do anything for me. He took charge of a letter which I had just written to my wife and family in Liverpool, franked it, and put it into the post-office himself. — I recovered very rapidly, and the next day was enabled to return to my family, with a grateful heart to the Almighty, who had so wonderfully preserved me.

JAMES MARTIN.

Mr. Joseph Adshead, &c.

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#### MR. JOHN NUTTALL.

A portion of the following originally appeared in *Wheeler's Manchester Chronicle*, but several incidents have

been added, and a number of errors, consequent upon the haste with which the statement was then given, have been corrected by Mr. Nuttall. The reader will also observe that I have elsewhere availed myself of some additional interesting particulars with which that gentleman has favoured me — see page 75, &c.

Mr. Nuttall states that, before the packet left Liverpool, several of the passengers, and Mr. Tarrey in particular, complained to Captain Atkinson of the great delay, more than an hour after the usual time of starting having transpired before she was under way. The vessel proceeded smoothly until she had passed the Black Rock, when she was observed to heave about, but at that time no danger was apprehended. About three o'clock in the afternoon, after the steamer had passed the Floating Light, Mr. Nuttall and Mr. Tarrey were sitting together on a bench near the chimney, when the latter observed, "I am sure the vessel will never bear the heavy sea we are in." He instantly rose up, and going to the top of the cabin stairs, shouted to the captain, who was below dining, "Why, captain, we are in very great danger!" The captain replied, "I dare say there is a great deal of fear, but I'll be ——— if there is any danger." Mr. Tarrey joined Mr. Nuttall again, and the former remarked, "I have been at Dublin, at the Isle of Man, and several other places, but never was in so rough a sea before." The progress of the vessel at this period was so slow that she did not apparently sail at the rate of more than one mile in from two to three hours. Shortly afterwards, a young man (one of the crew) came up to that part of the packet where Mr. Nuttall and Mr. Tarrey were sitting, and the latter gentleman strongly recommended that the vessel should be turned back. "Turn back," said the sailor, apparently in great astonishment, "what must we turn back for? We have something else to do than to turn back." About this time Mr. Tarrey's



family (his wife, five children and servant), who were in the under steerage, were much indisposed, and Mr. Tarrey fetched his youngest child, about fourteen months old, which he and Mr. Nuttall nursed on the deck for more than an hour. At Mr. Tarrey's request, as the sea ran mountains high, and the vessel was so unsteady that no landsman could stand securely on deck, the captain kindly took the infant in his arms, and carried it to its mother. As soon as the passengers obtained a sight of the Great Ormshead, Mr. Tarrey said to Captain Atkinson, "How soon will you be able to pass the Ormshead—by ten o'clock, think you?" The captain replied, smiling at the time, "I'll bet you a wager we pass it before eight o'clock."

Nothing like general alarm was felt by the passengers until they had passed the Ormshead; but the night was then far advanced; it was ten o'clock, and the vessel appeared to make very little way. About this time some of the passengers heard an ominous remark from one of the firemen, or engineers, which excited considerable apprehension. He came on deck, having missed his fellow-fireman, and cried out for him. In a few minutes afterwards his comrade made his appearance, when the fireman first alluded to said, "Bless me, I am knee-deep in water in the hold; begin and use the pump." The pump was instantly set to work, and the passengers, three at a time, worked at it with the utmost perseverance. The alarm and confusion which had hitherto been slightly exhibited were now beginning to increase, owing to the pump being in a bad state of repair, the sucker having frequently to be replaced by the fireman, and from the frightful appearance of the hold, in which the water was getting deeper every minute. In the midst of this exertion, the captain, who was in the cabin, gave orders for the constant working of the pump, and a person shouted out, "The captain says you must keep the pump at work." The night had far advanced now, the

time being from eleven to twelve o'clock, and the sky was overshadowed by clouds.

The next circumstance of moment which Mr. Nuttall recollects is the approach of the vessel towards the Dutchman's Bank. The first time she struck against the sand, the concussion was not violent, but the keel seemed to him as if it were scraping along the bottom of the bay. The packet then suddenly lurched over towards the Anglesea side, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the passengers could maintain their footing on the deck. The captain, at this juncture, ordered all the passengers to the head of the vessel, and they crowded at that end immediately, hoping that she would float off the bank, but she seemed fixed in the sand. He then directed that the paddles should be reversed, but as no steam could be procured, the fires having been extinguished by the flood of water in the hold, the order could not be complied with. He then cried out, "Port," and the mate attended to the order, but the vessel did not change her position. At this perilous moment several passengers made suggestions and complaints to the captain, whilst others said he ought not to be teased, as he had enough to do. To some one he said, "he would not be spoken to by any man, for he had enough on his own mind." He appeared to Mr. Nuttall to be fresh in liquor, and he spoke with sharpness. Mr. Tarrey, at this time, seemed to have given himself up to despair, and shaking Mr. Nuttall by the hand he said, "We are all lost! O my poor wife and family!" Mr. Nuttall, expecting to meet his death every moment, answered, "Yes, Sir, I believe we shall all perish." Mr. Nuttall, who never saw Mr. Tarrey afterwards, then went to another part of the vessel, and met with Mr. William Walmsley, of Bury, who, taking Mr. Nuttall by the hand, exclaimed, "Oh, John, we are all lost." Mr. Nuttall, deeply affected by his awful situation, answered, "I believe we are, and it is our duty now to

prepare for dying." Mr. Nuttall afterwards saw Mr. Robert Whittaker, of Bury, and similar language passed between them. Mr. Nuttall then went to that part of the vessel at which he had recently left Selina Lamb and Miss Walmsley. Both had their caps and bonnets off, and were engaged in fervent prayer: they were remarkably composed in mind, and seemed quite prepared to meet their fate. Miss Whittaker joined the party; and in a moment or two afterwards the sea broke in for the first time at midships, —the heavy breaker, which nearly overwhelmed the deck, carrying back with it into the sea part of the luggage. At that awful moment Mr. Nuttall, at the request of the poor females, stood in the midst of them, his hands being fast clasped in those of Selina Lamb. No hope of safety now appeared to be left, and Mr. Nuttall lifted up his heart to the Almighty, in silent but earnest prayer. Whilst thus engaged a heavy surge rushed in upon the party, and they occasionally knelt down, to avoid the fury of the dashing waves. Scarcely two minutes had elapsed before the side of the vessel at which they were stationed was forced in by the sea, and they were all precipitated into the roaring waters. The party consisted of Mr. Nuttall, Selina Lamb, Mary Whittaker, her son and nephew, Miss Walmsley, and several other persons whose names are unknown. Mr. Nuttall recollects that he fell head foremost into the sea. The very moment before he was plunged into it Selina Lamb turned towards him, and seemed desirous to say something to him, but her sudden removal into the water prevented her from uttering a word. He never saw this unfortunate young woman again.

Mr. Nuttall could not swim, and consequently in his first struggles he sank three or four times, and each time, as he rose to the surface, his head struck against pieces of the wreck. This much exhausted him, and at length he despairingly reclined upon the water without an effort, in the

hope that he should at once go down, to rise no more alive ; but this thought was succeeded by another, that he owed a duty to himself and to his wife and family to use his best exertions to save himself from a watery grave. He lifted up his head, and observed floating near him the side of the packet, which, by giving way, had caused himself and his friends to be plunged into the water. He seized it, and with some difficulty got upon it, and rested there for a few moments on his knees. At this critical time a boy about ten years of age (who has since turned out to be the son of the helmsman) mounted upon his back, and notwithstanding Mr. Nuttall's persuasions and remonstrances, he clung fast with his arms round his neck, and would not quit his grasp. Mr. Nuttall had on his under and topcoat, and with the additional weight of the boy he expected to sink every moment. He perceived a rope, which, after a desperate struggle, he seized, and found it firmly fixed to the side of the remnant of the vessel. He clambered up, with the boy still on his back, and at length succeeded in reaching the poop. When he had got upon the wreck (for the packet had separated in the centre some time before), he heard a piteous cry for help ; and on looking over the side he observed a female clinging to it in the endeavour to climb up, and apparently about to sink. He knew not who she was, but anxious to extricate her from her perilous situation, he descended, by means of the rope before referred to ; and seizing her by the hair, her bonnet having been forced to the back of her head, succeeded in placing her safely on the poop. When there, to his great astonishment and pleasure, he discovered that the individual whom he had thus rescued was his neighbour, Miss Whittaker. Jones, the steward, and his wife, were on this division of the packet, when Mr. Nuttall, Miss Whittaker, and the boy got upon it ; but not considering it to be safe, Jones lashed himself and his wife to the mast, which was then lying

across the quarter-deck and poop. Several ladies, all of whom had their caps and bonnets off, were leaning against the side of this part of the wreck, suffering the most acute anguish of mind. Their distress was, however, of short endurance, for in a few seconds the sea forced in the railing against which they were resting, and they, with Jones and his wife, were swept into the sea. Mr. Nuttall, Miss Whittaker, Jones (the Liverpool pilot), the boy, and two other individuals [Mr. Wilson and Mr. Henry Hammond], were preserved at this time by firmly grasping the rudder-wheel. When poor Jones, the steward, removed with his wife from the protection afforded by the wheel, to that which he hoped to obtain from the wreck of the mast, Miss Whittaker endeavoured to follow them, but Mr. Nuttall fortunately interfered and pulled her back, or she must have shared their fate. Soon after the occurrence of this last catastrophe, the deck upon which they were situated sunk to the water, and was presently washed clear of the other portions of the wreck. A raft was thus formed, and whilst floating upon it they picked up Mr. George Hammond, of Leeds, who was supported in the sea by a large spar. Mr. Coxhead and Elliot Rudland had previously been taken on the raft, making the number saved upon it nine. When daylight appeared, Mr. Nuttall pulled out a silk handkerchief, and it was hoisted on a piece of wood, in the hope that, as a signal, it would bring relief. The party could perceive individuals walking in the fields on the Carnarvonshire side of the bay, but none of them appeared to take any notice of the distressed sufferers. At length Miss Whittaker gave up part of her flannel petticoat to serve as a signal, and strips of it were hoisted up. The raft continued to drift towards the Carnarvonshire shore, but still no succour appeared to be at hand. Mr. Nuttall and Jones, the pilot, then determined to seize the first pieces of wreck that should appear, to use as oars. Two suitable pieces of



wood were soon obtained, and with them the wreck was propelled on the bosom of the deep. Whilst the party was thus engaged, the Beaumaris life-boat was seen making towards them, and it soon got up to the raft. Miss Whitaker was first taken in, and afterwards the men. Mr. Walker was in the boat, and displayed the utmost activity and anxiety; this gentleman happened to be walking early in the morning on Beaumaris Green, and descried the tattered signal flying in the wind: he gave an alarm, the life-boat was manned, and the utmost exertions were made to row up to the sufferers. When the party had got into the boat a short conversation took place, as to bringing the raft along with them: but one of the boat's crew said, "Never mind it; your lives are saved, and do not care for the wreck. I left the Rothsay Castle only two days ago, because I was fearful this would be the end of her."—The party were conveyed to the Bull Inn, Beaumaris, where the greatest attention was paid to them.—Mr. Nuttall concludes his corrected narrative by observing—

"On the Friday I returned to Liverpool in the Prince Llewellyn packet, at the request of Mr. Joseph Adshead, who was proceeding by that vessel, having Mrs. Payne, of Manchester, under his charge, together with the remains of her unfortunate husband, who was one of the number that perished."

JOHN NUTTALL.

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### MRS. FRANCES PAYNE.

The ample opportunities afforded me when with Mrs. Payne, of obtaining full particulars of the distressing scenes through which that respected individual passed, have enabled me to give in my general narrative a very complete and faithful account of the "appalling situation" to which she was reduced—see page 101; and I have else-



where had such frequent occasion to refer to Mrs. Payne, in connexion with the leading incidents under notice, that to avoid repetition I must break in upon the present relation, whenever it takes up circumstances which are detailed in other portions of the work. I find it necessary, therefore, sometimes to *describe* in my own person, and sometimes to leave the subject of the narrative to speak for herself.

The calamitous journey of Mr. and Mrs. Payne was undertaken with a view to recreation and health, and there is nothing worthy of particular observation at the outset, which has not already been related by others. With regard to subsequent events, Mrs. Payne observes—

“I was sitting next to Mrs. Forster, on the quarter deck, when the great danger had become apparent to all, and was remarking upon the conduct of the captain, when that lady, whose calmness and marked resignation were admirably sustained during the whole of that trying period, said, with a good-natured smile, ‘My dear, do not condemn him; he may perhaps be acting for the best.’ The passengers were for the most part in a state of great anxiety and alarm. The pump had been going for some time, and my dear husband, who had been extremely ill from seasickness during the whole of the passage, had gone upon deck, and was exerting himself to the utmost in endeavouring to gain upon the leaks; but the cabin floor was now covered with water, which continued rapidly to increase in depth.”

Mrs. Payne describes the scene consequent upon the striking of the vessel, and then proceeds to say—

“Notwithstanding the horrors that surrounded me, I could not help noticing the singular difference in the conduct of some of the females. I have mentioned that of Mrs. Forster; the younger of the Misses Owen (Mary) also attracted my particular observation. She sat with

astonishing composure to await the dreadful event, and I could not withhold an expression of surprise at her tranquillity under such circumstances: she replied, with mild solemnity, 'This is not a time to repine.' Others were for a time as remarkable for apparent quiescence, when the first frantic expressions of terror had subsided; but I can scarcely say whether it arose from an unconsciousness of the real imminence of the danger, or from the passiveness which is sometimes the result of despair. I saw, for instance, one, (who afterwards perished) busied in searching and making enquiries for her bonnet, which she had lost in the confusion; after which she adjusted herself, and folded up her cloak with scrupulous nicety—and this was at a period when we had every reason to expect the vessel to break up, and when, *indeed*, but few of us had many minutes to live!"

The unhappy company assembled in the cabin joined in prayer, as described at page 57. In the midst of this affecting scene, Mrs. Payne being upon her knees by the side of Mrs. Faulkner, and deeply immersed in water,—

"I heard (she continues) my dear husband calling to me from the deck. 'Frances,' he said, 'where are you?' I answered him, and entreated him not to leave me. He said he would not, but begged me to come up. I endeavoured to rise, but was so entangled by my wet clothes that I could not, and my husband came down to assist me. Miss Mary Owen also put out her hand to help me, and with some difficulty they got me upon my feet: my husband then assisted me in ascending the stairs. On reaching the deck, I witnessed a scene which can never pass from my memory. The greatest distraction prevailed. Most of the females had torn off their caps and bonnets, and other portions of their dress, and were lying upon the deck in a state of pitiable exhaustion: some were weeping in great agony: some sat down in the composure of insa-

nity ; and others were hurrying from one place to another, and looking about with frantic impatience, as if in search of a place of safety or of some means for preservation. Cries of ‘ Oh, what shall we do ? ’ ‘ Lord, have mercy upon us ! ’ together with every term of endearment which husbands, wives, parents, children, and friends would utter, if taking leave of each other on the approach of death,—cries and bursts of passionate sorrow such as these were to be heard on every side, and I shrunk back with horror and affright, for there was no room to pass from the entrance of the cabin without trampling upon the bodies of wretched women and children.\* I should have fallen amongst them if my husband had not supported me : he dragged me over them towards the paddle-box on the left hand side of the vessel, which was then the highest out of the water, and helped me to get upon the top of the casing. An iron bolt, or pin, projected from the centre plank, and my husband told me to hold by it while he went for a rope, which he thought would add to our security. He was about to descend for that purpose, when I again earnestly begged him not to leave me. He assured me that he would not, and he contrived to reach some rope from which he cut a piece. He then said, ‘ My dear, we will go together : ’ and then he tied the rope round my waist, and also round his own, after which he fastened the end to the bolt. We

\* In this description, the points verbally referred to by the narrator are no more than faithfully rendered ; but the following lines from Byron’s “ Darkness ” appear as if expressly written to portray them :—

“ Some lay down,

And hid their eyes, and wept ; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled ;  
And others, hurrying to and fro, looked round  
With mad disquietude.”

remained in this situation until the vessel went to pieces, during which time sights of the most afflicting description continually presented themselves. I saw Mr. M'Carthy, a priest of the Catholic persuasion, in the utmost distress. He also had been much exhausted by sickness, and was for some time kneeling in prayer by the side of the paddle-box upon which I was placed; but in the attempt to crawl along the deck, to join, as I thought, some persons who were praying at a little distance from him, he was overwhelmed by several successive seas that broke over the vessel. When I last saw him, he was feebly struggling for life in this way. Mr. Shaw was near me for some time, clinging to the top of the paddle-box; but he had not so favourable a situation as my husband and myself, and I saw him drop into the sea, and perish. But the fate of individuals was soon lost in the horror of more sweeping destruction: the side of the vessel broke away, and a whole mass of victims went at once! The shrieks, and lamentations, and unavailing cries for help, were now more dreadful than ever; but I was soon after involved in the calamity: a heavy sea tore away the paddle-box, and we were plunged into the deep. We were still attached, however, to the bolt, by the cord with which my husband had fastened us together; but our weight, or the shock of so tremendous a wave, forced the plank from the rest of the casing, and we were left amidst the waters with no other means of support.—At this moment something was forced against my back, and on turning round I saw the captain of the vessel. I had warmly expostulated with him upon the impropriety of his conduct, in the course of the night, and I exclaimed on seeing him, 'Oh, captain, captain!' He was immediately swept from me, however, and I saw him no more. My husband heard me, and said, 'No, my dear, that was not the captain;' but I knew that I could not be mistaken, and I said—'Yes, I am sure it was:

I know him by his cap, by his oil-skin cap.' Much has been said about the fate of this unhappy man, but I am quite convinced that I saw him in the situation I have described, at the period of which I am speaking.—My dear husband and myself were now frequently rolled over amongst the surges, and I thought every moment would be our last. I kept crying aloud to Heaven for mercy, whenever I had the power; and my dear husband, fearing the consequence, affectionately entreated me to keep my mouth shut. I felt, however, that all precaution of the kind could avail me nothing, and that earnest prayer for the salvation of my soul was now my proper concern; and I replied—‘Oh, my dear, how can I shut my mouth, and pray to my God?’ We soon drifted out of sight of the wreck, and of every human being but ourselves, and were continually subjected to trying efforts for life. I found my strength declining fast, but was agonized to witness the alarming state of exhaustion into which my dear husband was rapidly sinking. He continued to cheer me, however, with hopes of deliverance, and to pray for his family and children, in the event of our perishing. I also got much worse, and stupefaction seemed to be gradually absorbing every faculty, when I was recalled to life and partial energy by the awful struggles of my dear husband.”

The reader is referred to page 101 for the conclusion of this terrible scene; and the account of the arrival of Mrs. Payne with the dead body of her husband at Beaumaris commences at page 114. Mrs. Payne concludes as follows:—

“May that Being, who so wonderfully preserved me, vouchsafe to make me truly grateful for his mercy. I would also thank the human instruments of His will—the boatmen, who were exceedingly kind to me; and to those ladies of Beaumaris who subsequently took so bene-



volent an interest in my sufferings — (and I am constrained to mention the Misses Williams, of the Friary, in particular,) — I beg to return my heartfelt acknowledgments.

FRANCES PAYNE."

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### ELLIOT RUDLAND.

This was one of the musicians, who had previously served in that capacity on board the Ormerod, under Lieutenant Atkinson. During the last fatal voyage of the Rothsay Castle, he assisted the steward, Jones, who was obliged to cook, and attended upon such of the passengers as were ill. In his verbal statement of the facts that came under his observation, he remarks that he felt no fear during the passage, notwithstanding the roughness of the weather; and even when night came on, and alarm became so general, he still thought that the vessel would arrive at her place of destination in safety. A short time previous to the grounding of the vessel, having occasion to go into the caboose or cooking room, he found Jones the fireman there, with West the musician. Soon after, the other fireman came up, and said it was Jones's turn to attend the furnaces. Jones went down, but came up immediately for a light, observing that the pump was choked. He took the lamp out of the fore cabin; but on coming up he met the captain, and very angry words passed between them. The exact words he (Rudland) did not hear. While Rudland was still in the caboose, the ship struck. He went out, and saw that all was confusion; but being accustomed to the sea, he was not alarmed. A gentleman, one of the passengers, said in a fright to the captain, "We shall go to the bottom." "D—— the bottom," was the reply, "we are at the bottom already." The scene on deck was terrific — the passengers ran up and down in the utmost confusion, the women and children screaming, and the men staring



each other in the face irresolute and frightened. It was not long after the vessel struck before the chimney and steam-escape fell overboard; the main-mast soon followed, and at these indications of coming ruin Rudland began to look about for himself. The first thing he did,—and it shows the force of habit,—was to look after his clarionet. West said to him, “We are all lost.” “No,” said he, “we’ll trust in God, and not despair.” At this time the sea broke over the vessel in a frightful manner, and he got hold of the bar that runs from one paddle-box to the other, under the cross plough on which the captain walked: but the weather box having been washed away, he moved down to the water. On his getting there a lady caught hold of his arm, while two other ladies laid hold of the skirts of his coat: they were frantic with terror, as were all the women on board. From this situation he shifted to the poop, where he saw two men holding the big drum between them; and Mr. Edward Jones was also there, with a green bag in his hand. They were on the grating outside the paddle-box, and were soon after washed into the sea; he (Rudland) could not assist them. He next got on Mr. Forster’s coach. While there he witnessed the melancholy spectacle of forty persons being washed overboard in a body. The shrieks were dreadful. He was still cool and resigned. The carriage, with himself and two others, was eventually washed overboard, and it instantly sunk. He at length got upon a plank, and after having been driven about for some time, he contrived by means of a rope to regain the poop, and was fortunate enough to maintain the advantage until that portion of the vessel broke away and constituted a raft, upon which himself and eight others were saved. In a letter which he sent the next day from Beaumaris, to his anxious family at Liverpool, announcing his safety, he evinced a due sense of the great mercy which it had pleased the Almighty to extend to him.

## MR. JOHN A. TINNE.

Such frequent mention is made of this gentleman in the course of the general narrative, that any notice of him under this head is unnecessary, further than to refer the reader more particularly to pages 34, 35, 66, 92, and 120.

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## MARY WHITTAKER.

I left Bury on the Monday morning preceding the fatal 17th of August, in company with my brother (Robert Whittaker) and Mr. Wilkinson, together with two little boys,—the one my own, about six years and a half old; the other my brother's only child, aged about eight years. We went first to Bolton, and then by the rail-road to Liverpool, where we subsequently met with Mr. Nuttall, Mr. Fitton, Miss Margaret Walmsley, and Selina Lamb. Mr. Fitton and Miss Walmsley were on the eve of marriage at the time. On the Wednesday morning we all went on board the *Rothsay Castle* together, and there we found a great many persons who resided in the same town and neighbourhood as ourselves, but of whose intentions to set out on that journey we had no previous knowledge. I believe that Selina Lamb determined on going in consequence of seeing me set out, but I had no share in persuading any one to go, notwithstanding the statements to that effect.

I can relate little of the passage: I was occasionally alarmed, in common with those who were about me; but as I did not understand the extent of the danger, I in a great measure confided in the assurances which were from time to time given to us, that there was no serious cause for fear, until the vessel struck, and from that awful moment it pleased Providence to sustain me by a presence of mind, and a power to exert myself for my preservation, which, under such circumstances, were truly astonishing.

The first thing I recollect, amidst the terrible confusion which ensued, was the bursting of the waves over the side of the vessel. The boys were with me; I had hold of both by the hand, and we caught a rope to save us from being washed away. The seat we had the moment before occupied was carried into the sea; and one of the poor children, I hardly know which, such was the state of distraction to which I was reduced, was swept from his feet, but I grasped some portion of his clothes and dragged him back. The chimney and the main-mast next fell; and the latter lay in such a position as to press me against the side of the vessel, and I expected every moment to be crushed. Whilst in this horrible situation I had leisure to look around me, and I observed that with every wave that broke over us the passengers were fewer in number; some were taken every time, and I saw them struggling amidst the waves in a dreadful mass, at a little distance from the vessel. I was now hopeless of escaping a similar fate. I earnestly commended my soul to God, entreating his merciful acceptance of my prayer, and stood expecting the shock which should plunge me amidst the many who had already undergone the last agony.

A wave at length came, heavier than any which had preceded it. A portion of the vessel's side against which I was pressed was forced in, and the unhappy children were torn from me. I heard my brother's boy cry out, "Oh, father, save me!" We were swept into the sea together, but I saw them no more alive.

I was carried to some distance from the vessel, and when I came to the surface of the water I disencumbered myself of a reticule containing my brother's watch and several sovereigns, and felt eagerly round me for something by which I might support myself. The effort, I found, rendered me buoyant: and, as I recollected that many under similar circumstances had learned to swim, I tried to

struggle onward in the direction of the wreck, and was surprised at my success. I made way with comparative ease, and when I reached the vessel I caught hold of a rope and endeavoured to climb up; but my strength was then gone, and I cried as loud as I could for help, for I felt that I must fall back into the sea if no one came to my assistance. I soon saw some one descending to me, and in my eagerness I caught hold of the person's leg, but let go again the moment he gave me to understand the danger to which it would expose both of us; and I recognized in my preserver Mr. John Nuttall. He saw my weak state, and instantly seized me by the hair, my bonnet having been forced off, though it still hung, full of water, at the back of my head. Mr. Nuttall succeeded in getting me on the poop, and then discovered who it was that he had preserved; but he was then compelled to seek his own safety, and I felt unable to help myself through the weight of my bonnet, which tightened almost to strangulation the strings around my neck, by which it was held. I made an effort to cry out, as I reclined helplessly upon the deck, and at length exclaimed, "Oh, I'm hanging!" A gentleman near me, whom I afterwards found to be Mr. Henry Wilson, of Manchester, kindly came to my assistance; and, having relieved me by cutting the strings of my bonnet, helped me to reach the rudder-wheel, by which I was advised to hold for security. I was soon afterwards sufficiently recovered to aid Mr. Wilson in assisting a gentleman who was striving to join us upon the poop. We happily succeeded in getting him to the wheel, when he laid down totally exhausted, and apparently dying. This proved to be Mr. Coxhead, of London.

The deck upon which we were situated had gradually sunk, and at length the water received it upon its surface. It was then conjectured that we should be safer if clear of the other part of the wreck, and accordingly the Liverpool

pilot cut the ropes that held it to the shattered remains of the vessel, and we began to drift away. The sea washed over us, and there being seven individuals upon the raft, which was only about three square yards in extent, it was always covered with water, sometimes very deeply; and I was recommended to put my feet through a hole near the wheel, which gave firmness to my position and enabled me to support the head of Mr. Coxhead through a great portion of the time thus spent, or he must have been suffocated: we all thought, however, that he was in a dying state.

When it became light, I do not recollect seeing anything of the wreck which we had left. Fragments were floating about in all directions, but I have no recollection of seeing any human being except those who were upon the same raft, though I believe a gentleman\* was picked up at this period—that is, after the break of day. Another person† also got upon the raft at an earlier hour, it seems; but I only know from my own observation that seven were upon it in the first instance, and that eventually there were nine.

As the morning advanced, and no relief appeared, Mr. Henry Hammond, who was one of the party, observed that they ought to exert themselves more; they ought, he said, to row or paddle the raft towards the shore. This was done accordingly, and the pilot next remarked that they would get on much faster if something could be found for a sail. I was at this time nearly naked; almost all my clothes had been torn away in my struggles, and I had nothing left but my shift, stays, and under petticoat; and the latter having been partially rent from the band to which it was attached, I had torn it quite away and wrapped it round my head; but on the pilot saying it would do very well both for a signal and a sail, I at once gave it to him.

\* Mr. George Hammond.      † Elliot Rndland.



Mr. Wilson observed, "Don't take it from her; poor thing, she'll be starved to death:" but I said, "Oh, yes! if it will do any good, take it." It was then held up for a sail, and the pilot remarked that if they could procure anything to fasten it to pieces of the wreck it would have the better chance to be seen at a distance; and as nothing else could be got I was induced to pull off my garters, and give them for the required purpose.

I was soon rejoiced to find that I had rendered some service by the sacrifice I had made. The signal had not been long hoisted before a boat was seen to put off from the shore, near Beaumaris; and after some time of anxious hope and fear, we saw that we were observed, and that our deliverance was near. The boat soon came up, and the sailors cried out, "Help the lady first." I was accordingly taken first into the boat, and the crew kindly took off their jackets and wrapped them round me, for which I was very grateful, for I suffered severely from such long exposure to excessive cold.

When we arrived at Beaumaris a lady compassionately supplied me with a cloak, and I was enabled to walk to the Bull's Head Inn; but when put to bed I became very ill, and felt all the painful effects of the bruises I had received. A few hours' rest, however, joined to the very kind attention with which I was treated, much restored me. A number of ladies were most kind to me; to them I can never feel sufficiently grateful. They benevolently supplied me with every thing that my destitute condition required, and endeavoured to console me for the loss they could not repair,—that of my dear boy.

MARY WHITTAKER.

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#### MR. ROBERT WHITTAKER.

[The following narrative is taken, with the exception of a few necessary alterations which have been made by



Mr. Whittaker, from the *Manchester Guardian* of the time: ]—

Myself and my boy, my only child; my sister, and her boy, went on board the *Rothsay Castle*, lying in the river at Liverpool, and bound, on a pleasure excursion, for Beaumaris and Bangor. After the fares had been collected, and when we should have set sail, which was at ten o'clock, a gentleman's carriage was brought to the quay, and about an hour elapsed in getting it on board. Mr. Tarrey, who had taken his passage with his wife and all his children, five in number, and one female servant, remonstrated with the captain on this delay; and he added he would make such conduct known through the newspapers. The captain did not reply to these observations, but directed the men to weigh anchor, which they immediately set about, but were not able to perform, until assisted by a powerful gentleman in a black coat, whom I afterwards saw lying dead beside Mrs. Duckworth, at Llanfairfechan. The anchor being secured, we proceeded down the river, and on getting into rough water some of the passengers began to be alarmed, and a greater number sick. We went on, and as the sea rolled, the vessel pitched violently; and the passengers becoming more alarmed, some of them held a consultation, and the result was that Mr. Tarrey was authorized to state to the captain that they would sacrifice their fares if he would return to Liverpool. He told them they were afraid without cause, for there was no danger. This, in some degree, lulled my fears, but it was afterwards remarked by me that the same land continued in sight, and that the vessel did not appear to make any way, notwithstanding the engine was working with its full power. We continued in apparently the same situation for several hours, the vessel, as before, pitching violently, and the sea running very high. Mr. Tarrey again entreated the captain to turn back, or put in at some place near, so that their lives

might be saved. He answered every application to that purpose with ridicule, and seemed confident of the voyage being successful. Mr. Tarrey turned to me and said, "Good God, Robert, what do you think of this matter? Do you think the vessel can live through such a sea?" I said, "I do not think it can: I am very much afraid we shall be lost." Soon after, the cook took dinner into the cabin; and the captain remained below upwards of two hours. I was astonished that any man could eat in such a situation, when we expected every moment would be our last. *Numbers of the passengers, who, I knew, were not easily frightened on other occasions, were walking the deck in agony, or laying hold of anything that might support them, whilst others were encouraging them to keep up their spirits.* I remarked to Mr. Wilkinson, one of our party, that I thought we should be lost: he said he would ensure me for a trifle. Mr. Nuttall, also from Bury, said, "You can't, John; I am of the same opinion with Robert, that we cannot survive this." All this time the captain remained below; and to the often repeated enquiries of "Where is the captain?" the answer invariably was, "In the cabin with the gentlemen." A little after four o'clock he came on deck, and from his manner I again felt some assurance of our safety, though I noticed that Mr. Tarrey and Mr. Walmsley were in the deepest distress, clasping their hands, and exclaiming we should be all lost. Mrs. Walmsley was sick: she went below with her child. Mr. Tarrey's family were in the fore cabin, he on deck, and he again entreated the captain to put in at the nearest place he could; but his entreaties were unavailing. The day was now waning, the atmosphere heavy and thick, the wind nearly against us; but Great Ormshead was in view, and we were given to understand that if we could round that point we should be in smooth water. Once or twice previous to this, I had noticed that the steam was not up; there

was not that tremulous motion arising from the strokes of the paddle-wheels which is felt when the vessel makes way, and I have no doubt that the captain and crew knew of this. At one time, when the paddles were stopped, the fore-sail was hoisted ; and as soon as the engine began to work, the sail was taken down. It was now about nine at night, and Mr. Tarrey continued to evince his anxiety for himself, his family, and the passengers. He had at that time his youngest child in his arms. Mr. John Duckworth was also alarmed, and came to the place where I was covering the two little boys with my great coat, to protect them from the spray : they were lying down in a state of sickness. Mr. Duckworth said, " I wish I was safely set down at home, or at Holden's, in Liverpool." I answered, " So do I." Shortly after, the captain seemed more on the alert, and betrayed signs of alarm and great irritation. He swore at the men for not trimming the vessel by means of a box running on wheels, and containing heavy chains, which was on the mid deck, and which they ought to have moved from side to side as occasion required. He was several times asked, " What shall we do to be saved ?" and on one occasion he answered, " If you are afraid, go to prayers." I put a question relative to our situation to the steward, who replied, " How can you be afraid when you see us all so merry ?" *The crew were either sea-sick or drunk ; they staggered along the deck, and became very talkative. The captain stood in the midships, swearing at the men ; I am convinced, indeed, that they were all drunk except the man at the wheel.* The male passengers were in great anxiety ; the women were wailing and crying ; the children were overpowered by sickness, and lay chiefly in a helpless state on the deck. The steam, which had recently been applied, again became short, and the captain ordered " all hands to the pump." *Some cried out to hoist the sail, others said " no : " it was not hoisted, and the vessel lay without either steam or sail*

*until she struck on a sand-bank.* The night was dark, but we could see about the length of the vessel: the wind came off Puffin Island in a strong current, and we lay with *the bow of the vessel pointing betwixt Beaumaris and Puffin Island.* The waves now rose tremendously high; the captain cried out, "Reverse the paddles," but there was no steam either to reverse or propel them. The waves broke heavily on the vessel, the chimney became loose, and first reeled to leeward, then to windward, and tumbled over with a great crash. The main-mast then went overboard, and remained hanging to the vessel by the rigging. The captain still assured us we should be saved, and that assistance would shortly arrive. I requested him to fire a gun; he said he had none on board. A small bell was then rung, but its noise would probably be lost in the roar of the wind and waves. Some of the passengers asked the captain to hoist a light; *he said he had none; but we knew he had a lanthorn, for one of the crew took it round when he collected the cheques from the passengers, about half an hour before the vessel struck.* The confusion occasioned by the falling of the chimney and the mast, together with the cries of the women and children, was dreadful beyond description. Men were seen taking leave of their wives; wives were clinging to their husbands, and persons were running about in all directions, uttering the most piteous and heart-rending cries. From the weight of the chimney the vessel continued lying to windward, and very soon after the main-mast went the weather-boards gave way; and as the waves then swept the deck, the passengers stationed themselves on those parts of the vessel which lay highest. Several climbed up the mast, which was left standing: others got on the poop. The weather-boards on the leeward side then were washed away by an immense wave, taking with them more than thirty people who were clinging to them. By this wave I believe that Mr. and Mrs. Tarrey and their

family were ingulphed, as I do not recollect seeing them afterwards. The cries were now more dreadful than before, every succeeding wave sweeping numbers from the wreck. I took a situation beside one of the paddle-boxes, and whilst there, a young man came to me with a large drum, and said it would save both of us, if I held on one side, and he on the other. Some females came and clung round us, but the young man stuck to the drum, and told them to get hold of the first piece of timber they could: I then took out my watch and some silver, and placed them in my sister's reticule, telling her I must swim for my life, and praying the Lord to preserve hers. I stripped off all my clothes save my shirt and stockings; we then put the drum overboard to try it in the water, and found it very buoyant, but looking at the size of my partner, I thought he would not be heavy enough to balance the drum with me, and that, consequently, I should be drowned in keeping him above water. He therefore got another partner, and they went overboard, and perished in my sight in a few minutes. During this time many passengers were successively washed off the wreck by the waves. Part of the weather-board near the paddle-box where I stood remained, and I clung to it, but seeing some of the crew and passengers holding by an iron stay which went across the vessel, I made an effort and got to it, but found that every wave threw us from our feet, and very soon none were left but myself and Mr. Wilkinson. Shortly afterwards the wooden casing of the paddle gave way, and I was driven through the inside casing into the wheel, leaving Mr. Wilkinson still hanging on, and crying for mercy at those intervals when the waves permitted him to breathe. Before this time I had lost sight of my sister and the two boys, shortly before which I heard my boy calling out, "Father, father, save me!" but I could not get near them. Soon afterwards I was driven through the wheel and the casing into the sea, and seizing a piece



of the casing I floated upon it. Soon afterwards I got a spar, and put it lengthways underneath the board I had before, and after sustaining some severe bruises from pieces of timber that were floating about, I got clear of the wreck. It was then very dark ; and, according to my calculation, about one o'clock. I kept praying for daylight and for deliverance.

Of what further happened I have but a confused recollection, and it appears to me like the traces of a horrible dream. It seemed as if I had been in the water many days, when I heard the welcome sound of a human voice shout "Holloa," to which I also shouted "Holloa." The voice then said, "Hold on, my boy," and soon after I was lifted out of the water and placed in a boat. It was Ralph Williamson, Esq., who, having been on a pleasure excursion in his private schooner, the *Campeadora*, she was then lying at anchor in the bay of Beaumaris. At nine o'clock in the morning he was informed of the calamity which had befallen us, and, manning two boats, he came out to pick up the sufferers. On being taken up, I asked my deliverers when it would be day-light, and they told me it was broad day : it was about ten o'clock in the forenoon. I was stone blind. Mr. Williamson and the boat's crew were most kind to me : one of the sailors took off my shirt and flannel waistcoat and gave me his own. I was then taken on board the schooner, and put into bed in the cabin, and rubbed all over with dry cloths by Mr. Williamson, Captain Colquitt, of Liverpool, Mr. Carey, and Charles Williams, Esq., all of whom were on a visit to the owner of the vessel ; after which my benefactors wrapped me in warm blankets, and put a vessel containing warm water to my feet. Some spirits were given me, and my eyes were rubbed with cream and bound up, and I was left to my repose. I was kept on board until I was sufficiently restored to meet my sister and the other survivors at Beaumaris. I cannot omit



to express my most grateful thanks to my deliverers and benefactors; their noble humanity has left an impression on my heart which will never be effaced but with my existence. To Mr. Eidey, master of the schooner, Mr. Reid, the mate, and Mr. Robberds, steward, my thanks are also due: they furnished me with clothing, until my friend, Mr. George Whitehead, solicitor, of Bury, arrived at Beaumaris to bring me home in a "wooden suit," he having heard of my death. Indeed, every man on board the *Campeadora* did his utmost to cheer me, and to obliterate the frightful retrospection of my sufferings.

ROBERT WHITTAKER.

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MR. HENRY WILSON.

SIR,—In addition to such matters as I have from time to time verbally communicated to you, respecting the melancholy wreck of the *Rothsay Castle*, I am not aware of anything beyond the particulars contained in the following narrative, the substance of which I originally furnished to the *Manchester and Salford Advertiser*. As I told the editor of that paper, I readily submit to you all the information of which I am capable on the subject of that most awful dispensation, which it was my great misfortune to witness; and especially as amongst the many unfortunate sufferers was my own wife, whose worth myself and family can never sufficiently appreciate, and the loss of whom, under such calamitous circumstances, can never be effaced from my memory, while that life remains which was so miraculously and mercifully preserved by an Almighty God.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 16th of August, I arrived in Liverpool from Manchester, accompanied by my dear wife and two friends,—Mr. and Mrs. George Hammond, of Leeds,—purposing to take an excursion of pleasure toge-

ther ; but the place to which we were to go was not fixed upon until the next morning, when we unhappily determined on going to Beaumaris by the Rothsay Castle steam-packet, which, we were told, started at ten o'clock. The resolution was scarcely formed when we ordered a coach to take us to the pier ; for, if the vessel had sailed at the time specified, we had not a moment to lose ; but, to our great disappointment, it was a full hour after we got on board before she commenced her voyage, in consequence of a carriage having to be taken on board, belonging to a family which was also about to embark. At length, however, to our great joy, we proceeded on our passage, every one appearing to be highly satisfied with the prospects of the journey, the conduct of the captain, and the way we made in going down the river, with the sea rather rough, and the wind blowing freshly from the N.N.W. All, indeed, seemed to be going on well, until we got from ten to fifteen miles the other side of the Black Rock, about which time the captain went down to dinner, which occupied him at least two hours. At the expiration of this time the wind had become much more tempestuous, and the sea had assumed a greater degree of roughness. When the captain reappeared on deck after dinner, he found the passengers in a state of very great alarm for their safety. Many of them put various questions to him, and his answers were generally evasive and petulant in the extreme. This conduct, being so different to that hitherto experienced from him, convinced every one that he was all the worse for the liquor he had taken after dinner. Not knowing the towns on the Welsh coast which we were passing, I am unable to state at what particular place we were when the packet was not making more than one mile an hour. This slow rate so increased the anxiety of the passengers, that some offered large sums of money to induce the captain to return, but every offer was unavailing,

for he assured us we should be at Beaumaris by eight o'clock in the evening, although we were making so little way, and the Ormshead in view ahead at a distance of eight or ten miles.

Considerable alarm now pervaded every breast on board, as the sea became still more rough, and the wind was blowing a heavy gale. We arrived off the Great Ormshead about ten o'clock—the moon disappearing, the clouds gathering into blackness, portending a greater storm, and the captain getting less attentive to the important duties of his trust. Here the worst of all became more and more apparent; the wheels scarcely turned round,—the water was, in spite of every exertion at the pump, putting out the fires in the engine-room, and rolling backwards and forwards in the gentlemen's cabin, in considerable depth. Every eye now became open to the inevitable destruction which awaited us; and all our apprehensions in a moment became confirmed by the vessel striking upon the sands, by which, no doubt, she was broken in two. The captain was again importuned to fire guns and hoist signals of distress; but he positively refused, saying that we were still afloat, and on our way! However, finding ourselves once more deceived by his false pretences, the passengers rung the bell, much against his wish, the only means in their power to give any alarm; but it was unavailing; and we remained in this situation on the sands about two hours. When this time had nearly expired upon the sands, the chimney came down, with a tremendous crash, upon the mast, and broke it; and in a few minutes after, as suddenly as the eruption of a volcano, the vessel was severed into numberless parts, and we were precipitated into the stream. It is needless for me to attempt to describe a scene, the very idea of which must make even the uninterested shudder. The screams of parents for their families, and children for their parents, were truly heart-rending.

Being thus plunged into the ocean, I attempted to descend with my wife in my arms, thinking that I could find the bottom; but soon discovering that we were in deep water, I at once threw myself into a floating posture, when I came in full contact with a piece of timber which drove my hat completely over my eyes. I threw it off immediately, and seized hold of the floating plank, which was attached to some other part of the wreck by a rope—when I said to my wife, “My dear, deliverance is come to hand, and we must use every exertion to save ourselves.” I instantly got upon the plank, and my wife likewise—but had no sooner done this, than a mighty wave drove us off again. Recovering, however, from the shock, we made a similar attempt, and with equal success—when immediately a succeeding wave, more dreadful than the others, washed us off again. Although exhaustion had considerably taken place with myself, and there can be no doubt even more so with my unfortunate wife, I seized her by the right hand with my left; and she, finding that all attempts for her deliverance must be unavailing, cried out, “Save yourself! save yourself! save yourself, for the sake of the children!”—when another wave, more merciless than the rest, separated us for ever! Seeing no possible chance, and scarcely knowing where to look, I was left to myself, to obey if possible her tender injunction; when, looking around me, I saw part of the wreck considerably elevated above the surface of the water. To that I made my way, by the assistance of the piece of timber which had been so serviceable hitherto. Arriving at the wreck, I attempted to get upon it; but at that time the waves broke furiously over it, and I was once more driven back into the sea, and despaired for a considerable time of ever being able to gain the surface of the wreck.

At length, however, by the assistance of a merciful Providence, and extreme exertion, I succeeded, but in so

enfeebled a state, that I laid myself down to recruit my strength, while the sea broke over me with the utmost violence. Being a little recovered, I heard a female voice saying, several times over, "Will you help me, sir?" which afterwards proved to be Miss Whittaker. Finding that the wreck on which I had got was of tolerably good size, (it afterwards proved to be the floor over the ladies' cabin,) I got further on it, and observed alongside of it the engine chimney and the mast, to which I, with many more, closely clung to save me from being washed into the gulph beneath; but by-and-by parts of the wreck left us piece by piece, till at length our little bark was left to itself; and welcome day soon after appearing, we found our little crew to consist of eight males and one female, all of whom had great hopes of being delivered from a watery grave, and being restored to their families and friends on land. From the dreadful inclemency of the weather, and from having been in the water this length of time, and from the morning being excessively cold, we were all in a perishing state until about six o'clock, to which time we had waited expecting some one to come to our deliverance; but although we had hoisted a signal of distress made of a pocket-handkerchief, the only one spared to the company, hour after hour passed, and still no one came. Not meeting with deliverance, we set about the attempt for ourselves, by breaking off spars of wood from floating pieces of the wreck, which we used as oars, by which we intended to propel ourselves to the Welsh shore, from which we might be at that time two or three miles distant. But fortunately for us, for nearly two hours we made but little progress, as we were told after that had we gone much further we must have been lost. We were perceived from Beaumaris, and immediately a boat was sent to our rescue, on seeing which we said, "The Lord has given us a great deliverance this day."

To the boatmen, who conveyed me and my fellow-suffer-



ers to Beaumaris, I return my sincere thanks. When we reached the shore, we found a considerable number of benevolent persons awaiting our arrival, who conveyed us without loss of time to an inn, where every attention was paid to our wants. To Sir R. W. B. Bulkeley I and my fellow-sufferers are especially indebted, for his kind offers of pecuniary aid.

The precise number of the persons on board the Rothsay I cannot state; the calculation of the agent at Beaumaris was, that there must have been about one hundred and thirty persons in the steamer at the time she was wrecked. I cannot omit mentioning here the apparent unfeeling conduct of Watson, the owner of the packet; who, when the conduct of the captain was related to him, *laughed immoderately!*—For the deep sympathy expressed by my friends in Manchester and elsewhere, I beg to express my great obligation.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY WILSON.

Mr. Joseph Adshead, &c.



## CHAPTER VIII.

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### PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS RELATIVE TO THE LOSS OF THE ROTHSAÿ CASTLE.

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“THEY include that very kind of evidence which is supposed to be powerful; and do withal afford additional *facts*.”

ATTERBURY.

“That which I report would bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so high.”

SHAKSPEARE.

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THE following documents will be found to possess considerable interest; not only as corroborating much that I have advanced in the course of this narrative, which might otherwise seem incredible,\* but in the supply of many really important particulars, which have never before been published, except in the voluminous “Report of the Select Committee on Steam Navigation,” the bulk and expense of which would deter those who are uninterested in the general question from its perusal. Amongst the matter which possesses peculiar novelty, is an authentic report of the proceedings at the Coroner’s Inquests, which have hitherto been kept from the public with singular caution. Where I have thought illustration, correction, or addition called for, it is supplied by notes, in order that the text may be *literally* given.

\* I allude here more particularly to my remarks on the state of the vessel, and on the seemingly strange and uniform neglect of every means which reason might have suggested for preservation. But, though “a man’s heart deviseth his way, *the Lord directeth his steps*.”

EXAMINATION OF JOHN COXHEAD, ESQ., BEFORE  
THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON STEAM NAVIGATION,  
7TH OCTOBER, 1831.

You were a passenger on board the late *Rothsay Castle*, were you not?—I was.

At what period?—On the 17th of August I embarked in her, in the morning, at ten o'clock.

Will you be good enough to tell the Committee, as briefly as you can, the particular points as to what occurred from the period that you embarked? Was not the *Rothsay Castle* a War-office packet?—She was, I saw the advertisement of her before I embarked; I did not look at the advertisement with that idea, to know whether she was a War-office vessel or not.

She sailed under that denomination?—Yes.

Will you state what occurred to the *Rothsay*?—I was at Liverpool, and I made up my mind to go on board a packet to go to Wales. I went on board with my luggage; I did not make any inquiries as to the description of the vessel; I merely looked at the advertisement the day before, and saw that a vessel was going at ten o'clock. I went down at ten o'clock at the time of sailing; the hour fixed for sailing was ten o'clock precisely, but at that time there were a few more passengers that wished to get aboard, among which were particularly Mr. and Mrs. Forster, and that took a good deal of time, the consequence of which was that it did not sail till a quarter to eleven o'clock. It was rather an unpleasant morning: there was a great deal of wind; *there had been a great deal of wind the evening before, in fact a very heavy storm, with thunder and lightning, such a storm as the inhabitants of Liverpool say they never recollected for many years.\** That would disturb the sea no doubt. I am not a nautical man, but no doubt it would have that effect.

\* This was indeed an awful harbinger of the calamity which was to render the next day so much more fatally memorable; for though property to the amount of upwards of 150,000*l.* was destroyed in Liverpool by the inundation which this storm occasioned, we seldom hear of that visitation, whilst "*The Wreck of the Rothsay Castle*" is still, in that neighbourhood especially, the subject of unabated interest.

Was there a heavy sea at that time?—Yes, there was; and I attributed the disturbed state of the sea to that cause. I did not make any observation to any one upon it, as I was travelling by myself, and nothing particular occurred further till afterwards, in the afternoon, when the sea increased very much indeed, about three o'clock.

Where were you at the time?—As far as I can recollect we were *opposite a place called Abergelly*;\* I think that was the name. The vessel had strained considerably before that period, but I attributed that entirely to the eddy motion of the sea, and to no other cause; but about three o'clock the motion of the vessel was very extraordinary, but I made no observation to any person, considering that it arose from that cause. We proceeded very slowly till we got to the Great Ormshead,† at about eight o'clock in the evening, about five hours after she had been at Abergelly; she had made very little way, *sometimes not half a mile an hour, sometimes not moving at all*; and from what little way she made *she went back apparently*; and we watched the points of the land, to see whether she did make any approach: but it was evident she did make an approach, because about eight o'clock in the evening she arrived at the Ormshead. It then got dark, and I thought that there might be some little danger; and the passengers, some of them, insisted that there was danger; the wind was blowing very high, and they expostulated with the captain, to know whether they should go forward or not; but I did not join in this myself, because I was alone, and did not feel much disposition to be afraid. There were two or three elderly gentlemen that insisted upon his going back; he made a reply to that, that there was no danger, and that the little gale that was now blowing was only the tail of the storm that had existed the previous evening. I had not been below stairs the whole of the day myself; and the ship made so much motion, that we could not keep our seats, either in

\* *Abergele*.—See Chart.

† This is doubtless an error. Mr. Coxhead would mean and say the "Little Ormshead," off which point the vessel arrived at the time above specified. See page 21.

the fore-castle or the stern ; and most of us in that part of the vessel got chairs, and seated ourselves near the chimney, where the luggage was fastened ; and there we were obliged to keep very tight, for the vessel made so much motion that we could not keep our seats at all : between nine and ten o'clock that was.

Had she made any water?—I did not observe at that time ; I had not been down stairs. About nine or ten o'clock the sea beat so violently against the ship, that she appeared to be quite unmanageable, and about ten o'clock she stopped quite. *The ship had been making little progress for want of steam ; but about ten o'clock the vessel stopped altogether.* We asked, some of us, the reason of that ; and it was told us, by part of the crew, that *the captain had missed the buoy which was at the Spit*, as they call it, at the Dutche-man's Bank, and that he had stopped the vessel in order to look for it. But it appears that he did not so do, because it did not appear that he had found that buoy ; in fact, I think he had not, and we proceeded. There was so much water on the deck that I could not stand it, and I went down into the cabin, and was followed by many in the vessel.

Did you go on in the same direction after you had stopped?—I cannot exactly say, because, as I was at the stern, I could not see the exact motion of the vessel. I went down to the cabin, and there for the first time I observed that there was water in the cabin. We thought that there must be danger, and that it could not be there without a cause ; we sent to the captain to come and see it, and he said he could not leave his ship ; and the steward of the ship said it was only bilge-water. There were six to eight inches in depth of water at the end of the cabin, so much so that those ladies and gentlemen who were sitting at that end of the cabin were obliged to leave the place altogether. It increased, and very soon spread over the whole surface of the cabin floor, not so deep in some parts as in others, but the whole of the floor was covered with water. We insisted upon the captain coming down to explain the cause of this, but instead of this an engineer came down, and said that a small screw of the boiler had escaped, and that the boiler was leaking, and the water had found its way into the cabin. We were conversing, different

gentlemen in the cabin, as to the danger of this ; it perhaps took up the space of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in speaking of this danger of the water in the cabin ; and after that time, finding we could not get any further information, we were silent upon it, and we saw it must be left to chance, and the vessel seemingly went on. I think half an hour elapsed before the vessel struck, that must have been *half-past eleven o'clock* ; an hour must have elapsed from the time I went down into the cabin till the vessel struck entirely. We all ran up stairs ; I did, and many others followed me, and we were all anxious to get on deck. When I got on deck the greatest confusion prevailed ; the women of course began giving vent to their feelings ; there were several of us that endeavoured to calm their feelings, by telling them that the danger might not be imminent, and requesting that they would be silent. We prevailed upon them, and the captain gave orders to the helmsman to steer the vessel first to port, and then to starboard, in different ways, and he kept varying his orders every moment. He also gave orders to the passengers to go to different parts of the vessel, on purpose to right her, to keep her buoyant ; and we all, who were capable of so doing, followed his instructions. I myself kept running backwards and forwards in the vessel several times. We worked at the pump, and what we were told to do we did ; and the consequence was, that for a full minute or two she floated on the sands, but not more ; then she struck again, and the concussion was very great ; it was very horrible to me particularly at that time. Then it was very evident that the danger was imminent, and there could be very little hope that the vessel could be saved. The chimney fell, bringing with it the main-mast ; it fell at the side of the ship. The scene of confusion that then commenced, as may be supposed, was very awful indeed, and the voice of the captain was very soon lost about that time. I heard no more of him, and I think myself that he must either have thrown himself overboard, or been washed over very soon. *Many thought that he must have thrown himself overboard, and I think that must have been the case, because he was standing where there was so much rigging, by which he might have saved himself ;* but he was washed over, for I lost his voice. That was



about twelve o'clock, and the sea was very heavy, and every wave that came against the ship broke over her entirely, or washed away some of the crew ; and at about half-past twelve she was a complete wreck, not a piece left, except those pieces of wreck of the hull which were of course buried in the sand, and the vessel was completely broken ; in a quarter of an hour she was completely broken to pieces. *It completely formed a triangle in ten minutes,* and in a very few minutes it was broken through quite in the middle ; and when she struck, till the final time of the catastrophe, it was not more than half an hour.

From the first time that she struck, or the second ?—From the first ; because from the first to the second there was a very little interval. These are the main parts of the narrative ; but as I am not a nautical man, I did not make any observations upon the state of the vessel. I observed a tremulous motion on the ship ; I thought it might arise from the motion of the sea, but the other passengers thought it arose from the bad state of the vessel. I was washed over into the water myself, and by a great providence it was that I had attached a piece of rope to my arm which was attached to the mast, and when I rose from the water I pulled myself to the wreck, and perhaps I was half an hour before I clung to the mast. It was part of the stern of the deck, to which the rudder-wheel is attached. With very great difficulty I got upon that, in fact, with the assistance of one or two already upon it. Immediately I was upon it, a piece was broken from the hull of the vessel, and it floated, forming a raft on which nine of us were saved altogether. That was about two o'clock in the morning ; we drifted out a little to sea, and we floated upon it, and we were picked up at seven in the morning by a boat from Beaumaris. The rudder-wheel was our support ; we held to it, and it saved us, or we should not have been able to have remained upon it.

Were you all males ?—No, there was one female who was saved, Miss Whittaker, she was upon it. We got to Beaumaris about eleven o'clock, and received every attention there ; and I set off in three or four days from that part of Wales.

At Orms point the vessel scarcely made any way at all ?—No.



Did she continue at that, or did she increase her speed?—I have not made any inquiry as to the distance, but the sun was setting at that time; and from that time to twelve, we were four hours making that distance.

What time is the voyage generally made in?—From six to seven hours.

Then you were in fact from a quarter to eleven [in the morning] to twelve o'clock [midnight]?—Yes.

Was there any light on board?—There was a light on the binnacle. *I thought the ship had been set fire to, in fact I am confident it was; the light set fire to the wood, and was put out again by the great violence of the sea breaking over it.\**

Was that before she struck?—No, it was after she struck. There was also a light at the binnacle; and when there was so much confusion on board,—“Where is a gun?” and “Where is a light?” “Why do you not put up the lights?” which were not attended to, I cannot say why,—I was standing at the stern, and *a sailor came and took the light from the binnacle, threw it on the deck, and extinguished the light and broke the lantern.* He was an old man, and whether he was saved or not I do not know, but *my impression is that he did it on purpose.*

Were there no lights hoisted?—No.

No gun fired?—No gun fired.

Was there a gun on board?—I do not know; Mr. Watson, who was examined, said that there was a gun in the ship at the time.†

\* This remarkable circumstance has been observed upon, page 4).

† This, as will be shown further on, was only a *well-timed pleasantry* of Watson; a jocular equivocate, to give a dash of merriment to proceedings, the solemnity of which did not harmonize with the liveliness of his disposition. He was insured from pecuniary loss—had suffered no bereavement of kindred or of friend by the calamity, and therefore why should he be serious, even though a thousand, instead of one hundred and thirty individuals, had perished with his vessel? The levity of his conduct inferred that he could lie down upon his bed, undisturbed either by waking thought or troubled dream; whilst the widow, and the orphan, and the childless parent, sobbed away *their* sleepless nights, only obtaining repose when weighed down by exhaustion upon a pillow which was made comfortless with tears!—Watson *did* say “there was a gun in the ship;” but, when pressed upon the subject, he surprised an *admiring* auditory by admitting that the *gun* he meant was “a fowling-piece!”

*Did they sound when they went on afterwards, after looking for the buoy?*—No.

Was the state of the captain a partial or complete inebriation?—My opinion differs from that of others upon the subject. I cannot say whether he was completely intoxicated; he might have been drinking, and he remained in the cabin at dinner for a considerable time; but I saw him afterwards, and he seemed to give his orders very collectedly, and gave his orders to the last moment, for I followed them and obeyed them myself.

Did he show a calm temper of mind when he saw his situation?—He was not a calm man, he was a boisterous man, noisy all the day long.

How do you reconcile his being calm with his orders being contradictory every moment?—His orders might have been correct for what I know, he might have been directing the vessel correctly.

You think that did not arise from the confusion of his mind, because you stated that he varied his orders continually?—I think he was calm, and knew what he was about.

Then he was not more calm in the first instance?—No, I think not; my opinion always varied with most of the other survivors upon that point.

To what do you attribute chiefly this misfortune?—I cannot say; I think the captain was very culpable; I think the captain knew the danger very well, but he seemed to be an impetuous man, and would rather go on than turn back, and lose a little reputation, perhaps.

If he had turned back, would the danger have been avoided?—I think it would; he might have run back or dropped an anchor, it seemed easy to do.

Then the accident arose from the obstinacy of the captain, in insisting on going on?—Yes; the danger of going back might appear to him as great as going forward, but that he knew the danger, I certainly think he did, because a full hour before the ship struck he came down and met the steward, and *made a motion, throwing up his head and his hands; in fact a motion that all was lost; and that was some time before the vessel struck. The steward turned pale; he went to the table again, where*

he was making his accounts, and I went round to him and whispered in his ears, and said, "I shall be obliged if you will let me know whether there is any danger; I will not make it public, but will make use of it;" but he said, "No, no;" but that was after the captain had made that motion with his hands, that all was lost.

Would not the same danger have happened to any vessel under the circumstances, when she got so far on the sand-bank?—Yes, I think so; any vessel on the bank must have been in great danger.

Then the accident arose not from the badness of the ship, but from the running on the bank?—That is a point to which I am not competent to speak.

Did you not observe that they were obliged to trim the vessel with the chain cable?—Yes, all the day long.

Had you a head sea all day?—It was nearly head; it was beating against the side considerably.

Did not the pilot leave them?—I am not aware that there was any pilot on board. There was a pilot; but that pilot did not form part of the complement on board. *If we had known that there was a pilot on board, the conduct of the captain was so extraordinary that we should have taken the command from him;* but there was a Liverpool pilot on board merely as a passenger; he had been travelling the two or three preceding days, and he was very much fatigued, and we did not know anything of him. I did not know that there was a pilot on board till I saw his evidence at the coroner's inquest. *If we had known that there was a pilot on board, I think we were so dissatisfied that we should have taken measures against the captain.*

Do you know whether the captain knew that he was a pilot?—No, I do not.

Can you tell the Committee whether you saw any timber afloat that was thrown on shore after the vessel was broken up?—I saw a great deal of it, but I did not particularly examine it at the time that the timbers were on shore. I was very much bruised, and I did not look at it; but I heard the timbers washed ashore. In fact, there is a large piece of timber, which is in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Vincent, which he stated to be perfectly

rotten. In fact, I think the vessel must have been bad ; because, in the first place, the vessel going to pieces so very soon, to any person not acquainted with that sort of thing, the sea could not have broken it up in so incredibly short a time. The timber was broken into a hundred or a thousand pieces, completely broken to pieces in that short time, so much so, that when we were upon the raft, we experienced a great deal more danger from the timber striking against us than from the sea.

There were nine people saved upon this piece of wreck ; was that the whole number that had attained it ; did more get to the wreck ?—No more got to it.

How did you secure it ?—We held by the rudder-wheel which was fastened to it ; we had nothing but our hands.

When the sea struck you, did you find it difficult to hold ?—Yes, very difficult ; *our bodies were a foot or a foot and a half in water, and it broke right over us completely*, but not one of us left our holds.

Did you give any assistance to the female ?—On the contrary, she assisted us ; she was a strong woman ; *I owe a great deal to her* ; she gave me a great deal of assistance now and then : certainly a woman possessing a great deal of presence of mind indeed ; bodily strength was required considerably.

What might have been her age ?—About thirty-five, I think.

Was there not a general remark which you witnessed, and did not you yourself make a remark, with regard to the straining of this vessel to a great extent at a very early period ?—At a very early period in the day-time, considerably ; but I think I observed before, that I attributed this to the heavy motion of the sea against her. There was an extraordinary motion in the vessel, and different persons attributed it to different reasons. I had been in many steam vessels, and I never felt such a motion before ; but I had never been out in a gale of wind, and I attributed it to the violence of the sea then.

Do you attribute it to that cause now ?—My opinion is changed now, from what has happened since ; it might have been from the unsoundness of the ship ; I do not say that I could speak positively.

You say that you were sitting upon the funnel; did the sea break fairly over the ship, so as to drive you at last from that part of the vessel?—No; it was only the spray that came on the ship.

Did it break considerably, to leave a certain quantity of water behind?—Yes; in fact there was no one person upon deck that was not thoroughly wet through.

Might not the hold have been filled with that water through the spray?—It might; only the engineer stated the screw had got loose in the boiler, and that led me to think that it arose from that cause.

Was that engineer drowned?—I do not know.

Was the water in the cabin hot or cold?—It was warm, but that was explained by some persons from the violence of the water beating against the ship: it appeared to be warm.\*

How many sailors were there in the vessel?—I think there were only two on deck.

Was there apparently any difference of conduct in the captain before dinner and after, as far as you could judge?—There seemed to be some difference, but I had made no observations on his conduct. I thought he was a very impetuous man; he was very unpolite and very uncivil in his replies to the passengers.

You were not before the coroner?—I was not.

Was there anything particular in Mr. Watson's conduct subsequent to the wreck?—*His conduct certainly was very indecorous indeed, very much so. He was expostulated with by all, and the more he was expostulated with the more he seemed to glory in his misfortune.* It might have been from the reproofs he met with from all parties. In fact he seemed to be devoid of feeling. I saw a good deal of him in the coffee-room.†

\* This must have been occasioned by a contact with the boilers or admixture with the hot water. That the sea could derive warmth from beating against a vessel is entirely out of the question.

† And so did I; and it is with difficulty that I withhold a full expression of the sentiments I entertain of him in consequence. At a moment when every one present was evincing the deepest sorrow for what had happened; when the recollection of the dreadful scenes which had been witnessed on the preceding day—the day on which the arrival of the few that were saved,



How long had the captain been in the vessel?—From two to three years.

He must have known, then, the state of the vessel?—He must have known it very well indeed.

Did the little way the vessel made arise, in your estimation, from the defective state of the machinery, or from the heavy sea?—I attributed it to the heaviness of the sea.

Was the steam up all the time?—It appeared to be up the whole of the time.\*

How was the vessel provided with the means of making signals, in case of distress?—It did not seem to have a signal.

Was there a bell?—There was a bell, which was rung; it was not rung before the vessel was on shore.

If it had been rung, could any body in that gale of wind have heard it from the shore?—No, not at all.

How far is the Dutchman's Bank from Beaumaris?—Four or five miles. The fact is, as regards myself, that after she was once on shore, I did not see that there was the least hope, even if there had been 20 guns on board. *I consider that the number that was saved, 21,† was very great*; for the vessel was so completely fixed on the sand, the sea was so heavy, and the ship broken so much by the waves, that I did not conceive there could be a real hope for a soul.

Did that boat that came out from Beaumaris and picked you up, come out by accident?—No; we were seen in the morning

and the landing of the bodies of those who had perished, sent forth consternation and grief throughout the whole country,—at a moment like this, when the greatest stranger, the most remotely situated, was awakened to compassionate feelings, this Watson, the owner of the vessel, could treat with ‘slight regard, contempt,’ the awful sacrifice of life to which the defective state and bad management of *that* vessel had so largely contributed; and that they *did* so contribute, I point for proofs to the Evidence above adduced. Were I to give full vent to all that I could say of such conduct, it would fall infinitely short of *my* conception of its enormity; and, as there can be but one opinion on the subject, I leave the man to the *enjoyment* of his own reflections.

\* This is erroneous. See particularly page 42.

† An error has been followed in most accounts of the wreck. The number saved was twenty-three. See page 105, and Note; also names, page 118.



about ten o'clock\* by a gentleman who was using his telescope, which he was used to do, and he thought he could see a piece of wreck with seven persons upon it; there were nine, and immediately he gave the alarm, and a boat was sent off, which took three of us first.†

How many boats had the Rothsays?—She had only one at the side of the vessel; that must have been swamped in the early part of the occurrence: that boat I should not have thought of getting into myself, because it appeared to be so small that it could not save a person in that heavy sea; in a calm sea it might have been of use. In fact there was at one time a woman that got into the boat with a child; she appeared to be much agitated; there were many that saw she would be lost if she continued in the boat, and they dragged her by force out of the boat with the greatest difficulty, and I did not see that any person got into it afterwards. I lost it very soon, because that part of the vessel was soon broken.

How many persons were there on board?—Between 120 and 130; the names of the lost have been ascertained to be 110; there were 21 saved; that would make 131.‡

Did it appear to you that there were too many passengers on board for the state of the weather?—No; in fact, I was surprised that there were so few on board; but I accounted for it by the weather being dull, and most of the females in the other part had gone down stairs; on the deck there was room for a great many more.

Do you know what the size of the engine was?—I have heard it, but I do not recollect at this moment.

\* It will be seen, page 282, that Mr. Coxhead is made to say they were *picked up* at seven o'clock in the morning, which is nearest the fact. Mr. Walker discovered the raft before seven o'clock: see the letter of that gentleman, page 98.

† It would seem to intimate here that "three" were first taken from the raft, and that the rest were removed at a subsequent period; but such was not the case. See page 99.

‡ The additional number of names which I have been enabled to supply (see general list) will justify the belief that there were at least one hundred and fifty persons on board, twenty-three of whom, as before stated, survived.

Did not the men on board go and lift a part of the machinery?—They did.

In lifting that part of the machinery, are you aware whether any person brought off any part of the timber?—No; in fact, Mr. Watson and his agents were anxious to preserve whatever they could for themselves. There was every now and then a piece washed on the opposite shore, on the coast of Carnarvonshire, which different gentlemen picked up and preserved, but the larger pieces were taken by Mr. Watson and his agents.

Who is Mr. Watson?—He is a young man, and he is owner of this vessel, and has a share in another.

Did you speak of this young gentleman, or the father, when you said that his conduct was indecorous?—The younger, the owner of this vessel.

Was he on board at the time of the wreck?—He was not on board.

It was quite across the middle she broke, just at the boilers, was it not?—Yes.

You had no means of judging whether the captain's sense of danger appeared to arise from the state of the vessel or not?—No, none at all; I have been led to think that was the case, from conversations I had, but I could not discover from my own observation.

From that collectedness which you evinced during the whole occurrence, is there anything which you can suggest which, supposing you could have anticipated so melaucholy a catastrophe, in the way of signals, or in any way whatever, could have prevented its occurrence, from either a bad sea or the ignorance of the captain?—Yes, I certainly think there is one thing particularly. *We were certainly not more than half a mile from the land, and although a bell could not have been heard on the shore, or our collective voices be heard, a swivel or a gun might have been heard.\** There was a man at the time upon the land, at a place called Puffin's Island, and from that point we were certainly not more

\* This is at variance with what Mr. Coxhead is made to say, page 288. He is there of opinion that "there was not the least hope even if *twenty* guns had been on board."

than half a mile, and not so much as that, I should think ; and with a gun, I think, we might have been heard ; but that was the only signal that we could make.

Was not the state of the sea such, that no boat could have come out to you if the signal had been heard ?—I do not know as to that, because I am not a nautical man ; but there are life-boats to come off in such danger.

Do you think you could have managed to fire a gun ? Would not the sea constantly coming over you have prevented you ? Would not the powder be likely to have been wet ?—There would have been great difficulty ; it is probable that all the powder would have been wet ; but in such circumstances as these every thing is but a chance.

Do you happen to know whether there was a life-boat on shore at the time ?—Yes, I do know that ; it was mentioned on board that there was. There were several gentlemen in the vessel who said, “ If we could but make this man hear, there is a life-boat on the spot.”

Could anything, in your opinion, have prevented the catastrophe from happening, supposing the vessel had been sound ?—I am not competent to answer that question.

Was the vessel insured ?—She was insured £1,500,—partly insured. Mr. Watson stated to me that she cost him £4000.

How long before ?—Very shortly, because he had bought her at first, and had caused a great many repairs to be made upon her. In fact, I believe, the repairs have not been paid for yet, they were done so short a time ago.

Was the person who effected those repairs examined before the coroner ?—No, he was not ; but there have been certificates that have been signed at different times by those parties.

Was not your own health affected by this catastrophe ?—A little, but I was very poorly at the time.

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## DEPOSITIONS TAKEN AT THE CORONERS' INQUESTS.

BEAUMARIS, AUGUST 18, 1831.

The examination of William Jones, fireman, taken in writing upon oath: Who saith that the Rothsay Castle steam packet left Liverpool yesterday morning, at eleven o'clock, the wind at north, and blowing hard; had a great number of passengers, upwards of 100; the vessel made much water during the passage; the water came through her sides; the pumps were choked; began to pump about ten o'clock at night, before they made the Ormshead; *the water was up to witness's ancles when he fed the fire*; it blew so strong that we could not gain Ormshead before ten o'clock; the engine is one of 50-horse power, cannot say what her tonnage was. Pumped altogether, but the water gained upon them. Cannot say whether the steam was up when the vessel struck, did not hear it: has been employed on board the Rothsay Castle three weeks; the vessel is very strong; the water came in through the shaft in the paddle-box; the vessel struck upon the sands near Puffin Island,\* *near twelve o'clock*. Do not know whether there was any ballast on board; 50-horse power is not sufficient to face such a sea as was running at the time, the sea was running very high; the captain ordered to reverse the engine after the vessel struck three or four times; could just see the Puffin Island; the bow was raised about a couple of yards when

\* The late Mr. Harris (Lloyd's Agent), in the statement from which I gave an extract in page 108, ascribes the wreck of the Rothsay Castle principally to the culpable impolicy of leaving Puffin Island without a beacon, by which a vessel's course might be accurately regulated in passing the buoys at the entrance of the Menai Strait. It is, indeed, most extraordinary that nothing has even yet been done to remedy the evil complained of. Mr. Llwyd observes, in his prose version of "Beaumaris Bay," &c., lately published—"It would be an additional feather in the civic cap of Liverpool, and a grateful return for the shelter here afforded to its trade, were they to use their endeavours to have a light-house on Puffin Island. I have frequently heard sailors say, they would willingly pay tonnage of a penny, rather than lie out at sea in a dark stormy night, to avoid the danger of approaching it."

she struck ; most of the passengers were washed overboard when the vessel struck ; witness made for the foremast when the vessel struck, and remained there until picked up by a boat. Mr. Jones and his wife are among the dead ; Mr. Jones was steward ; Jones said, when off Ormshead, that he knew quite well they should never reach shore ; heard several passengers ask the captain to put back to Liverpool, as they knew they should never reach shore ; one passenger offered two sovereigns if he would put him on shore ; *neither the captain nor mate were sober, both were evidently drunk before they reached Ormshead* ; the pumps were choked by the ashes ; the captain ordered witness to cram the fire when it did not require it. The seamen did not appear at all alarmed before the vessel struck. Has seen the seventeen corpses lying dead, and has no doubt they were passengers on board of the Rothsay Castle yesterday ; *thinks the lives of the passengers might have been saved if they had put back to Liverpool*. Is a fireman and no seaman ; a few of the passengers asked the captain to cast anchor, and he answered, " Hold your bother, there is no danger." Were two men short of a full crew ; two men left at Bangor, and their places were not supplied.

(Signed)

The mark X of the said  
*William Jones.*

On his examination on the 19th he states, that the steam was up when the vessel struck ; the steam failed between Ormshead and Puffin Island. Witness went to assist the engineer when the steam failed : the other fireman was in the forecastle ; the steam failed in consequence of the coal being so wet ; the water came in through the shaft ; the sea was very rough at the time ; the vessel was as strong a one as witness ever saw.

THOMAS WILLIAMS, Coroner.

The examination of William Hughes, seaman, taken in writing upon oath : Who states that they had another seaman, himself, carpenter, two firemen, mate, and engineer ; short of one, but thinks there were sufficient to work the vessel ; she is not a stout boat ; the sea ran very heavy, and the vessel's side was to the sea ; was at the wheel when the vessel struck ; the engine stopped

in the smoothing opposite the Old Tower, in consequence of water; the water came in through her seams; she laboured hard; that could not have been the case if she was sea-worthy; did not think her not sea-worthy before; she dragged a considerable distance before she struck, with a reversed engine; *she dragged about a mile. The mate took the wheel out of witness's hands, and put it hard a starboard, which sent the vessel further on the bank; when the accident took place, the captain was fresh, and the mate no better: the steam failed, and the vessel was driven on the bank; if the anchor had been let down when she first grounded she would have been saved; the dead bodies were passengers on board the Rothsay Castle yesterday, as witness believes.*

The mark of the said  
William X Hughes.

On board :—Captain Atkinson; mate, William Battlestone; \* William Hughes, seaman; Evan Evans, seaman; carpenter; William Goose,† engineer; John Jackson, fireman; William Jones, fireman; steward, under-steward, and black boy.

William Jones, a pilot of Liverpool, No. 7, states upon oath, that he was a passenger on board of the Rothsay Castle yesterday; about half-past seven, some passengers asked the captain to put back, but he refused; were then between the two Ormsheads; was in bed when the vessel first struck; were near the Dutchman's Bank at the time; she struck very hard on the Dutchman; *asked to put up a light, but the mate said that was no business of mine; she is a very old vessel, and very cranky; was in bed when she struck; the captain gave his orders distinctly. Witness advised to hoist the jib, and the mate said, "What is that to you?" The vessel went to the south and east of the buoy; would have turned back when the vessel struck if left to his own judgment; the vessel struck about fifty times before the captain gave orders to reverse; was asleep when the vessel first struck; got a-leeward of the right course before the vessel struck; the vessel ought not to have got to leeward if they had kept the proper course; it was in*

\* This man's name was given me at Watson's Liverpool packet-office as William Vavasour, which I have accordingly adopted in my list.

† This I have William Wildgoose.



consequence of bad steering; the corpses now lying dead were passengers on board of the Rothsay Castle yesterday.\*

*William Jones.*

The examination of Evan Evans, seaman, taken on oath: Who saith that he was at the wheel a considerable part of the voyage from Liverpool to Beaumaris; she leaked so much between Ormshead and Puffin Island that the steam quite failed; the water came in partly through the seams, and partly from breaking over the deck; *were on the weather edge of the bank when they struck; does not think that the captain or mate were sober.*

*Evan Evans.*

Elliot Rudland, musician, upon oath, states that he heard some of the passengers ask the captain to ring the bell, and he said, "There is the bell, and go ring it yourself." He was not fresh, as witness believes; he was calm at the time the vessel struck; cannot say how many hands there were on board; they have been changed so frequently of late; thinks all the bodies now lying dead were passengers on board of the Rothsay Castle yesterday.

*Elliot Rudland.*

Before me, THOMAS WILLIAMS, Coroner.

BEAUMARIS, AUGUST 19, 1831.

The examination of William Watson, of Liverpool, in the county of Lancaster, merchant, taken in writing, upon oath, before me [Thomas Williams], coroner for our Lord the King for the said borough, and the liberties and precincts thereof; Who saith that he is proprietor of the Rothsay Castle; she started from Liverpool on the 17th, about half-past ten o'clock, with about

\* I was present at the inquest, and can discover, from the notes I took at the time, (from which a brief account was inserted in the second edition of the *Manchester Guardian* on the following Saturday) several omissions in this and other portions of this "official report;" one, however, is too characteristic of the witness under examination to be passed over. Besides, it supplies a faithful picture of the melancholy scene to which it refers. He added—"I saw the quality huddled together in the waist of the vessel; and the praying and crying was the most terrible sight to witness. The sea broke over on both sides, and took away numbers at once. They went like flights, sometimes many, sometimes few: at last the bulwarks went and none were left."

ninety-two passengers, and a crew of fifteen. The captain has power to discharge men; does not do so without witness's knowledge; did not know that the crew was short when the vessel started on the 17th. Cannot say how many there were on board as a crew on the 17th; the vessel was on the slip about four days, to get a new boiler; purchased the vessel at the Clyde; *thinks she is ten years old; may be sixteen years old*; never heard that she had been condemned. Has never heard that the crew had occasion to repair the vessel on the passage from Beaumaris to Liverpool, any farther than the boiler. Wilson repaired her; never heard any one complain that the vessel was extremely weak. Some of the ballast was left in the vessel; did not hear that the vessel heaved on one side in smooth water; did not hear that she was the weakest vessel out of Liverpool; the engine is a 58-horse power.

*William Watson.*

LLANFAIRFECHEN, AUGUST 19, 1831.

Informations of witnesses taken at the parish Church of Llanfairfechen, in the county of Caernarvonshire, this 19th day of August, 1831, before Edward Carreg, coroner for the said county, touching the death of Mr. ——— Duckworth, and a man unknown,\* then and there lying dead, as follow:—

Robert Whittaker sworn, saith that he, with two of his children† were passengers on board the Rothsay Castle steam packet, plying between Liverpool and Beaumaris. The Rothsay started about eleven o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, the 17th instant, from Liverpool. There were about a hundred passengers on board, and the weather was not boisterous when the anchor was weighed. The packet proceeded along the river Mersey several miles without encountering any interruption from the state of the weather, but when she was out of the river, and had

\* I have followed the "Report" in every particular, verbatim; but this should be Mrs. Lawrence Duckworth, instead of *Mr.* &c.; and the "man unknown" was Mr. Lucas, of Liverpool. I confine myself to the notice of such matters only as may interfere with my statements elsewhere; but I take this opportunity of protesting against all responsibility for the frequent violations of grammar discoverable in these documents.

† One of the children only was Mr Whittaker's: the other was his sister's, and consequently his nephew.

got into the channel, the wind became higher, and several of the passengers entreated Captain Atkinson, who commanded the packet, to return to Liverpool, to which he replied that there was not the slightest danger, and proceeded on his voyage to Beaumaris. About two o'clock the captain retired into his cabin to dinner, where deponent thinks he might have remained about two hours. Deponent thinks that Captain Atkinson when he returned on deck appeared a little in spirits, but cannot swear that he was intoxicated. The vessel proceeded at a slow rate, the weather becoming tempestuous and the wind contrary, till she got opposite Puffin's Island, when she struck upon a sand-bank called the Dutchman's Bank, and in about an hour afterwards she became a perfect wreck. The crew and passengers, with the exception of about twenty people, all perished.

*Robert Whittaker.*

William Hughes sworn; saith that he was a seaman on board the Rothsay Castle, and had served with Captain Atkinson for the last two years. The captain understood the navigation of the coast from Liverpool to Beaumaris well, and deponent thinks there was not the slightest blame attached to him for bad seamanship; but considers that he had drank rather too much, although he cannot swear that he was intoxicated.

The Mark of

*William X Hughes.*

Evan Evans sworn; saith that he was a sailor on board the Rothsay Castle, and corroborates the statement of the last witness. Deponent further states that, although he considered that the captain was a little affected with drink, still he was not incapacitated from performing his duties from intoxication.

*Evan Evans.*

The Verdict of the jury in each case was—Accidental Death, by being wrecked at sea.\*

\* It is extraordinary that another document was not submitted to parliament; namely, the letter addressed by the Beaumaris Jury to the Coroner, and handed to that gentleman when the verdict was given. It shows what impression the investigation had upon them, which is a better standard for judging of the merits of the case than any report. It was as follows:—

Beaumaris, August 19, 1831.

"SIR,—From the evidence brought before them, the Jury on this inquest cannot separate without expressing their firm conviction that, had the *Rothsay Castle* been a seaworthy vessel, and properly manned, this awful calamity might have been averted. They, therefore, cannot disguise their indignation at the conduct of those who could place such a vessel on this station, and under the charge of a captain and mate who have been proved, by the evidence brought before them, to have been in a state of intoxication.

(Signed)

"R. B. W. BULKELEY,

"Foreman.

"To the Coroner."

The names of the Jury that placed the above upon record are — Sir Richard Bulkeley Williams Bulkeley, Bart. M. P., Foreman; John Wright, Esq. (an Alderman of Liverpool); William Henry Turton, Esq.; George Desbrisay, Esq.; Thomas Gray, Esq.; George Walmesley, Esq.; Richard Lewis, Gent.; John Batley, Gent.; John Lloyd, Gent.; John Jones, Gent.; Erasmus Griffiths, Gent.; Hugh Roberts, Gent.—Such a protest, by such a Jury, should almost be deemed sufficient to render other evidence unnecessary.

## GENERAL LIST

OF THOSE WHO ARE KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN ON BOARD THE ROTHSA  
Y CASTLE AT THE PERIOD OF HER WRECK.

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*The names which have an **ASTERISK** prefixed are of persons who survived ; those which have no **DISTINGUISHING MARK** are of persons who perished, but were eventually found ; and such as have the **OBELISK**, or dagger, are the names of persons whose remains, there is reason to believe, have not been recovered. The figures which immediately succeed the names and descriptions, refer to the pages of this work in which the parties are more particularly mentioned ; and those individuals whose bodies were found but not owned, and of whom no certain information could be obtained, are classed with the "**UNKNOWN**," and take their place as such in alphabetical succession, the figures annexed having reference to the pages in which they are described.*

---

Age.

*Alexander, Jane*, of Liverpool.

† *Atkinson, John*, Lieutenant, R. N., and Commander of the  
Rothsay Castle, 2, 3, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 24,  
25, 26, 28, 29, 32, 35, 38, 39, 42, 43, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49,  
180, 181, 182, 183, 190, 191, 196, 202, 203, 204, 207, 208,  
209, 218, 223, 240, 246, 247, 248, 254, 256, 257, 258, 259,  
265, 266, 267, 268, 272, 273, 279, 280, 281, 284, 285, 287,  
288, 290, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298.

*Appleton, Thomas*, child of Mrs. Tarrey by a former husband,  
53, 61, 131, 247..... 13

† *Appleton, Mary*, ditto, 54, 61, 247.

*Baldwin, ———*, Solicitor, of London, 169.

† *Barton, Captain*, of Cork.

- Age.
- Bottomley, William*, of Rakewood, near Rochdale, 62, 170.... 28
- \**Broadhurst, William*, of Sheffield, 12, 27, 38, 39, 50, 61, 64, 82, 100, 118, 122, 155, 178, 201.
- Broadhurst, Margaret*, Mr. Broadhurst's daughter, 61, 64, 82, 185, 186, 187, 188, 201..... 18
- Broadhurst, Ellen*, ditto, 61, 64, 82, 155, 185, 186, 187, 188, 201 ..... 16½
- Brandreth, James*, of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, 165.
- Brown, Josiah*, of Chesterfield, 168.
- †*Brown, John*, residence unknown.
- Charles, Thomas*, of Bury, Lancashire, 54, 61, 72, 157, 169 .. 40
- Cooke, Samuel*, of Bangor, 56, 154.
- \**Coxhead, John*, of Size-lane, London, 34, 48, 49, 55, 62, 63, 64, 65, 71, 75, 77, 78, 93, 97, 99, 118, 122, 177, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 219, 221, 251, 262, 263, 278, 289, 290, 291.
- Day, John*, of Wakefield, 63, 66, 81, 167, 231, 232, 233, 235, 236, 237 ..... 24
- †*Denson, ———*, son of Mr. Edward Denson, of Chester.
- \**Duckworth, John*, of Shnttleworth, near Bury, 31, 54, 61, 73, 80, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 96, 107, 118, 121, 122, 165, 177, 203, 204, 205, 206, 217, 267.
- Duckworth, Mrs. John*, wife of the preceding, 54, 61, 73, 74, 106, 107, 131, 137, 203, 204, 206, 265 ..... 43
- \**Duckworth, Lawrence*, of Edenfield, near Bury, 50, 54, 61, 73, 75, 80, 103, 118, 119, 155, 177, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 230.
- Duckworth, Mrs. Lawrence*, wife of the preceding, 54, 61, 73, 74, 75, 137, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 217, 296.
- Dyson, Humphrey*, of Church-gate, Manchester, 55, 58, 60, 133, 137, 169..... 30
- Entwistle, Thomas*, of Edenfield, near Bury, 54, 61, 73, 74, 75, 132, 133, 137, 211.
- †*Evans, Richard*, of Piebron.
- \**Evans, Evan*, one of the crew of the Rothsay, 38, 62, 118, 122, 294, 295, 297.



Age.

- Faulkner, Mrs.*, wife of Mr. Charles Faulkner, of Manchester, 10, 58, 143, 254.
- Faulkner, Amelia*, daughter of the preceding, 58, 143 ..... 5
- †*Faulkner*, infant of ditto, 58, 143.
- †*Faulkner, George*, calenderer, of Manchester.
- †*Faulkner, Mrs.* wife of the preceding. These ill-fated individuals have left five small children, 10.
- Fitton, James*, of Seedfield, near Bury, 54, 61, 72, 165, 260 .. 30
- Forster, William Martin*, of Lincoln's Inn, &c., London, 6, 12, 15, 16, 46, 52, 57, 59, 73, 78, 95, 146, 147, 153, 168, 199, 200, 203, 219, 232, 235, 239, 254, 278.
- Forster, Jane*, wife of the preceding. 12, 15, 16, 52, 59, 60, 75, 146, 147, 168, 200, 203, 219, 232, 235, 254, 278.
- Fox, Simon*, of Rathmines, near Dublin, 60, 127, 132, 138.. 57
- †*Griffiths, Michael*, carpenter of the Rothsay Castle, 134.
- Griffiths, Jane*, wife of the preceding, 35, 63, 67, 132, 134, 227, 289 ..... 27
- †*Griffiths*, infant of ditto, 134, 227, 289.
- \**Hammond, George*, of Leeds, 48, 61, 63, 78, 79, 80, 94, 95, 97, 98, 118, 177, 202, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 230, 242, 251, 263, 271.
- Hammond, Mrs.* wife of the preceding, 58, 63, 94, 114, 125, 155, 219, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 271.
- \**Hammond, Henry*, of Liverpool. This man was employed in cutting some ornaments in the vessel, and worked during the voyage to save time, 63, 64, 78, 96, 118, 121, 227, 228, 251.
- Harwood, R. R.*, of Chesterfield, 169.
- Howarth, Ruchael*, Mr. Tarrey's servant, and daughter of Mr. James Howarth, of Bury, butcher, 54, 132..... 16
- \**Hughes, William*, one of the crew of the Rothsay Castle, 38, 62, 92, 118, 122, 293, 294, 297.
- \**Hughes*, son of the preceding, 62, 75, 78, 95, 118, 122, 250, 251.
- †*Jackson, John*, fireman of the Rothsay Castle, 294.
- \**Jones, Edward*, of Bangor, 78, 79, 80, 103, 104, 118, 119, 213, 214, 217, 228, 229, 230, 231, 259.

†*Jones, Robert.*

\**Jones, William*, a Liverpool pilot, 29, 40, 41, 78, 98, 99, 118, 251, 285, 294, 295.

\**Jones, William*, fireman of the Rothsay Castle, 52, 60, 62, 92, 118, 121, 155, 292.

*Jones, William*, steward of ditto, 3, 63, 68, 127, 131, 135, 191, 198, 219, 228, 250, 251, 293, 294..... 32

*Jones, Ellen*, wife of the preceding, 63, 68, 127, 131, 135, 198, 219, 250, 251, 293, 294 ..... 33

*Joseph*, a boy of colour, one of the crew of the Rothsay Castle, 65, 132, 140, 168, 201, 294 ..... 14

†*Kearney, James*, assistant steward of ditto, 258.

†*King, George*, of Moss Mill, near Rochdale.

†*Keats, Mary*, of Cheadle.

†*Lamb, Selina*, chambermaid of the Grey Mare Inn, Bury, Lancashire, 54, 72, 249, 260..... 24

*Leech, John*, traveller for the firm of Messrs. Royle and Co., of Chester, 127, 131, 135..... 22

†*Lees, Benjamin*, of Whitworth, near Rochdale, 208.

*Leigh James*, soap-boiler, Byrom street, Liverpool. This gentleman's premises were inundated by the great flood which occasioned such destruction on the night previous to the wreck—see page 238. It had been previously arranged that he should go by the packet on the Wednesday, to take lodgings for his mother at Bangor, but the state of his premises seemed likely to prevent him. Finding, however, that the damage was not so serious as he had anticipated, he left his business, and, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Souza, went on board the steamer. 12, 36, 63, 66, 68, 169, 179.

*Lucas, Joseph*, of Liverpool, 61, 64, 107, 131, 138, 199, 296.. 47

*Lucas, Elizabeth*, wife of the preceding, 61, 64, 127, 131, 138, 199 ..... 54

*Lucas, Margaret*, daughter of ditto, 61, 64, 114, 125, 131, 138, 199 ..... 24

†*Mallinson, George*, of Manchester ..... 60

Age.

- \**Marsden, Sidney James*, of Wakefield, 51, 63, 66, 81, 99, 100, 118, 122, 145, 177, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237.
- M'Carthy, The Rev. Simon*, (R. C. P.) of Rathmines, near Dublin, 60, 66, 114, 125, 131, 138, 139, 256.
- \**Martin, James*, of Liverpool, 61, 83, 84, 104, 118, 121, 143, 177, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245.
- †*Metcalf, Mark*, of Liverpool, 61, 84, 121, 238, 239, 241, 242, 243.
- \**Morris, Owen*, one of the crew of the Rothsay Castle, 84, 105, 118, 122.
- †*Mullet, Edward*, (Mr. Forster's servant,) of London, 8, 86, 87, 203, 205.
- \**Nuttall, John*, of Bury, Lancashire, 54, 55, 61, 72, 75, 76, 78, 96, 97, 98, 118, 143, 177, 227, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 260, 262, 266.
- Overens, John*, of Oldham, Lancashire, 132, 137 ..... 22
- Owen, the Rev. Owen*, of Beaumaris, 61, 64, 65, 115, 116, 160, 161, 162, 180, 198, 199, 239 ..... 33
- †*Owen, Margaret*, sister of the preceding, 16, 58, 61, 64, 65, 115, 116, 161, 198 ..... 26
- †*Owen, Mary*, ditto, 16, 58, 61, 64, 65, 115, 116, 127, 161, 162, 198, 254 ..... 20
- Parry, John*, of Manchester, 126, 154..... 70
- Parry, Mrs.*, wife of the preceding, 127, 154..... 61
- †*Perring, ———*, of Manchester.
- †*Perring, Mrs.* wife of the preceding.
- Payne, John*, of Salford, Manchester, 60, 83, 101, 102, 114, 115, 116, 127, 144, 146, 254, 255, 256, 257.
- \**Payne, Frances*, wife of the preceding, 52, 58, 60, 66, 83, 101, 102, 114, 115, 117, 118, 119, 143, 145, 146, 177, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257.
- †*Raphael, Alexander*, of Fitzroy-square, London, 60 ..... 20
- Reddish, Thomas*, of Cincinnati, United States, 170..... 55
- \**Rudland, Elliot*, one of the musicians of the Rothsay Castle, 61, 78, 79, 80, 98, 118, 121, 221, 230, 251, 258, 259, 263, 295.
- Selwyn, Henry*, of Bath, 35, 62, 64, 134, 135, 165, 201.

- Selwyn, Catharine Harriette*, wife of the preceding, 62, 132, 135, 167, 201 ..... 38
- †*Sharp*, ———, one of the musicians of the Rothsay Castle.
- †*Shaw, Jonathan*, of Manchester, 58, 60, 256 ..... 24
- Souza De*, of Liverpool. This gentleman, who was married to a daughter of the late Mr. Roger Leigh, was a native of Portugal. In 1813-14, when the late Mr. Canning was Ambassador at the Court of Lisbon, Mr. Souza acted as his secretary. He had resided in Liverpool for many years, was a gentleman of high character and extensive attainments, and was universally respected, 63, 66, 68, 69, 169.
- Turrey, William*, of Bury, Lancashire, land agent to the Earl of Derby, 14, 17, 40, 53, 57, 61, 74, 114, 125, 131, 137, 197, 206, 211, 246, 247, 248, 265, 266, 267, 268.
- Tarrey, Mrs.*, wife of the preceding, and daughter of Mr. Samuel Horrocks, of the White Lion Inn, Bury, 53, 57, 61, 247, 268..... 36
- †*Tarrey, Betsy*. This and the one which immediately follows, were the only surviving children of Mr. Tarrey, by a former wife, the daughter of a Mr. Joseph Cass, of Birtle, near Rochdale, 53, 61, 74, 211, 247..... 13
- †*Tarrey, Thomas*, 53, 61, 247..... 10
- Tarrey, John*, Mr. Tarrey's only child by the wife who perished with him, 53, 61, 247..... 1½
- †*Thomas, Mrs.*, the wife of a seaman of Liverpool.
- Thomas, Robert*, the child of the preceding, 114, 125, 131, 135 3
- Thompson, John*, of Bradford, Yorkshire, 63, 134, 169, 170.
- Thompson, Harriet*, wife of the preceding, 63, 134, 169, 170.
- \**Tinne, John A.*, of the firm of Messrs. Sandbach, Tinne, and Co., Liverpool, 12, 15, 16, 33, 34, 37, 46, 47, 56, 62, 63, 66, 69, 70, 71, 92, 93, 96, 118, 119, 260.
- \**Unknown Male*, described in Note, page 105.
- |       |                 |      |         |          |    |
|-------|-----------------|------|---------|----------|----|
| Ditto | ditto           | .... | Note*,  | 132.     |    |
| Ditto | ditto           | .... | Note†,  | 132..... | 52 |
| Ditto | ditto           | .... | Note‡,  | 132..... | 50 |
| Ditto | <i>Female</i> , | .... | Note§,  | 132.     |    |
| Ditto | ditto           | .... | Note  , | 132.     |    |

<i>Unknown Female</i> , described in Note†, page 132.			
Ditto	<i>Male</i>	....	Note*, 133.
Ditto	ditto	....	Note†, 133.
<i>Unknown Male</i> , described, no coat on, &c., see page 164.....			
Ditto	ditto	tall, &c.	.... ibid 165.
Ditto	ditto	linen marked M. U. &c..	ibid 165 .... 40
Ditto	ditto	lusty, bald headed, &c.	ibid 165 .... 50
<i>Unknown Female</i> , described in page 171.			
† <i>Vavasour, William</i> , mate of the Rothsay Castle, 16, 181, 182, 183, 191, 218, 223, 284, 285, 293, 294, 295, 298.			
† <i>Vouse, Thomas</i> , of Manchester .....			30
† <i>Vouse, Mrs.</i> , wife of the preceding.....			30
<i>Walmsley, William</i> , of Seedfield, near Bury, Lancashire, 54, 57, 151, 152, 165, 167, 248, 266 .....			
† <i>Walmsley, Mrs.</i> , wife of the preceding, and daughter of Mr. Samuel Hamer, of Bury, 54, 57, 167, 266.....			28
<i>Walmsley, Henry</i> , the eldest child of the preceding, 54, 167..			
† <i>Walmsley, Margaret</i> , daughter of Mr. William Walmsley, of Boor Edge, near Bury, Lancashire, 54, 72, 249, 260....			26
† <i>Warrener, James</i> , of Manchester.....			33
† <i>Warrener, Mary</i> , wife of the preceding.....			38
† <i>Warrener, Robert</i> , brother of Mr. James Warrener.....			27
† <i>Warrener, Mary</i> , wife of the preceding.....			25
† <i>Warrener, Benjamin</i> , the infant of the preceding.....			1
† <i>West, John</i> , one of the musicians of the Rothsay Castle, 55, 258, 259.			
<i>Wheeler, Alexander</i> , of Birmingham, one of the Society of Friends. The "Annual Monitor," for 1832, remarks— "This Friend and William Bottomley, his wife's brother, with two young men [Mr. King and Mr. Lees] who had been members of our Society, were on board the Rothsay Castle. From a quarter on which we can rely with con- fidence, we learn that one of the passengers who was saved from the wreck informed his [Mr. Wheeler's] surviving relations, that an hour previous to their being consigned to a watery grave, he had observed Alexander Wheeler			

- and his friends engaged in solemn prayer; after which they sat down in silence, and quietly awaited their inevitable awful change." 62, 170 ..... 32
- \**Whittaker, Robert*, of Bury, Lancashire, 29, 37, 54, 55, 61, 73, 83, 104, 105, 118, 123, 125, 177, 249, 260, 264, 265, 269, 270, 271.
- Whittaker, James*, the only child of the preceding, 54, 61, 72, 83, 114, 118, 125, 132, 137, 249, 260, 261, 269 .. 8
- \**Whittaker, Mary*, sister to Mr. Robert Whittaker, 54, 61, 72, 76, 77, 78, 97, 98, 99, 118, 119, 123, 177, 195, 221, 227, 249, 250, 251, 252, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 275, 282, 286.
- Whittaker, Thomas*, her son, 54, 61, 72, 131, 137, 249, 260, 261. 6
- Wildgoose, William*, engineer of the Rothsay Castle, 165, 167.
- Wilkinson, John*, of Bury, Lancashire, 54, 61, 83, 151, 165, 260, 266, 269 ..... 34
- Williams, E. A.*, Mr. Charles Faulkner's maid-servant, 58, 132, 135 ..... 21
- Williams, Colonel R.*, of Carnarvon, 169.
- Willis, Mrs. Margaret*, of Manchester..... 37
- \**Wilson, Henry*, of Manchester, 26, 39, 50, 63, 76, 77, 78, 94, 95, 97, 98, 99, 118, 131, 155, 177, 219, 221, 222, 227, 251, 262, 263.
- Wilson, Mrs.*, wife of the preceding, 58, 63, 78, 127, 137, 209, 221, 222, 226, 274.
- Woollaston, J.*, of Bishop's Castle.
- Woollaston, Mrs.*, wife of the preceding.
- Woollaston, ———*, child of the preceding.

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This list presents the number of 141 individuals who "are known to have been on board the Rothsay Castle at the period of her wreck;" and if the moderate calculation be admitted that nine only were lost of whom nothing has been heard, it will realize the estimate I have hazarded at page 289; namely, that 150 persons were on board, of which number *one hundred and twenty-seven perished!*



## NOTES.

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### NOTE 1, p. 27.

*The Great Ormshead.*—There are few objects more imposingly grand than the appearance of this bold projection. The great depth of sea which washes its base renders a very near approach perfectly safe in fine weather, and at the same time conveys an idea of its gigantic dimensions, so considerable a portion of which is concealed by the waters upon which it casts its mighty shadow, making their darkness blacker, and their immensity seem more profound. When the *Rothsay Castle* passed this spot, Mr. and Mrs. Forster were heard to observe upon the striking magnificence of the scene, under all the disadvantages of obscurity, and notwithstanding the danger which had induced them to quit the cabin. Only the day before, I had passed the Ormshead under more cheering circumstances, in the *Llewellyn*. Lieutenant Wright, the active commander of that fine packet, was most obligingly communicative; and, when he had fully described all that was interesting, he hove the vessel to, and directed his bugleman, at the request of some of the company, to play the air of “*Auld lang syne*,” which was delightfully repeated by numerous echoes, caught from each other, and softened by each remove into more exquisite harmony, until the whole melted in the distance. Amongst the many anecdotes, however, told of this rock, the following is too extraordinary to be omitted even in this, as it were, passing notice. About seven or eight years since, the brig *Hornby*, bound from Liverpool to South America, with a cargo of dry goods, valued at upwards of £60,000, was driven from her course by a heavy gale; and, about midnight, was dashed against the rugged front of the Great Ormshead, and instantly sunk. One of the crew happened at this terrible

moment to be out upon the bowsprit, in the act either of loosing or taking in the jib, and he was flung by the concussion upon a narrow shelf of the rock, where he lay for some time stunned and confounded ; but at length, exerting that mechanical energy which providence beneficently supplies for self-preservation, even in the total absence of consciousness, and which sometimes achieves more than deliberation would dare to attempt, he succeeded in getting to the top of that frightful precipice, and crawled to a smithy at a little distance, where he was found at five o'clock in the morning by some workmen employed there, in connexion with a neighbouring copper-mine. He told his melancholy story, but was laughed at by his incredulous auditory ; for he could only say that he had climbed up the horrid steep which had wrecked the vessel ; how, he knew not, and the thing appeared impossible to those acquainted with the place. At day-light, however (for it was winter), portions of a wreck were discovered near the spot, and the truth of the man's story was shortly after made apparent. His name, I understand, is Thomas Williams, and he now works in the foundry of Mr. Fawcett, in Liverpool. No other individual of the Hornby's crew, or thing belonging to her, was saved.

NOTE 2, p. 29.

*Puffin Island*.—So called by the moderns on account of the vast numbers of birds of passage of that name (the *alca arcticæ* of Linnæus) which make it their home from about April to August, after which period they are seen no more until the time again comes round, when they re-appear with the same mysterious suddenness as they departed, and as prodigiously numerous as ever. A telegraphic station, to which I have before referred, and an old tower, the remains of a monastie institution, are now the only buildings on the island ; but that curious work, "The Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin through Wales," translated from the Latin of Giraldus de Barri, by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, contains the following notice of this island, which describes it as it was six hundred and forty-two years ago, and in the true spirit of that remote age :—"There is a small island almost adjoining to Anglesea, which is inhabited by hermits, living by manual labour,

and serving God. It is remarkable, that when, by the influence of human passions, any discord arises among them, all their provisions are devoured and infested by a species of small mice with which the island abounds. \* \* \* \* This island is called in Welsh, Ynys Lenach, or Priest's Island, because many bodies of saints are deposited there, and no woman is suffered to enter it." The translator, in his "Annotations," gives a more recent account, which I am tempted by its comprehensiveness to subjoin;— "Ynys Lenach, now known by the name of Priestholme Island, bore also the title of Ynys Seiriol, from a saint who resided upon it in the sixth century. It is also mentioned by Dugdale and Pennant, under the appellation of Insnla Glannauch. The former has given, in his Monasticon, a recital of the grants made to this priory by Prince Llewelyn and his brother David, as well as the confirmation of them by King Edward the First, by which it appears that the abbey of Penmon, with all its appurtenances, was granted and confirmed to the prior and canons of this island, which is also said to have been the place of interment of Maelgwn Gwynedd, the founder of Penmon, Holyhead, and Bangor, and contemporary with King Arthur. The fretum, which separates the island [from Anglesea], is something more than half a mile across. The island is between half and three-quarters of a mile long, and nearly of an oval form, precipitous, with an inclination to the north; the soil is rich, with a small portion of sand intermixed; it can boast of no buildings but a ruined tower, and of no inhabitants but sheep and rabbits."

#### NOTE 3, p. 32.

*Anglesea*.—The Mona of Tacitus. In figure it is an irregular triangle, indented with bays and creeks, and extending from north-west to south-east twenty miles, and about seventeen miles in breadth from north-east to south-west, calculating its length from Carnot's Point to Bangor Ferry, and its breadth from Llandwyn Abbey to Penmon Priory. Its present name originated from its conquest by Egbert, when it was called Anglesey, or the Island of the Angles. Bede calls this, and the Isle of Man, the Manavian Isles. In the "Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin,"

already quoted, the translator, speaking of Mona, or Anglesea," says, "This island,—once the principal seat of the Druids, and the last asylum to which the distressed Britons fled for succour from the victorious Romans—the residence of the British Princes, and the strong-hold of their expiring armies,—contains many interesting monuments, of the highest antiquity, and coeval with its ancient inhabitants, the Druids."

NOTE 4, p. 32.

*Penmaenmawr*.—"We approached the enormous promontory, Penmaenmawr, and began to wind up its awful side. The road over this rocky mountain, which was formerly extremely rude and dangerous, has for some years been entirely altered, and divested of a considerable degree of its horror. Still, however, it cannot be travelled without shuddering. Creeping round the side of the mountain, it hangs as it were in the mid-air, with a frowning precipice above, and a steep descent immediately under it. The rocks on the right are nearly perpendicular, sometimes beetling over the road in a terrific manner; at others, retiring into deep declivities of 900 or 1,000 feet in height; from whose ragged sides project fragments of incalculable magnitude, so capriciously placed, and having such a disjointed appearance, that it is impossible for the traveller to lose the perpetual dread of being crushed to atoms under a torrent of huge stones. This danger, indeed, can never be entirely removed, as the united exertions of all the workmen in the world could never clear the face of the mountain from these innumerable masses."—*Warner's Walks in Wales*.

NOTE 5, p. 33.

*Menai Strait*.—It is conjectured, from the accounts we have of the conquest of Anglesea, both by the Romans and the English, that this channel must have been much narrower than at present; and traces which still remain of an isthmus near *Porthaeth'hury*, have led some geographers to imagine that the island once formed the main-land of Carnarvonshire. There is a curious historical document contained in the British *Triads*, to that effect:—

“The three original islands adjoining to Britain, were Orkney, Mon, and Wight: and afterwards the sea broke the land, so that the Mon became an island; and, in like manner, Orkney was broken,” &c. There is, indeed, undoubted evidence of the encroachment of the sea upon the shore. The Lavan Sands formed a habitable hundred in the sixth century, when the sea suddenly came upon them and covered them.” The following passage from Pugh’s “*Cambria Depicta*,” referring to the last mentioned fact, will be read with interest:—“Having left Puffin Island, we floated over the place where, tradition says, one Helig Voel ab Glanog, a chieftain of the sixth century, had great possessions, extending far into the bay, but which were suddenly overwhelmed by the sea. It is said that, at very low ebbs, ruined houses are yet seen, and a causeway, pointing from Puffin Island to Penmaenmawr. This causeway, indeed, is easily visible; the boatman placing me right over it, and keeping the boat’s head to the tide, enabled me to examine it well: but, though so clearly seen as to appear near to the surface, the man assured me that it could not be less than two or three fathoms below it. It seemed to be about nine feet wide, well built, with large massy stones, cut into forms of a light warm grey colour, in all respects like those on the sides of the adjacent isle. From the certainty of the existence of this causeway, we may venture to give credit to the existence of the remains of Helig’s houses.” This extract, as I have said, will be read with interest, for it goes far to establish a singular coincidence, having peculiar reference to the subject of these sheets. The sands which now occupy the site of “Helig’s Houses” were formerly called Traeth Telafan, and Wylofaen, or *Place of Weeping*, from the shrieking and lamentation consequent upon so terrible a visitation; and, on a line with the causeway above alluded to, “pointing from Puffin Island to Penmaenmawr,” the Rothsay Castle (as Mr. Scoresby emphatically observes) “poured out her hecatomb of human victims to the monarch of the grave.” Might it not, then, with melancholy propriety, be again denominated the “Place of Weeping,” of “shrieks,” and of “lamentation?”

## NOTE 6, p. 33.

*The Menai Bridge.*—To describe this great work, either with pen or pencil, so as to convey the slightest idea of the reality, is as impossible as it would be to create substantially with those materials such another wonder! The following observation of a recent tourist may, however, in some measure, prepare the minds of those who have not yet visited the spot, but will take little from the surprise which a view of it must occasion:—"When, on entering the Straits, the Bridge is first seen, suspended as it were, in mid-air, it seems *more like a light monument than a massy bridge*, and shows little of the strength and solidity which it really possesses. But, *as we approached nearer, whilst it still retained its light and elegant appearance, the stupendous size and immensity of the work, struck us with awe*; and when we saw that a brig, with every stick standing, had just passed under it—that a coach going over appeared not larger than a child's toy, and that foot-passengers upon it looked like pigmies, the vastness of its proportions was by contrast fully apparent." I may just add, that the whole surface of the bridge is, in length, one thousand feet, of which, the part immediately dependent upon chains is five hundred and fifty feet, the remaining distance being supported by seven arches, four on one side and three on the other, which fill up the distance from the main piers to the shore. The height of each main pier is one hundred feet, from high water line to the level of the road-way, above which they extend fifty-three feet, to constitute the support of four rows of chains, 1710 feet in length, the ends of which are firmly secured to the rocks of Carnarvonshire on the one side, and Anglesea on the other. To these chains two carriage-ways are suspended, each twelve feet wide, with a foot-path of four feet in the centre. The total weight of the iron contained in this structure amounts to 2186 tons 1282 lbs. A large three-masted vessel, nearly as lofty as a frigate, passed under this bridge in February, 1826, in full trim, and with all her sails set, and cleared the road-way by twelve feet and a half.



## NOTE 6, p. 59.

This phenomenon, which, however, is so frequently witnessed by those whose avocation leads them to "the great waters," that with them it loses its "special wonder," was observable on the night of the fatal 17th of August, 1831. Mr. Wilson has informed me, that, as he emerged from the waters, globules of liquid fire seemed to drip from his person, and the sea around him appeared like lava from a volcanic eruption, only that it was silvery, as if moonlit, instead of the fiercely glowing redness of the flood that "boils in Etna's breast of flame." An article in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences* (Savans Etrang. tom. iii. p. 267) contains some interesting observations of Godeheu de Riville upon this subject. He says—"Among the various phenomena of which the causes are still almost unknown, that brightness which we often perceive in the agitated waters of the ocean greatly merits the attention of those who have a taste for physics; but I have not yet read any thing satisfactory on the subject, as writers seem to have satisfied themselves rather with conjectural reasons than by making experiments to ascertain the real origin of this natural phosphorus."—The author then proceeds to state that, one night, during a voyage to the East Indies, "the sea appeared like a sheet of fire; every portion of its surface, when agitated, broke into a thousand stars; and each wave which coursed along the side of the vessel spread out a pure, shining, silvery light. Anxious to consider a spectacle, to me alike novel and interesting, I was struck by the light shed by certain small bodies which frequently remained attached to the helm, when the sea for a moment retired; and, without listening to all that was said regarding the supposed cause of the phenomenon, I ordered a bucket of water to be drawn up, and filtered into a basin through a fine linen handkerchief. After this operation, I observed that the filtered water was no longer luminous, but that the handkerchief was covered with many brilliant points. Some of these I raised at the end of my finger, and found that they had a certain consistence as *animal bodies*."—He at first yielded to the belief which was pressed upon him, that they were the eggs or spawn of fish; but on immersing

the handkerchief used in filtering the luminous water into a basin of pure sea water, he "perceived a considerable number of small insects swimming about with celerity, which at first sight bore some resemblance to those commonly called in France *puces d'eau*, or water fleas. \* \* \* I examined some which I found next day rather in a languishing state, but which a change of water reanimated; and the brilliant liquid of which they bore so ample a reservoir was not even altered."

NOTE 6, p. 95.

The subjoined passage from the Rev. J. H. Stewart's work, in which this faithful animal is incidentally referred to in connexion with his master, possesses affecting interest. Mr. and Mrs. Forster had visited the cemetery at Liverpool the day before they embarked in the Rothsay Castle; and while there, Mr. Stewart proceeds to say, "A favourite dog they had brought with them was running backwards and forwards round the walls, anxiously desiring to be with his master. I mention this trivial circumstance to show that heavenly things were constantly in his mind. Affectionately patting the dog, he said, 'Jet, I must provide for you:' and then, turning to us, he said, 'How does this faithful animal put us to shame! All his delight is in his master. He runs, and turns, and barks, and fawns, and all to catch his master's eye. If he is pleased, that is all his pleasure. He regards not others; he lives for his master.' He added, 'Oh, that it was thus with me! Poor Jet, you will rise up in judgment against me, if I forget my Saviour!' His expressions reminded me of that excellent servant of the Lord, the late Honourable and Rev. William Cadogan, whose praise is in all the churches. A large Newfoundland dog, which had for years accompanied him in his rides, when following after him dropped down dead upon the road. He buried him near the spot, and wrote an inscription, expressing his desire that he might die closely following his divine Master."

NOTE 7, p. 110.

"Beaumaris is pleasantly situated upon the Menai, and occupies the full half of a semi-lunar bay, formed by two projections, one

called the Green, the other the Point, which until lately was the station of the ferry-boat." The Castle, situated at the east end of the town, "was the last of the three great fortresses erected by Edward I., to hold in awe his new and unwilling subjects on both sides of the Menai. For this purpose, he fixed upon a flat near the water side, with a view of surrounding it with a fosse, for the double purpose of defence and bringing small craft to unload their cargoes under its walls; part of which canal, called *Llyn-y-Green*, was until very lately remaining; and the large iron ring, to which the craft were fastened, is still in its place at the great east gate."—*Shores of the Menai, &c., by Richard Llwyd*. "The houses, and even the pavements, have a very comfortable and cleanly appearance; and although it is the capital of Anglesea, and of course has its great sessions, and other public business occasionally, it possesses an air of great quietness. There is abundance of evidence to prove that its inhabitants, a century and a half ago, carried on a considerable mercantile traffic, which seems to have declined as that of Liverpool increased. The place itself appears to have derived its origin from the establishment of the castle. The population is probably 2,700."—*Smith's Guide to Bangor, Beaumaris, and Snowdonia*. "The woods of Baron Hill form the back ground; and out of their rich foliage the house,\* and an ornamental building here and there peeping, are seen. Following the view up the Straits, verdant woods clothe the banks, till terminated by the Suspension Bridge. The opposite shore offers a range of mountains, which, commencing at Penmaenmawr, rear their heads in succession, and present, in their gloomy barrenness,

\* Sir Richard Bulkeley's residence, of which, as Mr. Smith observes, in his "Guide" above quoted, "much has been written, and yet the subject is replete with additional matter for remembrance and inspiration." Mr. Richard Llwyd, in his poem entitled "Beaumaris Bay," thus refers to this beautiful estate:—

"We hie where Baron Hill attracts the muse,—  
 The sunny glades, the brow, and varying views;  
 Isles, towns, the rising hills, the spreading bay;  
 The muse, delighted, owns the grand display.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 For art and nature here their beauties blend,  
 And Taste and Bulkeley for the palm contend.

a strong contrast to the fertile valley below them, in which Bangor, Port Penrhyn, Penrhyn Castle, and other places are situated. There are few places which, with every advantage of pure air and excellent sea-bathing, for the water is clear as possible, combine scenery so delightful, so grand, so varied, and so magnificent. Its name arose from these circumstances: the ground was originally wet and swampy, but the beauty of its situation gave the appellation of *Beau Maris*, or the Beautiful Marsh."—*A Trip to the Suspension Bridge, &c.*

NOTE 8, p. 111.

*Beaumaris Green*.—This is a healthy and much admired spot. It is a level of short grass, covering a mass of filtering gravel. On such a surface the enjoyment of a walk is almost always in the power even of the invalid. The saline breezes breathing above, and, at high water, the passing and re-passing of ships, and the arrival and departure of the steam-packets, with their variety of passengers, and their music, render this a delightful daily stroll, as the Green projects into the Menai."—*Shores of the Menai, &c., by Richard Llwyd*. The same author says, in his "*Beaumaris Bay*"—

"The Green's attracting charms the muse shall tell—  
That all-inviting, ever varying mall,  
That checks with pebbly beach the pressing tides,  
Where Commerce in her swelling canvass prides;  
Where Mona's offspring seek testaceous wealth,  
And every zephyr brings the bloom of health."

NOTE 9, p. 129.

*Beaumaris Church*.—The *second* prominent object in Beaumaris [assuming the Castle to be the *first*] is the Church, formerly called 'The Chantry of our Lady of Beaumaris,' which is considered a chapel of ease to Llandegvan. It is happily situated on an eminence in the centre of the town. It consists of a broad and two side aisles, and a chancel, all covered with lead, and embrasured; having a ring of six bells, a clock, and an organ. Few churches are better served and attended than this; it has prayers morning and evening on Sunday, in Welsh, and at noon

in English, for the benefit of those who understand the latter only. Dr. Howard and his Assistant are at home in both languages, and are excellent readers. Before this church was built, the religious of the neighbourhood met at the cell of St. Meigant, which stood on an eminence north-west of the town, and was then gradually deserted, fell into decay, and there are now no remains of it. The north aisle of the present Church is called St. Mary's Chapel; and the south that of St. Nicholas. \* . \* \* \*  
 [Here follows the description of a monument, of which I have subjoined an enlarged account from another authority.] In the chancel is a mural monument of black marble, in memory of Thomas, sixth son of Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls, who died rector of Llanrhuddlad, in this island, in 1632. Of this family was the late Mrs. Owen, relict of the late Rev. T. E. Owen, rector of Landyvrydog. On the north side of the altar there is a mural tablet in memory of Sir William Jones, of Castell-march in Llëyn, and Trevarthen in Lanidan. He was a leader in one of the law departments. His daughter and heiress married Sir William Williams, of Vaenol, near Bangor. In the vestry adjoining the chancel were interred (but without any memorial) the remains of Lady Beatrix Herbert, daughter of that mirror of chivalry, the Lord Herbert of Cherbury, historian of Henry VIII.; and likewise those of the Rev. Goronwy Davies, whose epitaph (now defaced) concludes with a line that is worth preserving:—

‘ Here lies learning, friendship, love ;  
 Here lies the innocence of the dove ;  
 Within this grave, and in this dust,  
 His ever courteous body must  
 Until the resurrection lie ;  
*Then he shall live, and Death shall die.*’

It was but lately that I discovered the donor of the very handsome chandelier hung in the body of the Church. Nearly two centuries ago, Mrs. Sarah Jones, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Jones, an opulent merchant of this town, who lies under the great stone arch, close to the chancel door, left sixty pounds to purchase it, and a reward for its annual brightening. The said Mr. Jones was great grandfather to the late Mrs. Evans, of Tre’rgô,

daughter of the late Hugh Jones, Esq., whose family long and lately resided at the Greenwich, in Beaumaris. Some years ago I read of a number of fine yew-trees growing in the Churchyard.”—*Shores of the Menai, &c., by Richard Llwyd.*—The following contains some further particulars of great interest with respect to this venerable edifice:—“The parish Church is a handsome gothic building, and contains some monuments worthy of notice: the most remarkable is that of a knight in armour, recumbent, with a female by his side, well sculptured in alabaster; his hand rests upon a helmet, and at his feet is a lion: the female is habited in a long robe, richly ornamented round the neck; the hands of each are uplifted. Various small figures dressed like knights and monks decorate the pedestal of this tomb, which is said to have been brought from the religious house at Llanvaes at the time of its dissolution, but the personages whom it was designed to represent have not been ascertained.\* It now stands before the altar, with the feet of the figures placed towards it. On the right hand side is a large tablet inserted in the wall, bearing the following devices and inscriptions: the tablet is of an oblong form; at each corner near the top are two escutcheons, encircled with the motto of ‘Honi soit qui mal y pense:’ under the one on the left is this inscription:—Henricus Sydney, ordinis garterii, miles præsidens ex consiliis Marchiis Walliæ, dominus deputatus in Hibernia.’ Under the other, ‘Antonius Sentleger, ordinis garterii, miles, quondam deputatus in Hibernia.’ Round a circle in the centre, ‘Gulielmus Thwaytes, Armiger.’ And beneath it, in a straight line, ‘Obit 20 die Januarii, 1565.’ At the lower corners are also two escutcheons: the one on the left has this motto—‘Franciscus Agard, Armiger, ex consiliis in Hibernia.’ The other on the right—‘Edwardus Waterhous, me

\* Mr. Richard Llwyd, in describing the figures in question, in the work just quoted, observes—“As to whom they represent, there appears to be a general ignorance; yet on a closer examination of the pendent shields of arms which surround it, and the knight’s having his head resting on a *Bull’s Head*, I found them to be Sir Richard Bulkeley and his lady. He was appointed chamberlain of North Wales, and in great favour with Queen Elizabeth. This monument was brought here at the dissolution of the neighbouring monastery.”



posuit;' and at the bottom is this inscription—'Nosce Te-  
ipsum—Fide et Taciturnitate.' I could not learn that any his-  
torical account was extant of this singular monument, nor on  
what occasion it was placed in Beaumaris Church. Neither could  
that indefatigable traveller, Mr. Pennant, gain any positive  
information about it.—Henry Sydney, in the second and third of  
Philip and Mary, was made general governor of all the king's  
and queen's revenues within the realm of Ireland, and, about  
two years afterwards, lord justice thereof. In the second of Queen  
Elizabeth he was appointed lord president of the marches of  
Wales, and four years after was made knight of the garter. In  
1568, he was constituted deputy of Ireland. He died in the  
Bishop's palace in Worcester, A.D. 1586, and was conveyed from  
thence to his house at Penshurst, in Kent, where he was honour-  
ably interred. He was, however, previously embalmed; his en-  
trails were buried at Worcester, and his heart was brought to  
Ludlow, and deposited in the same tomb with his dear beloved  
daughter, Ambrosia, within the little oratory which he had made  
in the same collegiate parish church. The historian Hollinshed  
has left a long and elaborate character of this celebrated person-  
age; from whom also I have been able to collect some informa-  
tion respecting two of the other persons mentioned in the tablet.  
The historian says that at each time he [Henry Sidney] was sent  
deputy into Ireland, he was furnished with a new secretary. The  
first was Master Edward Waterhouse, now knighted, and one of  
his Majesty's council in Ireland. The same author adds, 'he  
made special choice of two worthy counsellors, whom for their  
faithfulness in counsel for the state, good will, and friendship  
towards him, and for their integrity and sincerity every way, he  
entirely loved and assuredly trusted. One of these was Mr. Francis  
Agard, whom he commonly called his *fidus Achates*. Sir Anthony  
St. Leger was lord deputy of Ireland in the year 1539. He was  
succeeded first by Sir James Crofts, and afterwards by Fitz-Walter,  
Earl of Sussex. When Sir Henry Sidney was recalled to this high  
office, Sir Anthony St. Leger was appointed as his coadjutor, and  
stationed in Munster, with the title of lord president of that pro-  
vince. I can give no biographical information respecting Guliel-

mus Thwaytes, the æra of whose death is recorded on this stone." *Hoare's Annotations to his translation of the Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin through Wales*.—A beautifully executed monument has also been placed in this Church by Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, to the memory of his deceased lady, the amiable and accomplished daughter of Colonel Hughes, (now Lord Dinorben,) of Kinmel. The figure is large as life, and appears in the attitude of supplication to heaven. It is said to resemble strongly the lamented youthful bride whose premature loss it was designed to commemorate.

NOTE 10, p. 142.

*Penmon Church*.—The parish church of Penmon, which is situated between three and four miles north-east of Beaumaris, occupies one side of a square court, two of the sides being formed of the mansion and the refectory of the ancient Priory, and the fourth side opening to the east. Penmon deer-park is on the north, a rabbit-warren to the east, and the waters of Beaumaris Bay stretch around the adjacent shores to the north, east, south, and south-west. A mill-stone quarry gives additional value to Penmon Park, which has supplied materials for the masonry of the Menai Bridge and the new Pier at Holyhead.

NOTE 11, p. 147.

In the House of Commons, on Monday, the 22d of August, 1831, Colonel Sibthorp said there was a subject of melancholy interest to all the members of that house, but especially to him (Colonel Sibthorp); for he had lost two near relatives [Mr. and Mrs. Forster,] on the occasion to which he was about to allude, and to which he was desirous of calling the attention of His Majesty's Government, particularly that portion of it connected with the management of the home department. He wished to call their attention to a melancholy circumstance which had occurred a few days since—he meant the loss of the Rothsay Castle steamer, on her passage from Liverpool to Beaumaris. He was sure that it was only necessary to point the attention of His Majesty's Government to this subject, in order to ensure a proper degree of attention to the investigation which must take place with regard

to it. He was certain that His Majesty's Ministers would pay every attention to any statements which might be forwarded to them on this subject, and especially to the facts which would come out at the coroner's inquest, which would, no doubt, be held on the bodies of the unfortunate deceased. He would also take this opportunity to express a hope that His Majesty's Ministers, in whose better hands he was inclined to leave the matter, would bring forward an enactment for the purpose of preventing the occurrence of such circumstances in future, by summarily punishing the proprietors or owners of steam vessels by fine or imprisonment, where such accidents were the result of wilful negligence, and also enacting that the captain, or any of the crew who should survive in such cases, should have a summary punishment imposed upon them for drunkenness, or any other wilful error with respect to the management of the vessel. Mr. G. Lamb observed, that His Majesty's Government had derived no information with regard to the very melancholy circumstances to which the gallant member had referred, beyond that which was to be found in those channels of information to which the public generally had access. He certainly thought that the subject was one which was deserving the attention of that House. (*Hear.*) The necessary steps would be taken to secure an accurate report of the coroner's inquest, and if it should appear that any further inquiry or investigation would be necessary on the subject, it would be instituted. With regard to any enactment of the nature spoken of by the Hon. Member, he must see that it would require very deliberate attention; but he (Mr. Lamb) begged to assure the Hon. Member, that His Majesty's Government would give the subject the fullest possible consideration.

## NOTE 12, p. 161.

*The Friary.*—This was formerly Llanvaes Abbey, which was erected on the spot upon which a battle was fought between the Saxons and Welsh, A. D. 819. It was founded by Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, after the death of his wife Joan, who was the daughter of King John, and who was buried here in accordance with her own especial desire, A. D. 1237. A stone coffin, elaborately

ornamented by the sculptor, and supposed to have been originally the receptacle of the remains of the above princess, was found after the dissolution of this religious house in the reign of Henry VIII. ; but, notwithstanding the claims of such a relic to respect, it was for a long period used as a watering-trough for cattle at the "Friary," which had become the property, by purchase, of successive private persons. The coffin has, however, within these few years, been removed to a recess expressly prepared for it, on the grounds of Sir Richard Bulkeley, Baron Hill.—Camden, in his "Britannia," after describing Beaumaris, and speaking highly of the "civility" shewn to him by "Sir Richard Bulkley, Knt.," governor of the castle, proceeds to say—"To this adjoins Llanvays, anciently a noted house of Friars Minors, to whom the Kings of England shewed themselves very munificent patrons, both on account of the sanctity of the Friars dwelling there, and because, to use the language of the records, there were buried 'a daughter of the King of Denmark, as also the bodies of Lord Clifford, and other lords, knights, and squires slain in the wars of Wales, in the time of the most noble Kings of England.'"











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